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THE ABRIDGED ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

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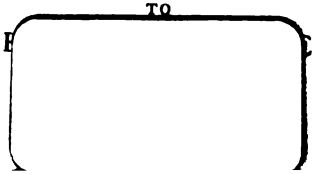
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THE ABRIDGED

ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

FOR USE IN

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, PH.D.

PRESIDENT OF ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
The Athenæum Press
1899

~~F 132.5835~~

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BY ITS EDITOR

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK is intended to furnish music for all occasions in the daily life of schools and colleges. Its distinguishing feature is the range or variety of its selections. The first division of the book contains national and patriotic songs, especially those that are most suitable for chorus singing. In the second division are school and college songs, including some of the best songs of the great English schools, particularly of Eton and Harrow, and also many of the better songs of our own colleges. The third part contains familiar songs, — some of the songs that will not die and that young people ought to know. The fourth and last division of the book is filled with devotional music. The editor wishes to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. Frederic Reddall and Mr. C. L. Safford, of Brooklyn, and to Prof. George E. Oliver, of Albany, for advice and assistance in the compilation of this book and for permission to use the music accredited to each of them in the body of the work; to Mr. Arthur C. Ainger, of Eton College, Windsor, England, for permission to use the Eton song "Vale," which has been harmonized expressly for this work; to Messrs. Bowen and Howson, of Harrow School, for permission to use their Harrow songs that are in this book; to Gen. Horatio C. King, Rev. J. D. Herron, and Mr. Joseph Bensel for permission to use the music which is accredited to them in the following pages; to Prof. J. P. McCaskey, editor of the Franklin Square Song Collection, for permission to use his arrangements of "Above the Mountains," "The Little Tin Soldier," "Evening Song," "The Blushing Maple Tree," and "The Trees and the Master"; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to use the words of the last-mentioned song, which were written by Sidney Lanier; to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for permission to use William Cullen Bryant's poem entitled "As Shadows Cast by Cloud and Sun"; to Mr. U. C. Burnap for permission to use the tune "Baxter"; to Dr. William Ludden for permission to use the tunes "Thalberg" and "Litany" from Ludden's Vocal Class

Book; to the Oliver Ditson Co. for permission to use Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to use the words of the new version of "Hail Columbia" and Longfellow's "Ship of State"; to Mr. Frank Treat Southwick for permission to use the music of "The Schoolhouse and the Flag," of "Rejoice To-Day," and of "Wake! and Tune Your Youthful Voices"; to Mr. Arthur Lawrence Brown for permission to use the tune "Glad Light"; to Martin R. Dennis & Co. for permission to use the song "The Orange and the Black"; and to Miss Elizabeth M. Rhodes (Adelphi Academy, '94) for permission to use the words of the '94 class song.

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE.

ADELPHI COLLEGE,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1898.

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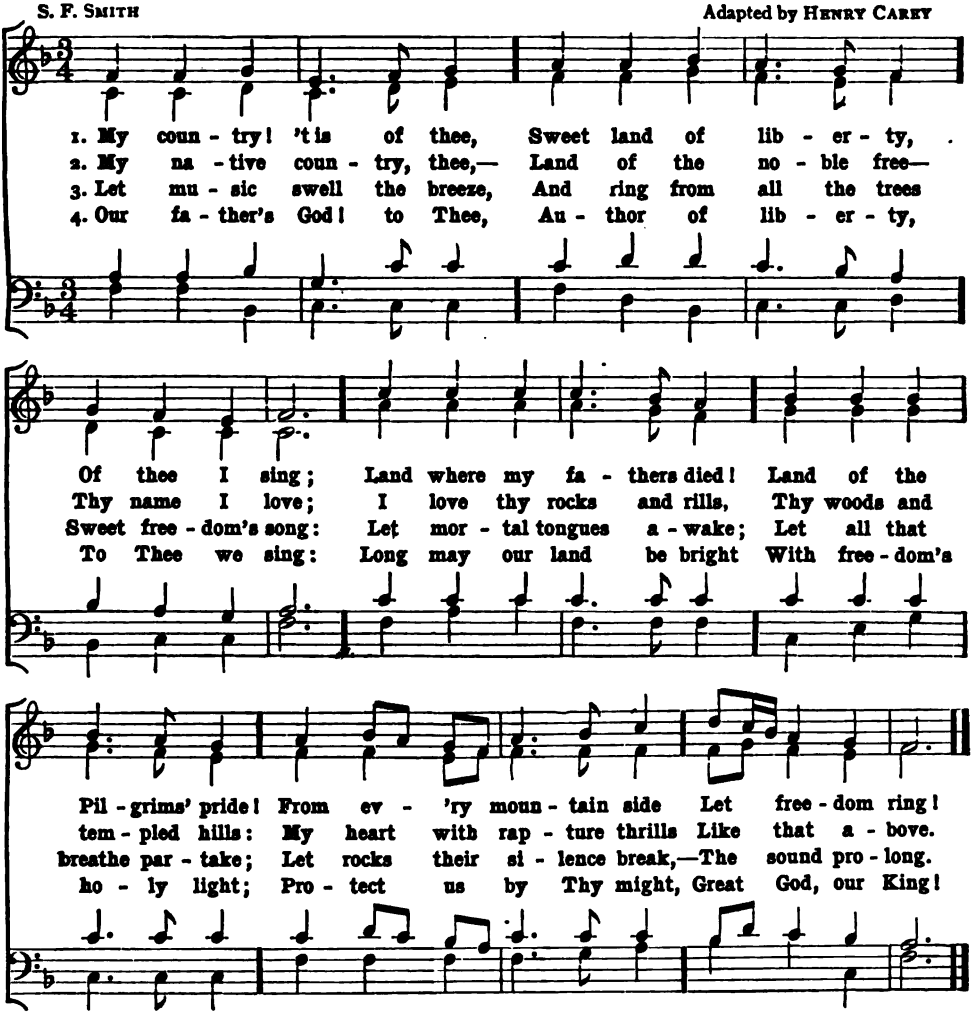
THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

Part I

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL SONGS

No. 1. AMERICA

S. F. SMITH — Adapted by HENRY CAREY



No. 2. GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

C. T. BROOKS (1834) and J. S. DWIGHT (1844)
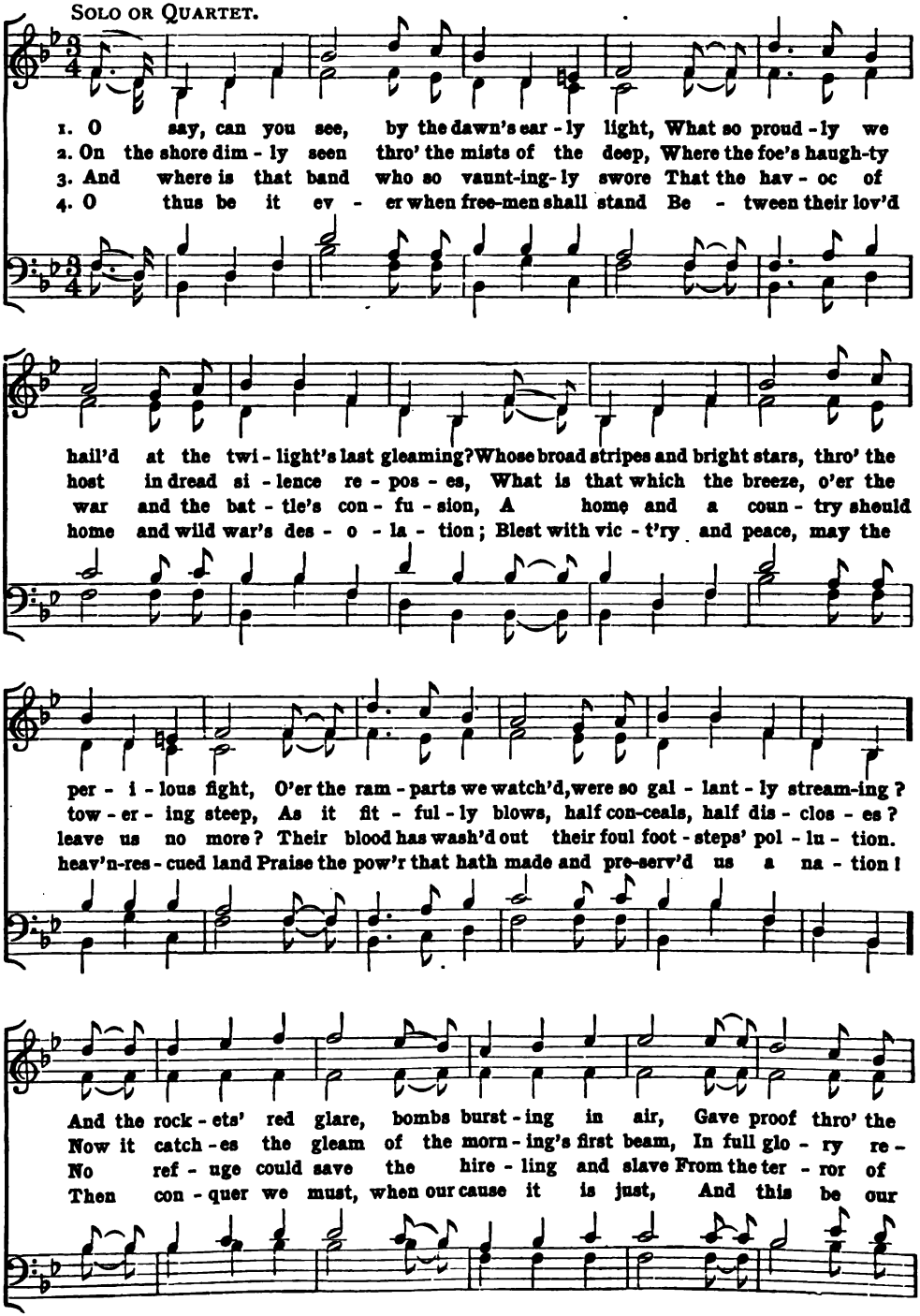
1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

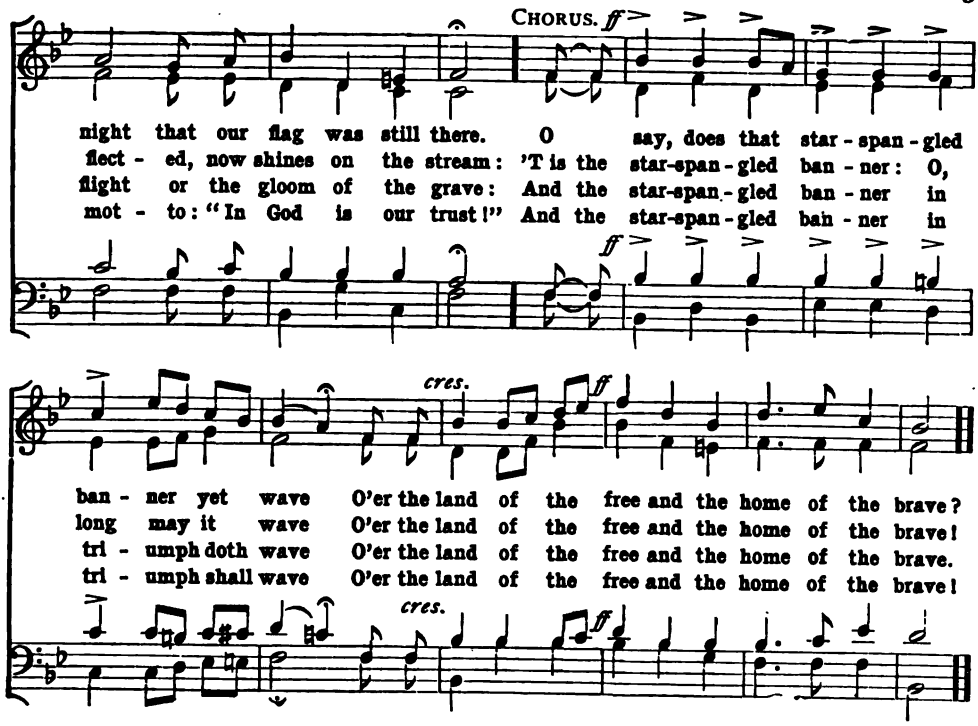
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

No. 3. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814 "ANACREON IN HEAVEN"

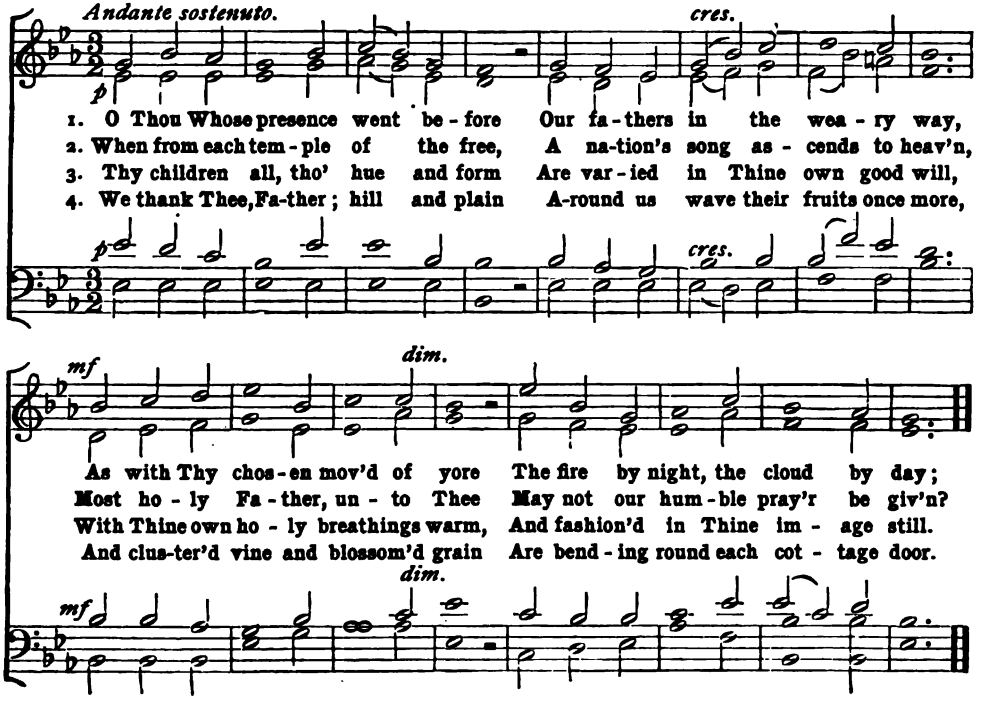
SOLO OR QUARTET.
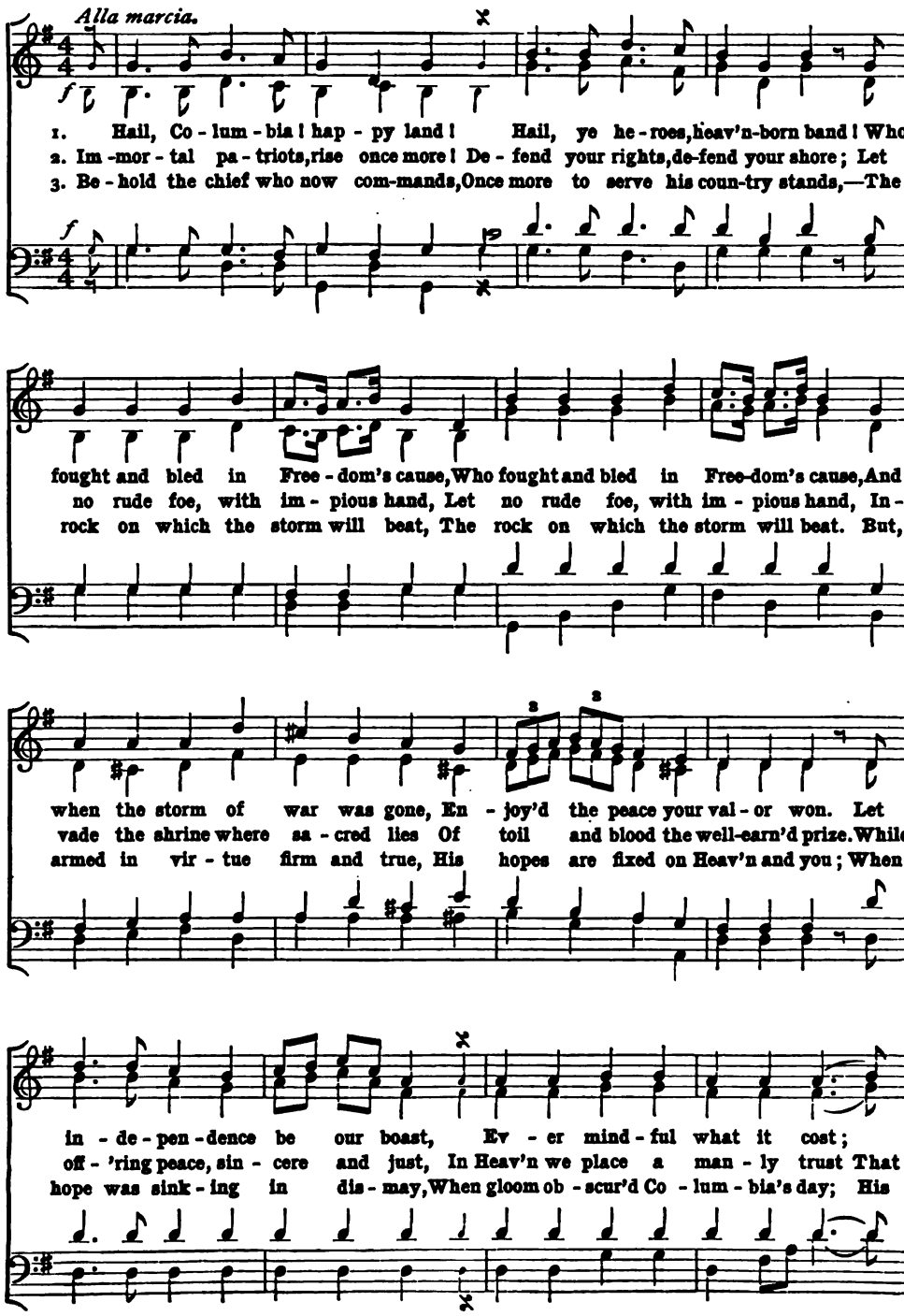




No. 4. SONG OF THE FREE
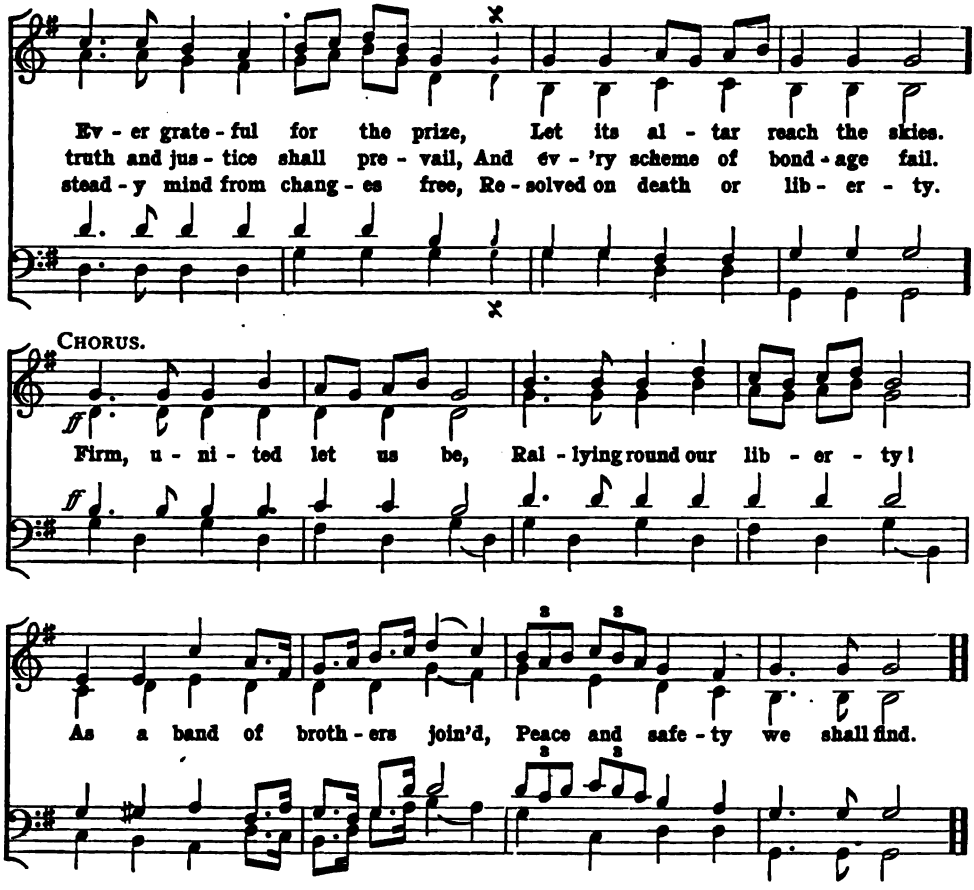
J. G. WHITTIER



No. 5. HAIL COLUMBIA

F. HOPKINSON "THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH"





No. 6. THE NEW "HAIL COLUMBIA"*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1 Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome, friends who once were foes!
Welcome, friends who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained,—
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new-born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed,
Heart to heart for ever bind!

CHORUS.

While the stars of Heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the many still are One.

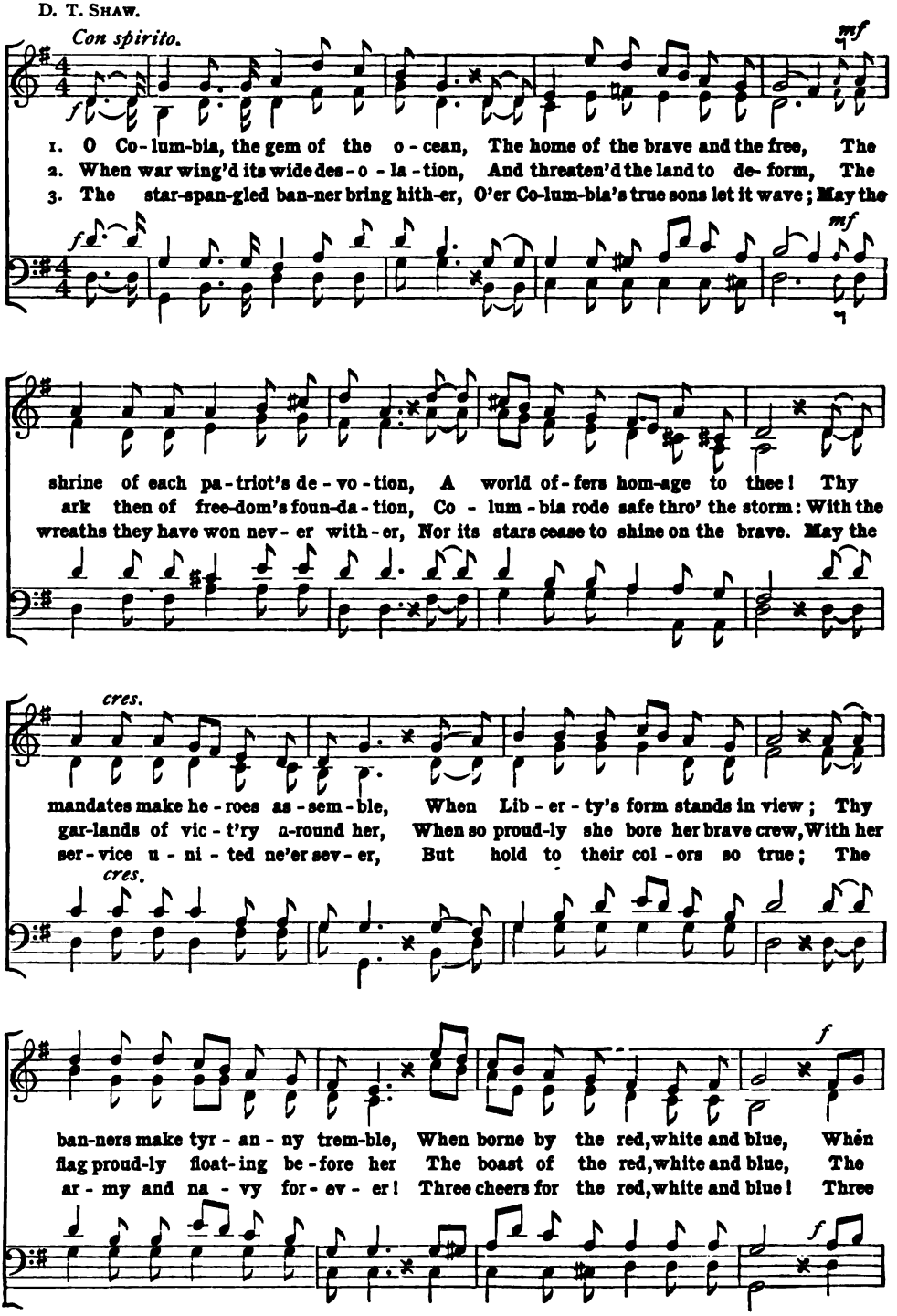
2 Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read,
Enrolled with his, the chief that led
The hosts, whose blood for us was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor,— nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the ark of Liberty!—CHORUS.
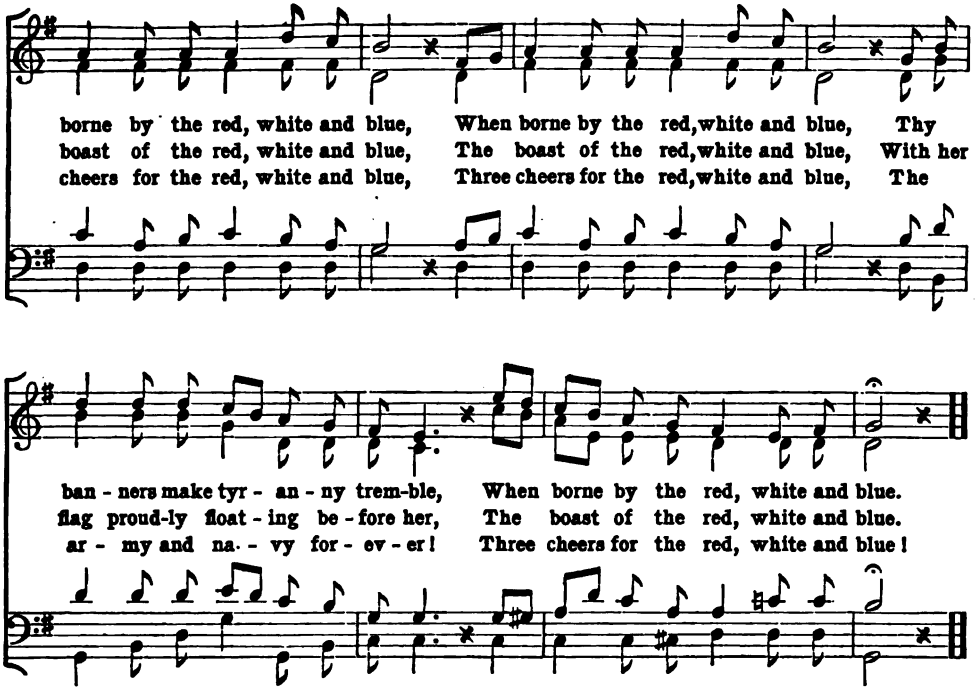
3 Hail, Columbia! strong and free,
Throned in hearts from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue,
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
Till Freedom finds the world her own!
Blest in Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,—
Every voice its tribute lend,—
All in loving chorus blend!—CHORUS.

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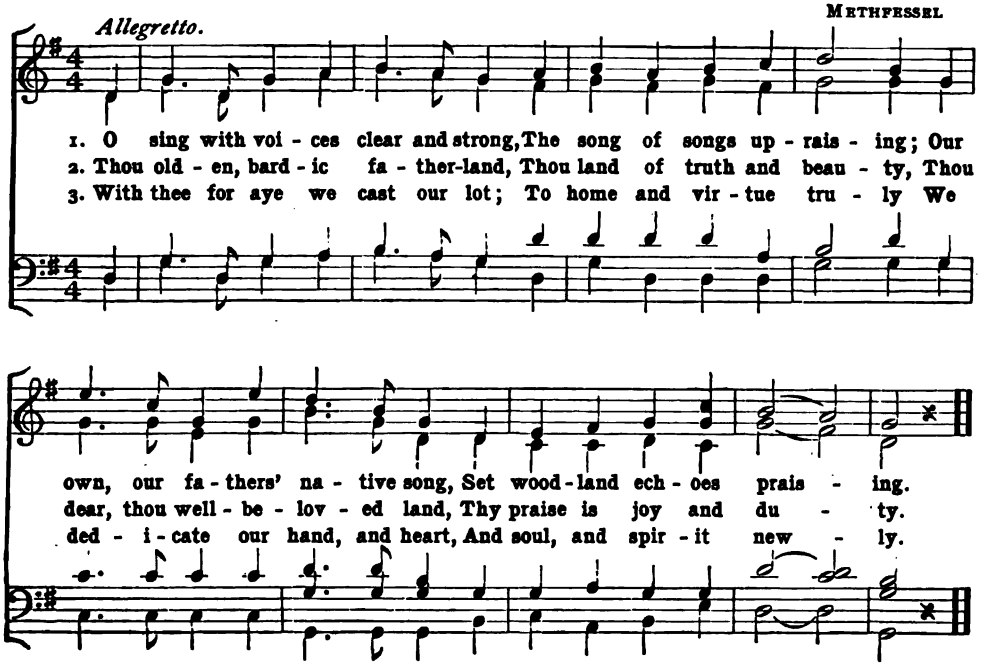
No. 7. THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

D. T. SHAW.
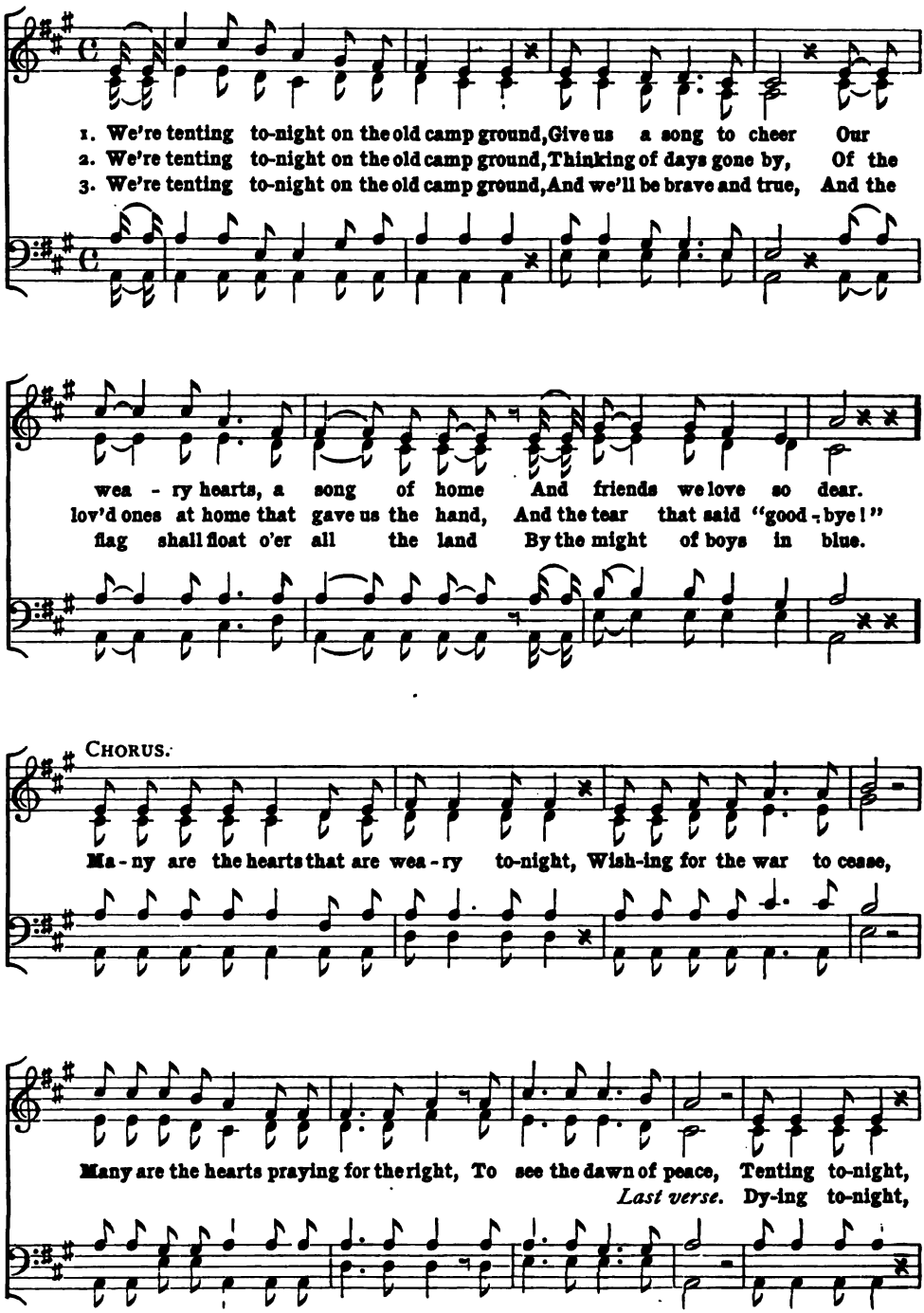




No. 8. OUR NATIVE SONG
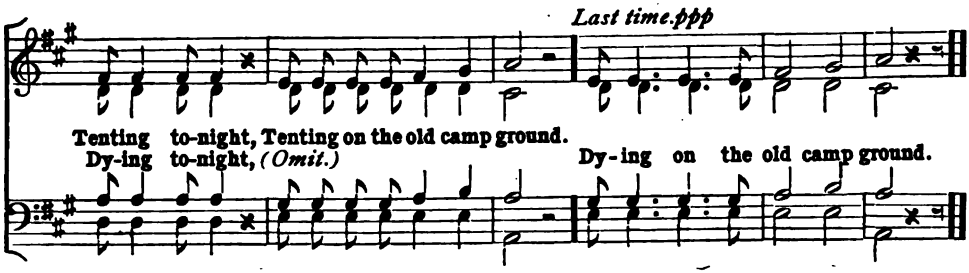


No. 9. TENTING TO-NIGHT

WALTER KITTREDGE
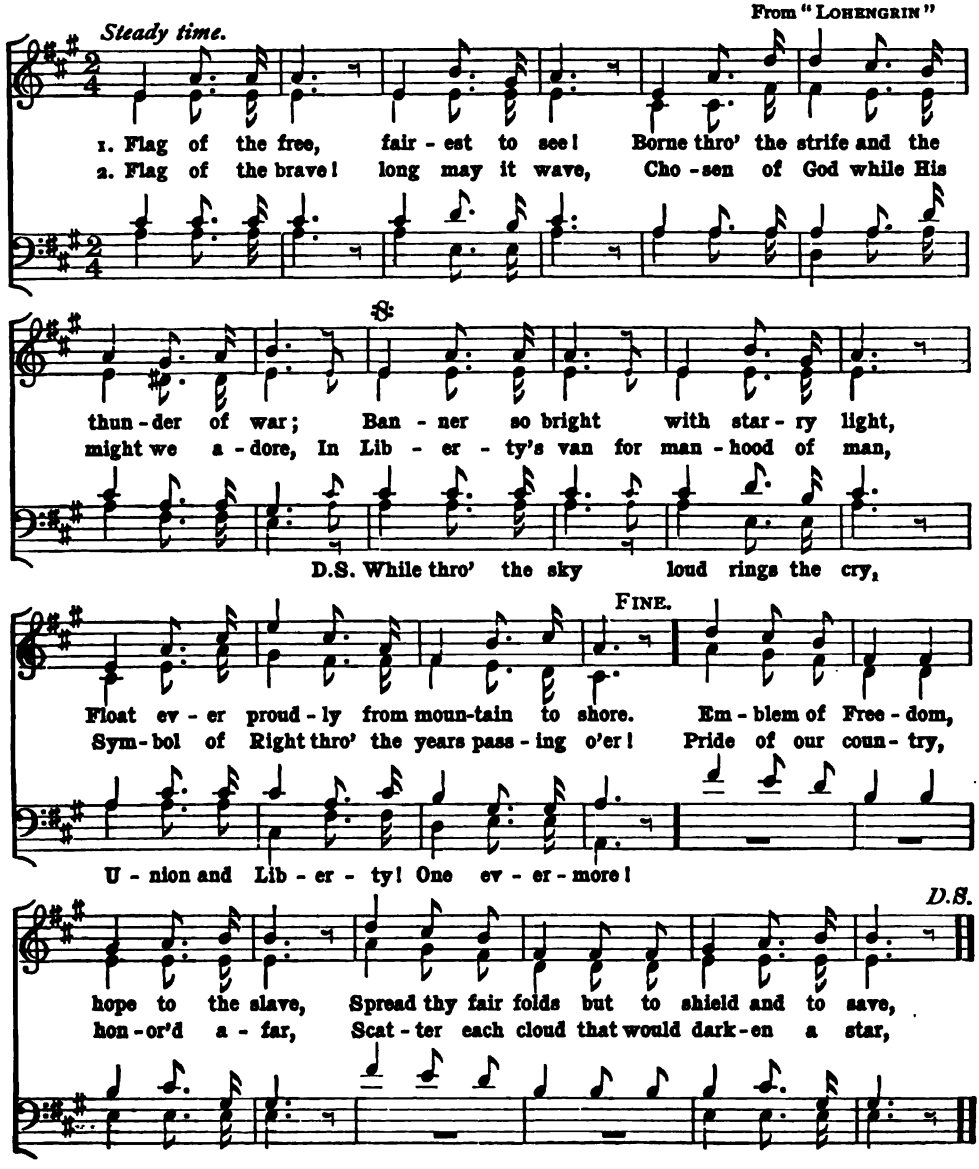


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No. 10. FLAG OF THE FREE

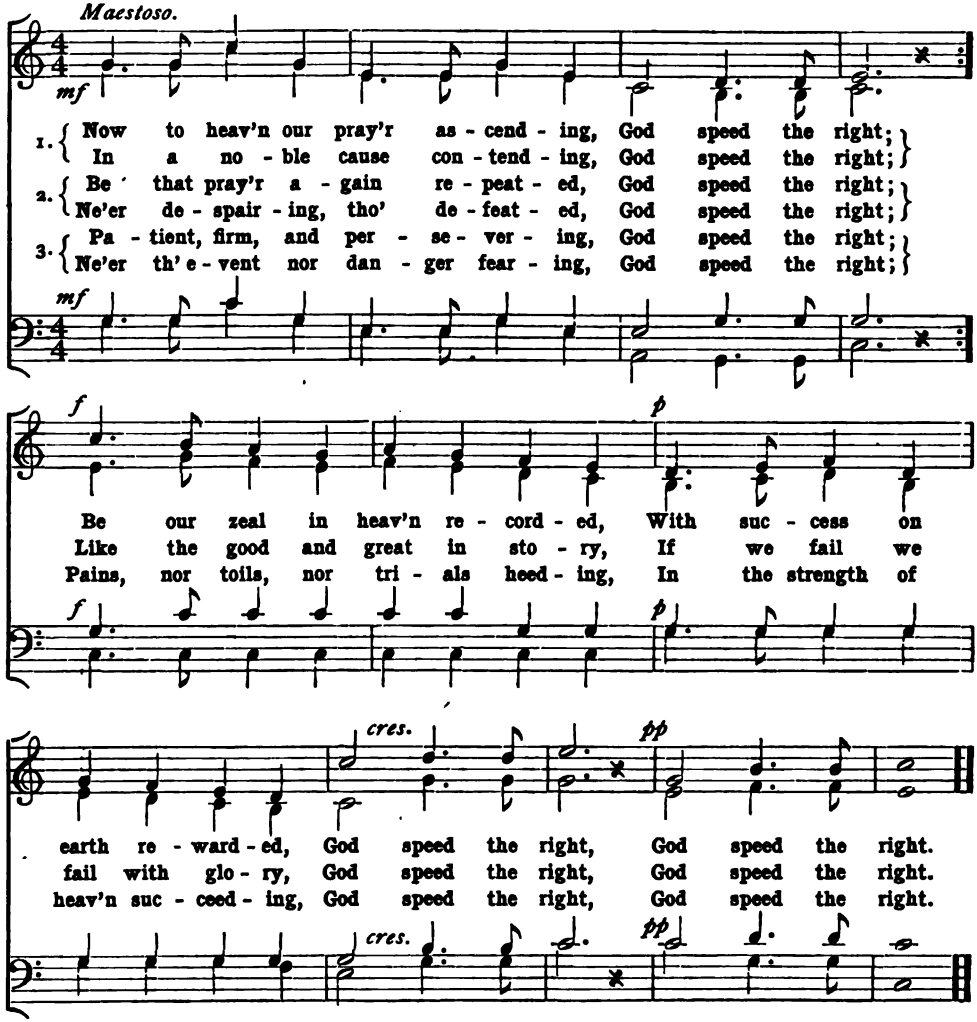
From "LOHENGRIN"



No. 11. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT

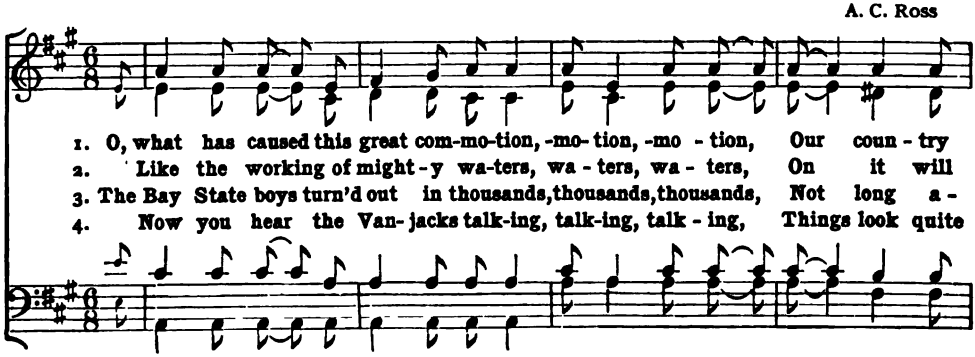
W. E. HICKSON — GERMAN AIR

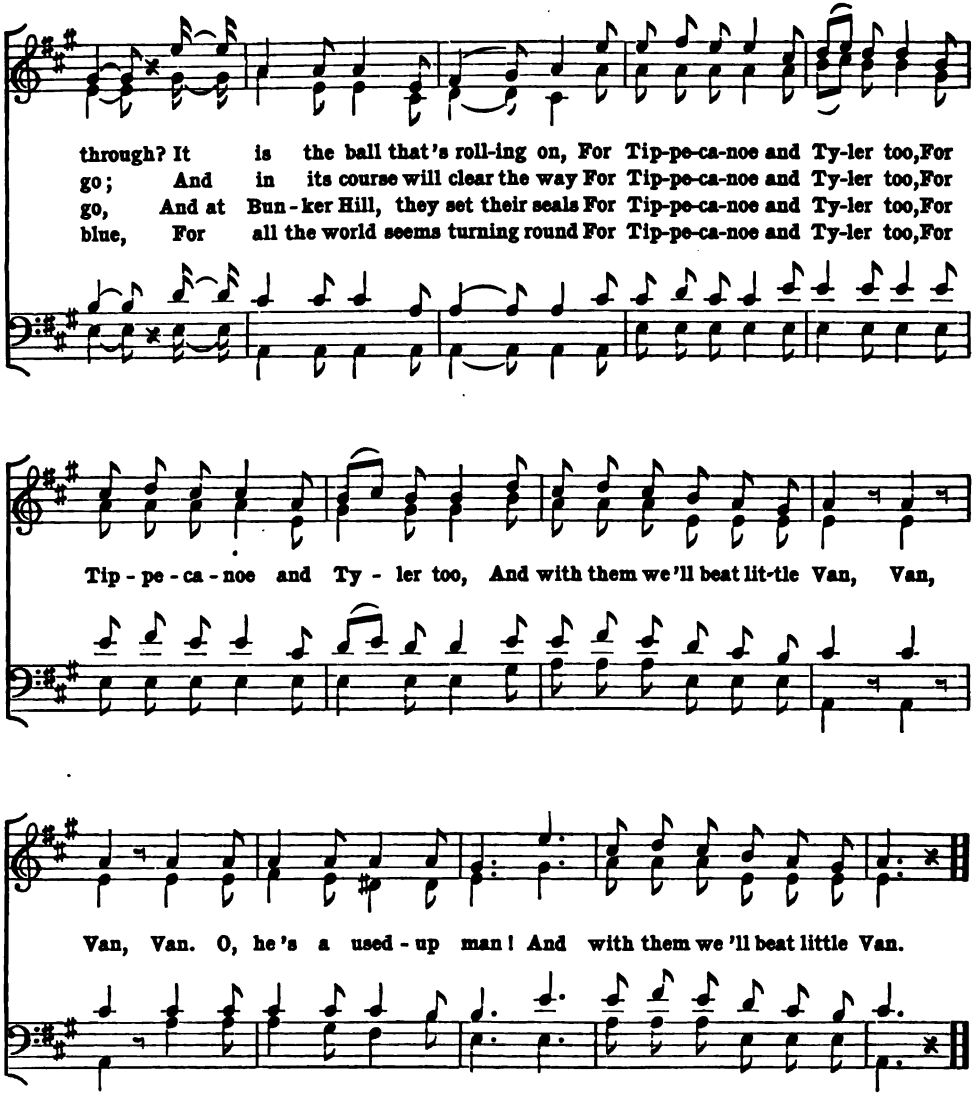
Maestoso.



No. 12. TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO

A. C. Ross





5 Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And Log Cabins too,
It will only help to speed the ball,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.
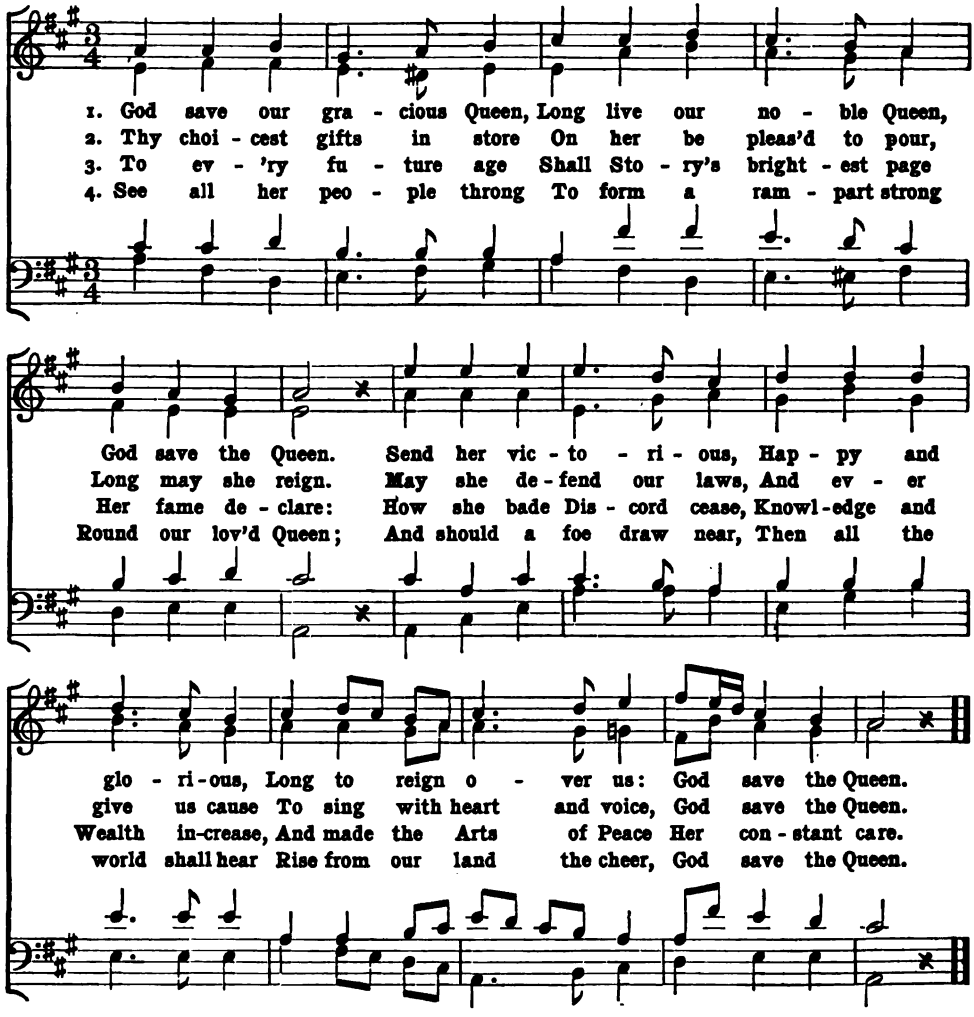
6 His latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door,
And never is pulled in,
For it always was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

7 See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treasurers, treasurers,
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

8 Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
And out he must go,
For in his place we'll put the good
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

No. 13. THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Additional Verses by J. TILLEARD. OFFICIAL VERSION



No. 14. HEIL DIR IM SIEGERKRANZ

1 Heil dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz
die hohe Wonne ganz:
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!
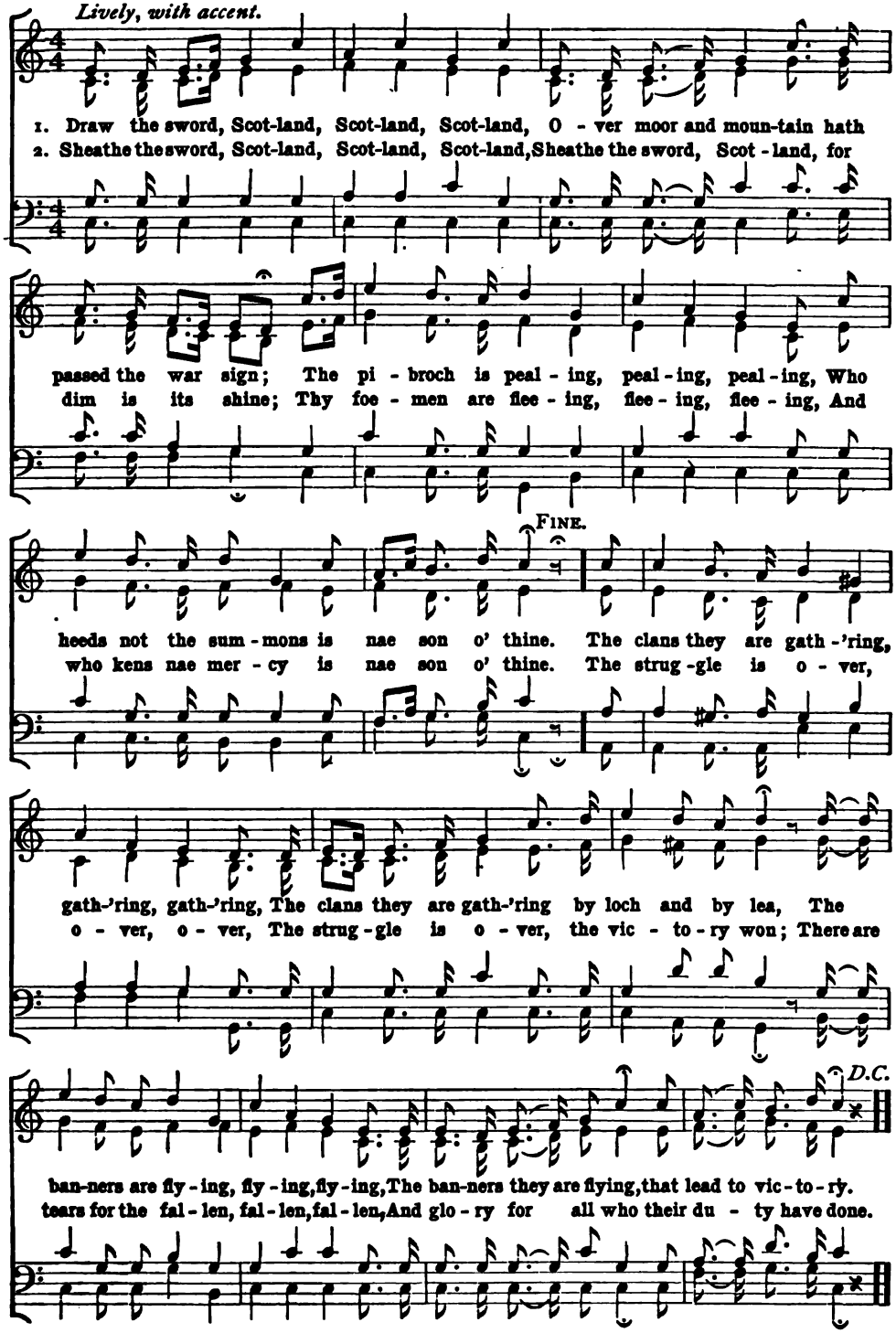
2 Nicht Ross' und Reisige
sichern die steile Höh',
wo Fürsten stehn.
Liebe des Vaterlands,
Liebe des freien Manns
gründet den Herrscherthron
wie Fels im Meer.

3 Heilige Flamme, glüh',
glüh' und erlösche nie
fürs Vaterland!
Wir alle stehen dann
muthig für einen Mann,
Kämpfen und bluten gern
für Thron und Reich.

4 Handlung und Wissenschaft
hebe mit Mut und Kraft
ihr Haupt empor!
Krieger- und Heldenthat
finde ihr Lorbeerblatt
treu aufgehoben dort
an deinem Thron.
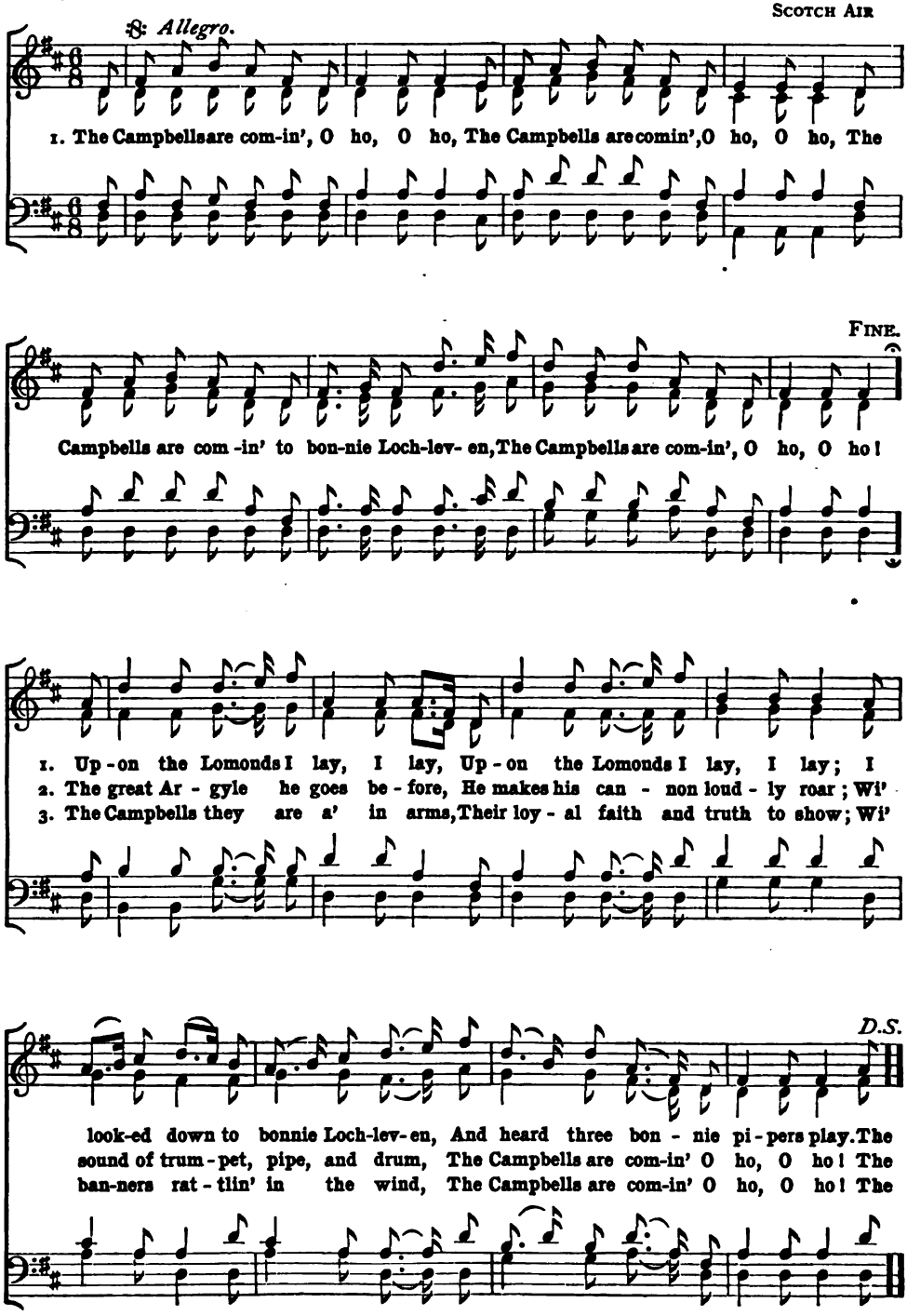
No. 15. DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND

Lively, with accent.

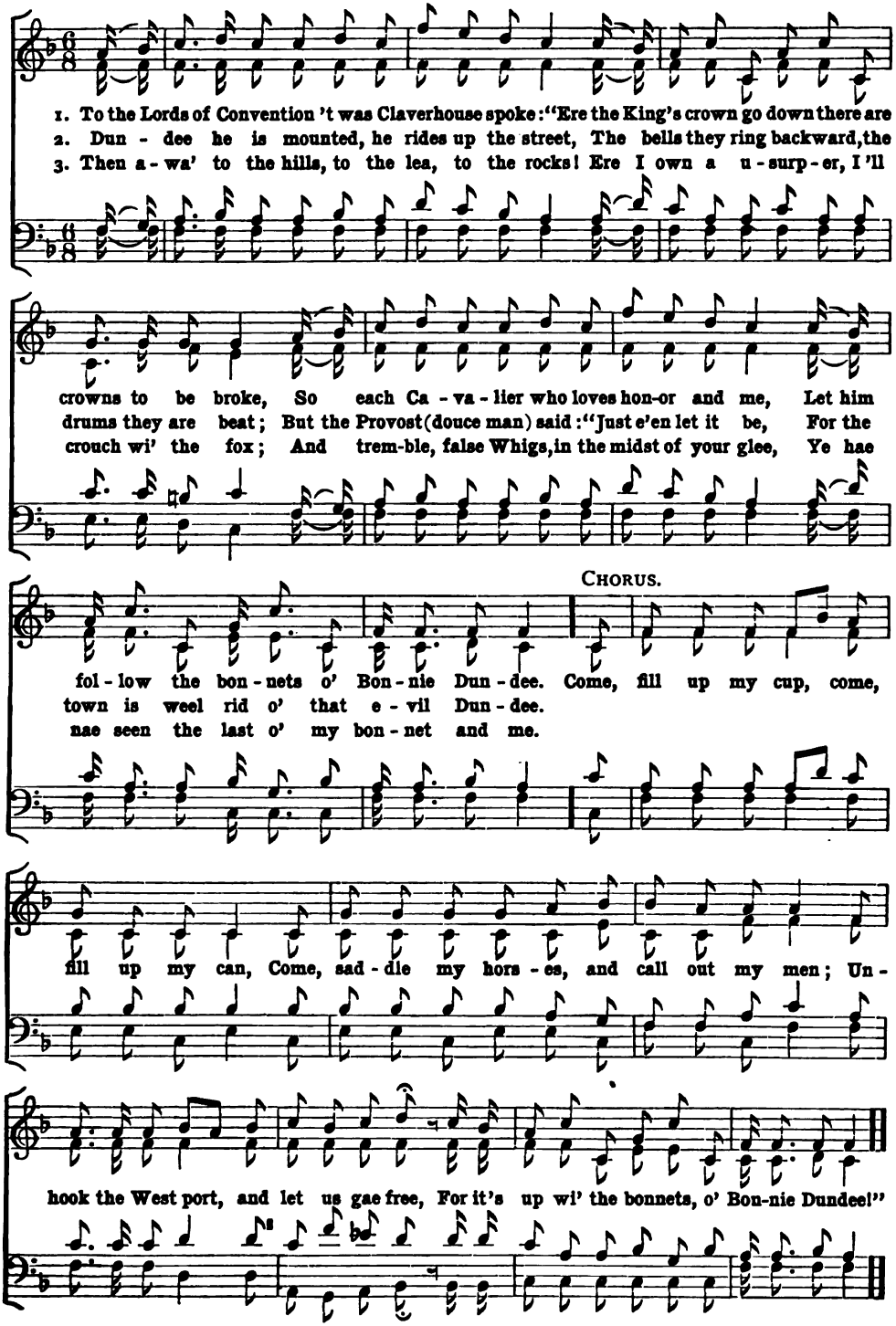


No. 16. THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

SCOTCH AIR



No. 17. BONNIE DUNDEE



No. 18. MEN OF HARLECH

Words by J. TILLEARD — WELSH PATRIOTIC SONG

Con fuoco.

mf

1. Har - lech, raise thy ban - ners o'er us, See the foe ar - ray'd be - fore us,
2. Swords are redd'ning, life - blood pour - eth, Loud the din of bat - tle roar - eth,

mf *f*

Men of Mei - rion* shout the cho - rus, Cam-bria live for aye! Shout un - til the
Loud - er still the war - cry soar - eth, Cam-bria live for aye! Spears and ar - rows

f

cry is sounding To our land's re - mot-est bounding, And E - ry - ri† is resounding,
swift are glancing, Trumpets sounding, chargers prancing, Serried ranks with shout advancing,

rit. *cres.*

Cambria live for aye! He - roes, soldiers, ral-ly; On the foe we 'll sally; We will chase the
Cambria live for aye! Fierce his spir-it ra-ges Who with foe en-gag-es Hand to hand for

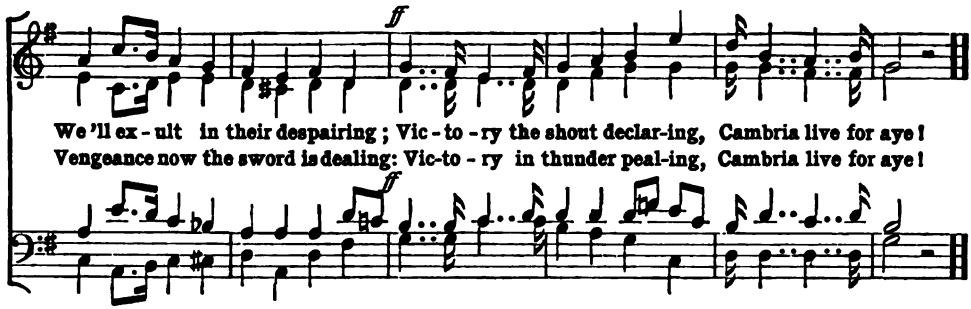
rit. *cres.*

f

hos -tile race From stream and hill and val - ley; Conquest's banner proud-ly bear-ing,
Fath -er-land, With hon - or held for a - ges: Wild the con - flict, see they 're reeling,
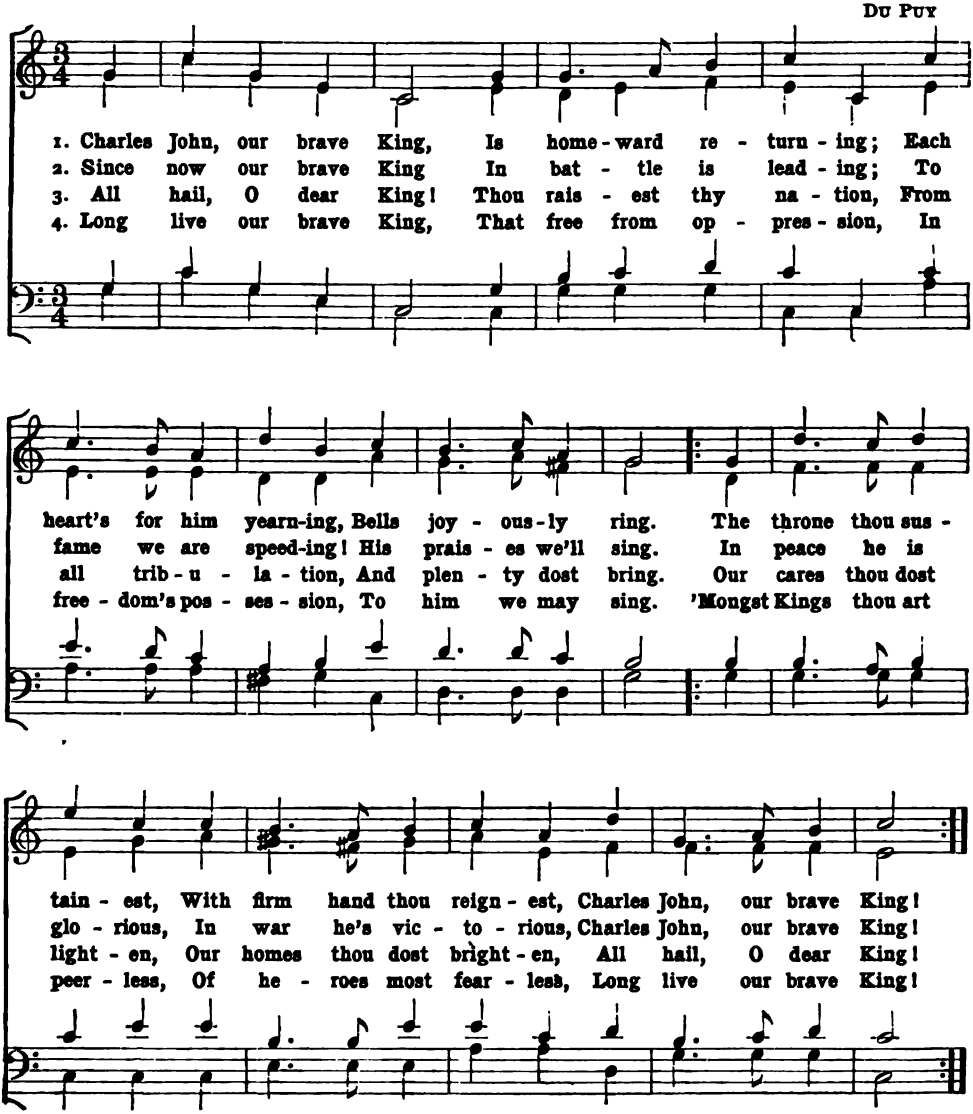
f

* Merioneth. † Snowdon.



No. 19. SWEDISH NATIONAL AIR
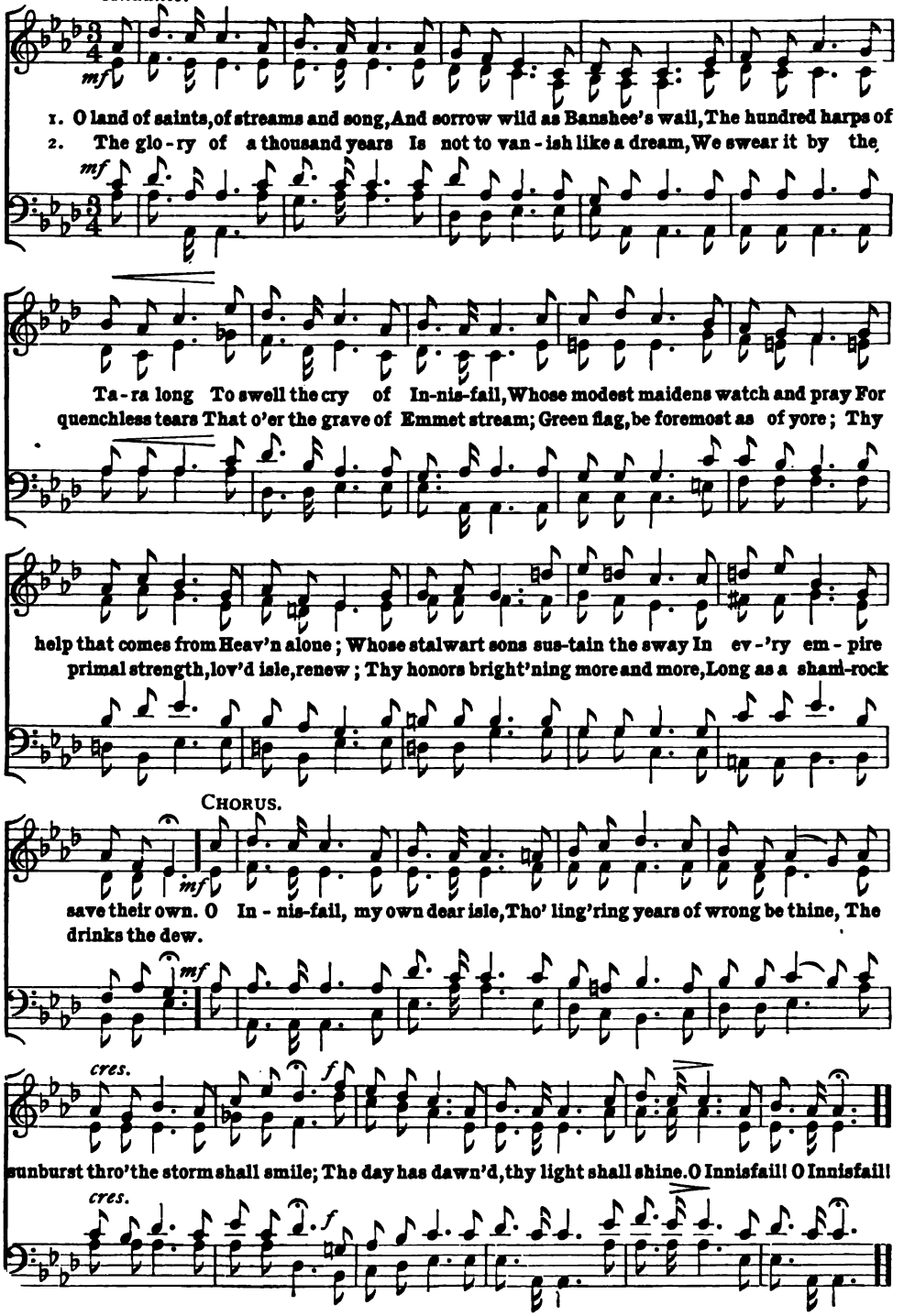
DU PUY



No. 20. INNISFAIL
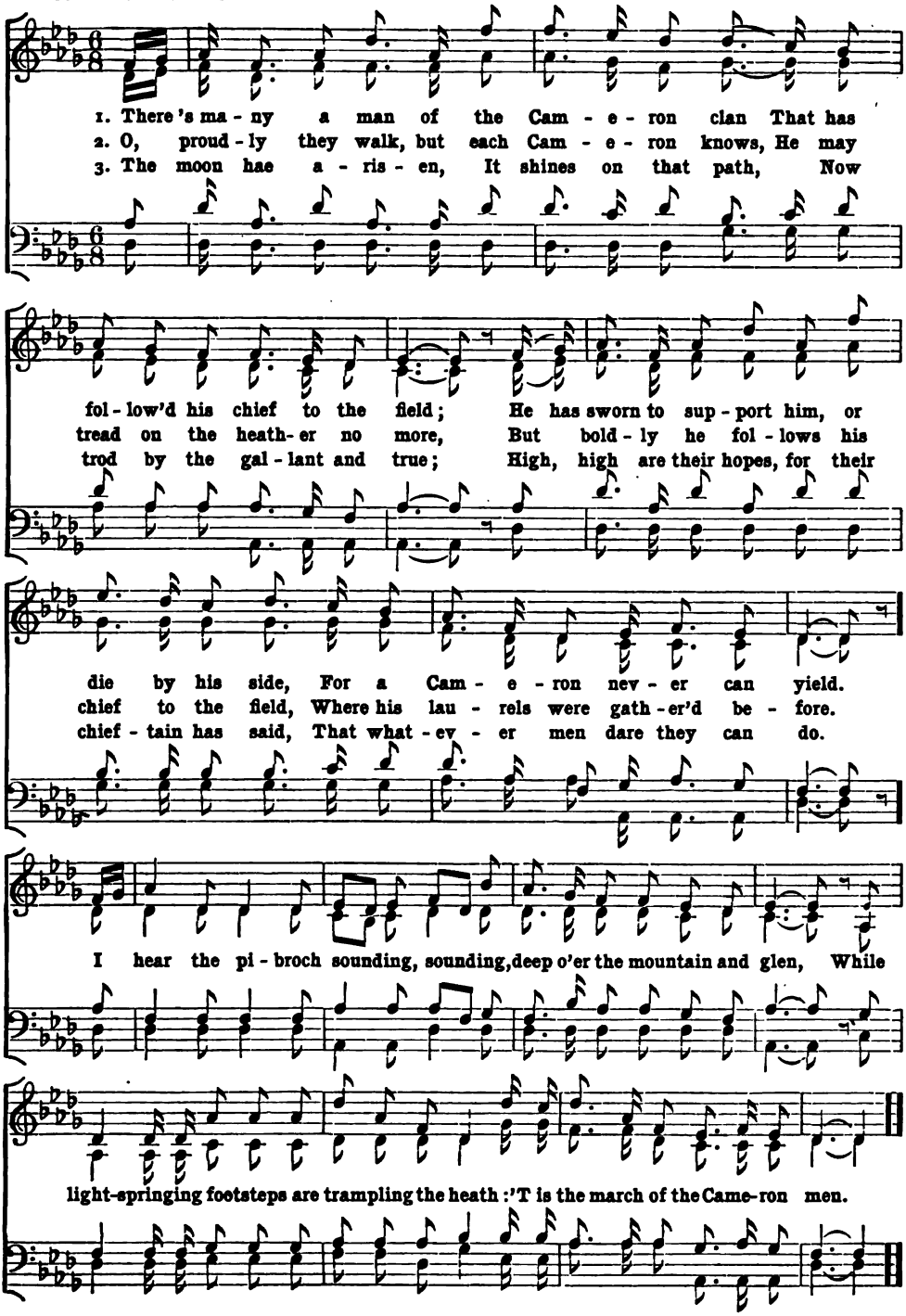
E. C. PHELPS T. C. LATTO

Andante.
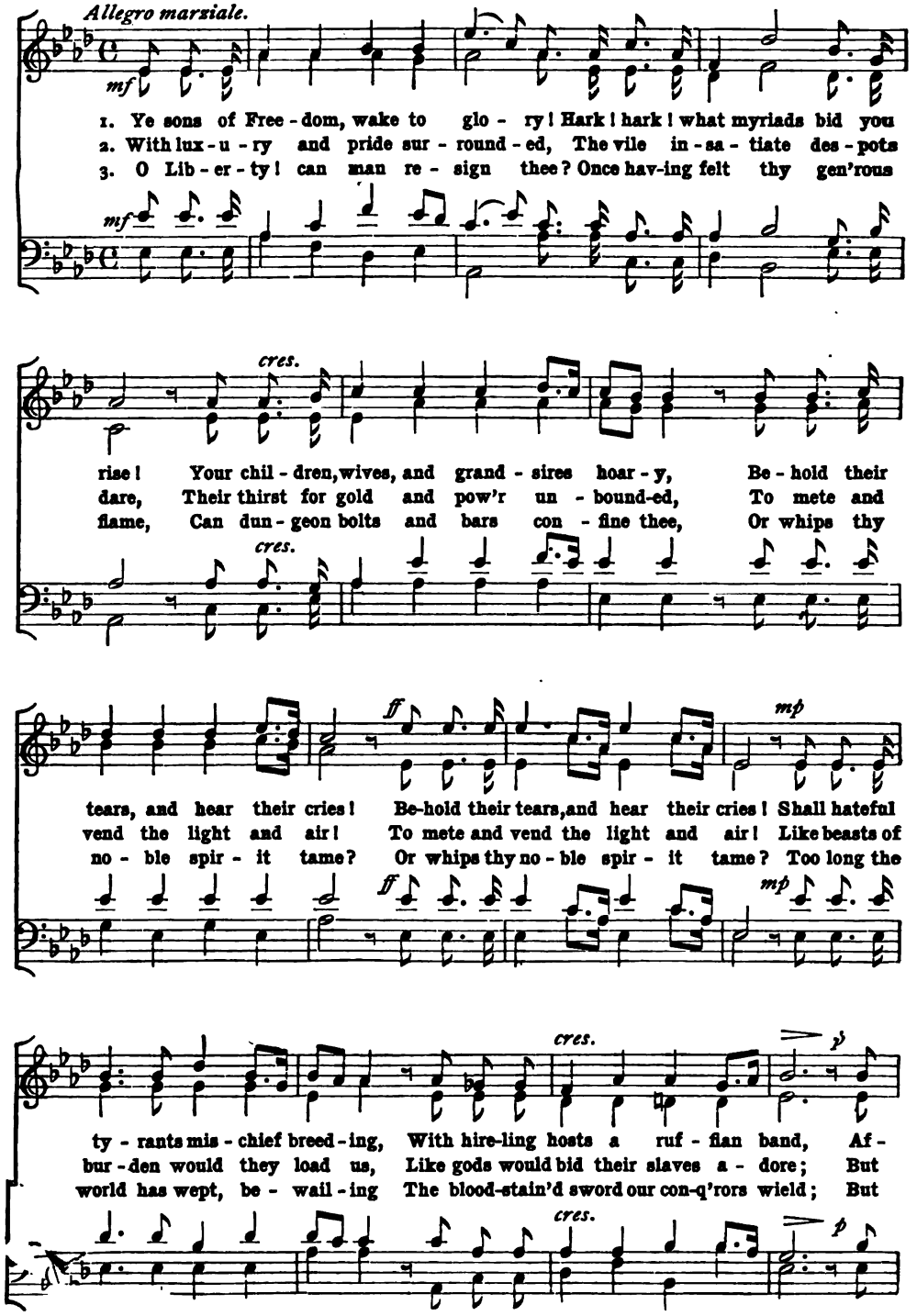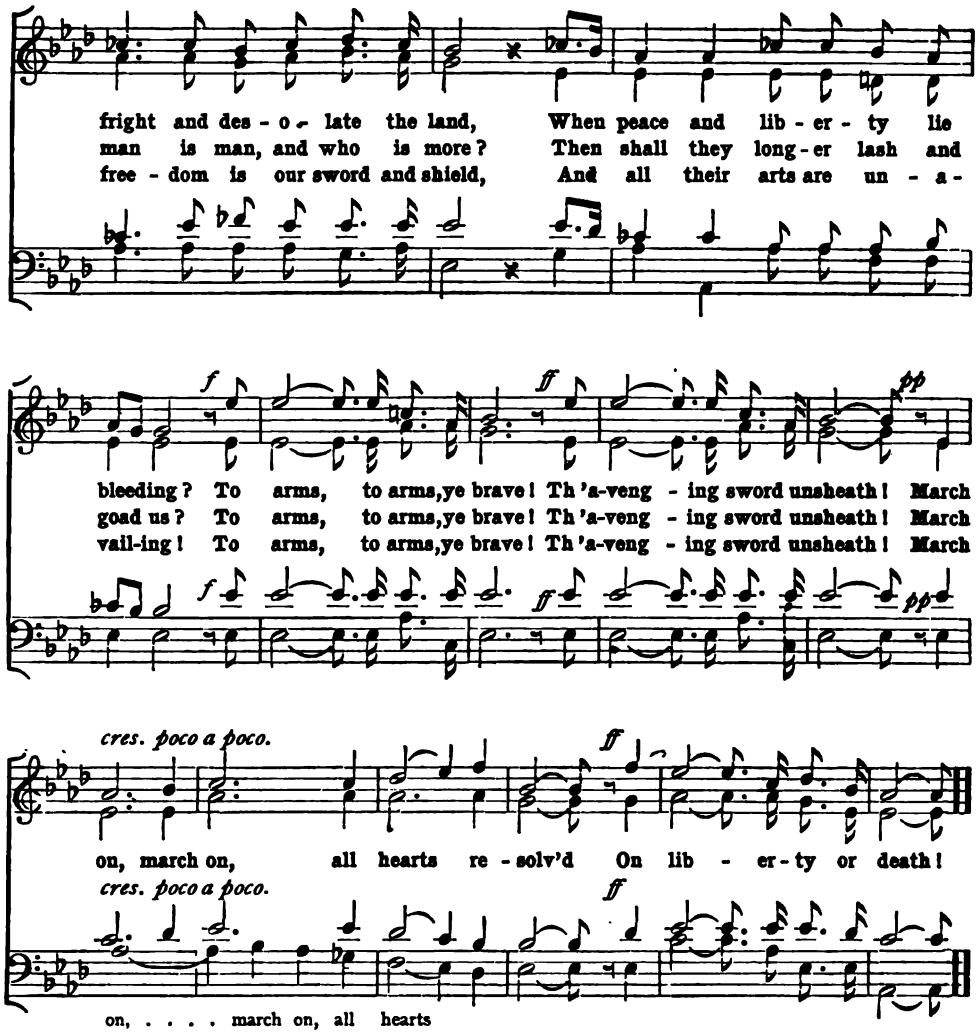


No. 21. MARCH O' THE CAMERON MEN

MARY M. CAMPBELL



No. 22. HYMN OF THE MARSEILLAISE





No. 23. LA MARSEILLAISE

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792

1 Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Égorger nos fils, nos campagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons!

2 Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Français! pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes, etc.

3 Quoi ! ces cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers !
Quoi ! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers !
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers !
Grand Dieu ! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploîraient !
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées !
Aux armes, etc.

4 Tremblez, tyrants ! et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez ! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix !
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix !
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre !
Aux armes, etc.
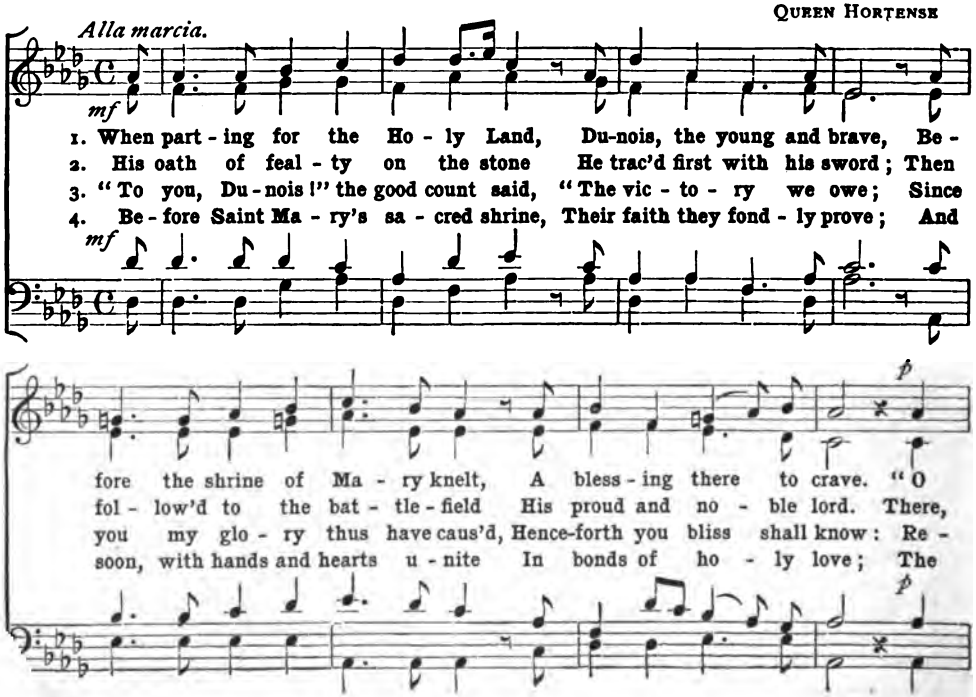
5 Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups !
Épargnez ces tristes victimes,
À regret s'armant contre nous,
À regret s'armant contre nous.
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais ces complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère !
Aux armes, etc.

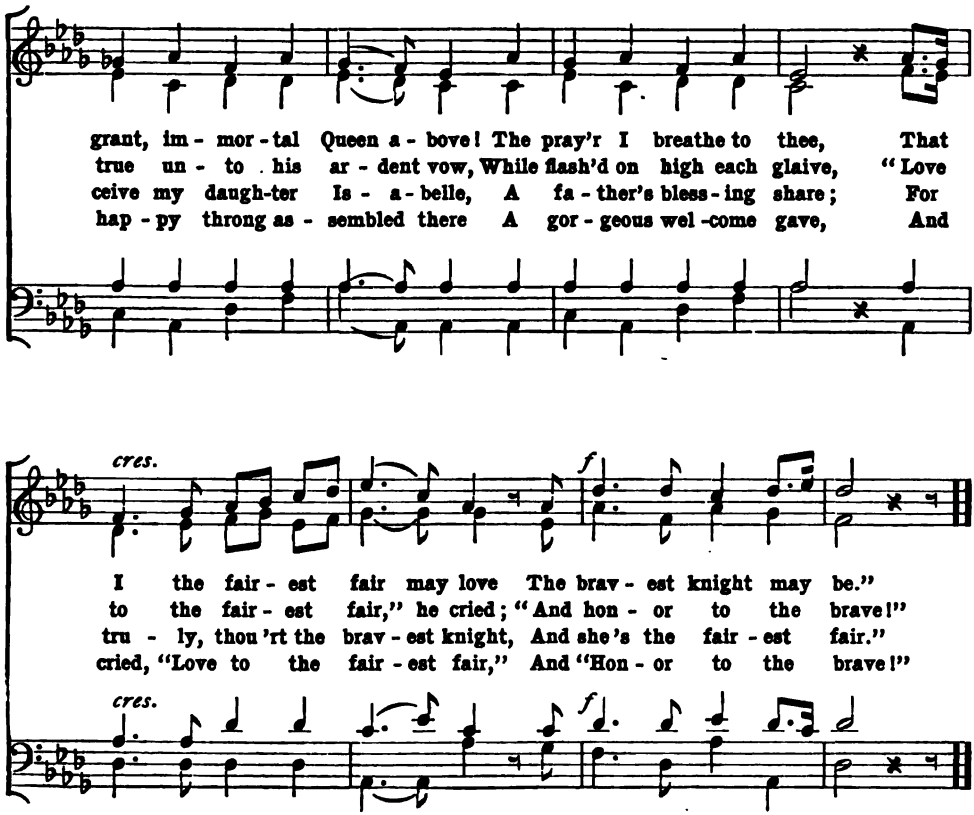
6 Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs !
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs !
Combats avec tes défenseurs !
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents !
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire !
Aux armes, etc.

7 Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus ;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus.
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre !
Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons !
Marchons ! Marchons ! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons !

No. 24. PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE

QUEEN HORTENSE





No. 25. PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE

1 Partant pour la Syrie
Le jeune et beau Dunois,
Venait prier Marie,
De bénir ses exploits.
Faites, reine immortelle!
Lui dit-il en partant,
Qu'aimé de la plus belle,
Je sois le plus vaillant.
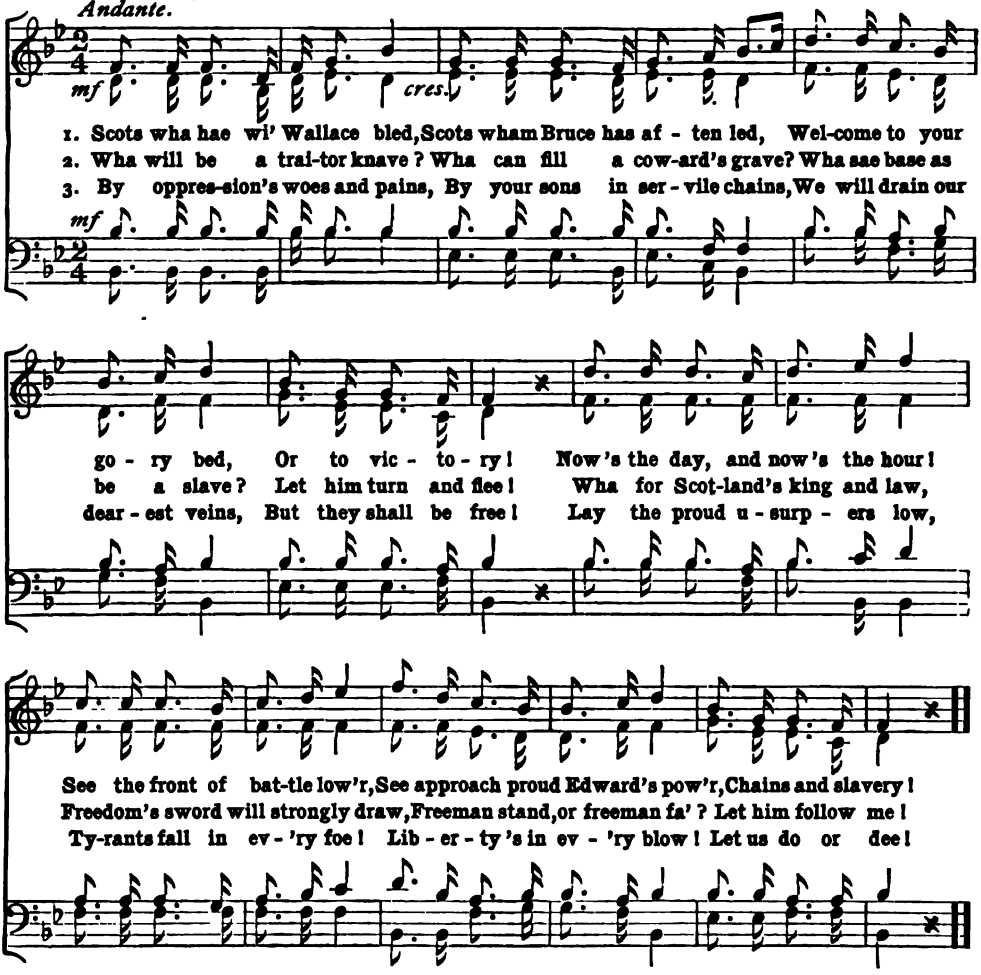
2 Il écrit sur la pierre,
Le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre
Le comte son Seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidèle
Il crie en combattant:
Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant.

3 Viens, fils de la victoire
Dunois, dit le Seigneur,
Puisque tu fais ma gloire
Je ferai ton bonheur;
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle
Et toi le plus vaillant.

4 A l'autel de Marie
Ils contractent tous deux
Cette union chérie
Qui seule rend heureux;
Chacun dans la chapelle
Disait en les voyant:
Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant.

No. 26. SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

ROBERT BURNS, BRUCE'S ADDRESS



No. 27. WARREN'S ADDRESS

Words by JOHN PIERPONT

Melody: "SCOTS WHA HAE"

1 Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in the battle peal!
Read it in yon bristling steel!
Ask it — ye who will!
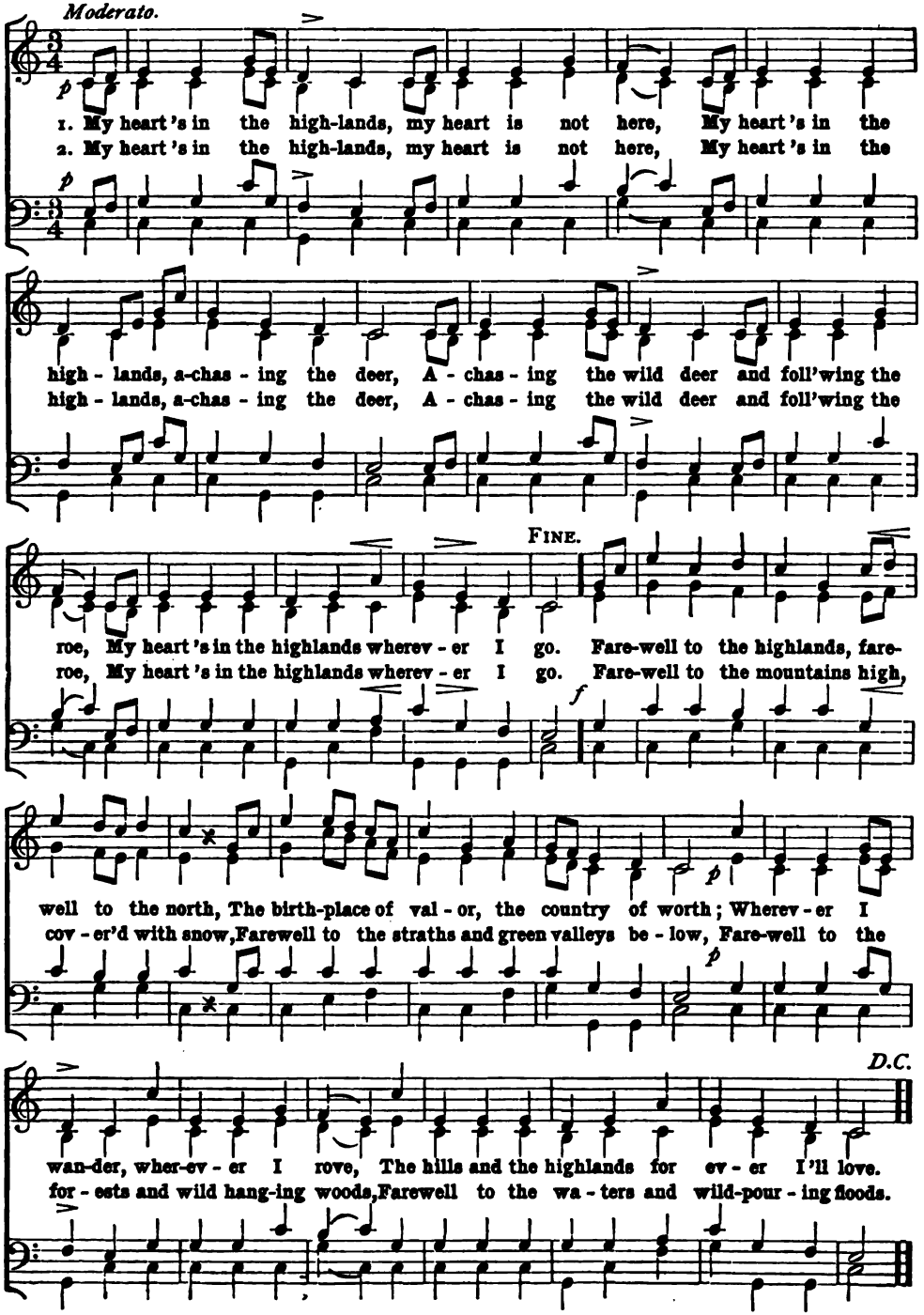
2 Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you — they 're afire!
And behind you see —
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

3 In the god of battles trust,
Die we may, — and die we must!
But O where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed.
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?

No. 28. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS
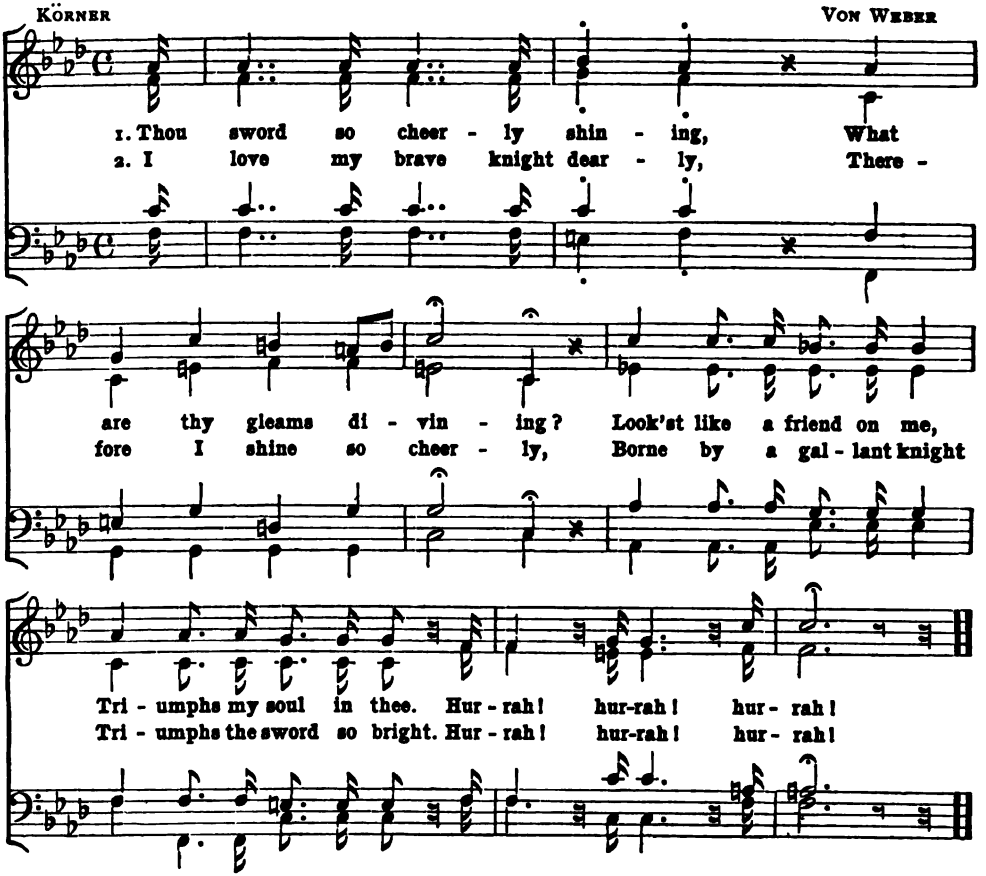
ROBERT BURNS

Moderato.



No. 29. SWORD SONG

KÖRNER VON WEBER



3 Yes, trusty sword, I love thee;
A true knight thou shalt prove me,
Thee, my beloved, my bride,
I'll lead thee forth in pride.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

4 My iron-life, clear raying,
I gave it to thy swaying,
O come and fetch thy bride!
Lead, lead me forth in pride.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

5 The festal trump is blowing,
The bridal dance preparing.
When cannon shake the glen
I'll come and fetch thee then.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

6 O blest embrace that frees me!
My hope impatient sees thee.
Come bridegroom, fetch thou me;
Waits the bright wreath for thee.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

7 Why in thy sheath art ringing,
Thou iron-soul, fire-flinging?
So wild with battle's glee,
Why ray'st thou eagerly?
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

8 I in my sheath am ringing;
I from my sheath am springing;
Wild, wild with battle's glee,
Ray I so eagerly.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

9 Remain, remain within, love;
Why court the dust and din, love?
Wait in thy chamber small,
Wait till thy true knight call.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

10 Then break thou forth in singing,
Thou iron-bride, fire-flinging!
Walk forth in joy and pride!
Hurrah! thou iron-bride!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

No. 30. PRAYER FOR PEACE

When sung to the music of No. 31, read the first half-note in the fourth measure and the second half-note in the seventh measure each as two quarter notes.

1 God the All-Terrible! King who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2 God the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness and slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3 God the All-Righteous One! Man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity sure standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
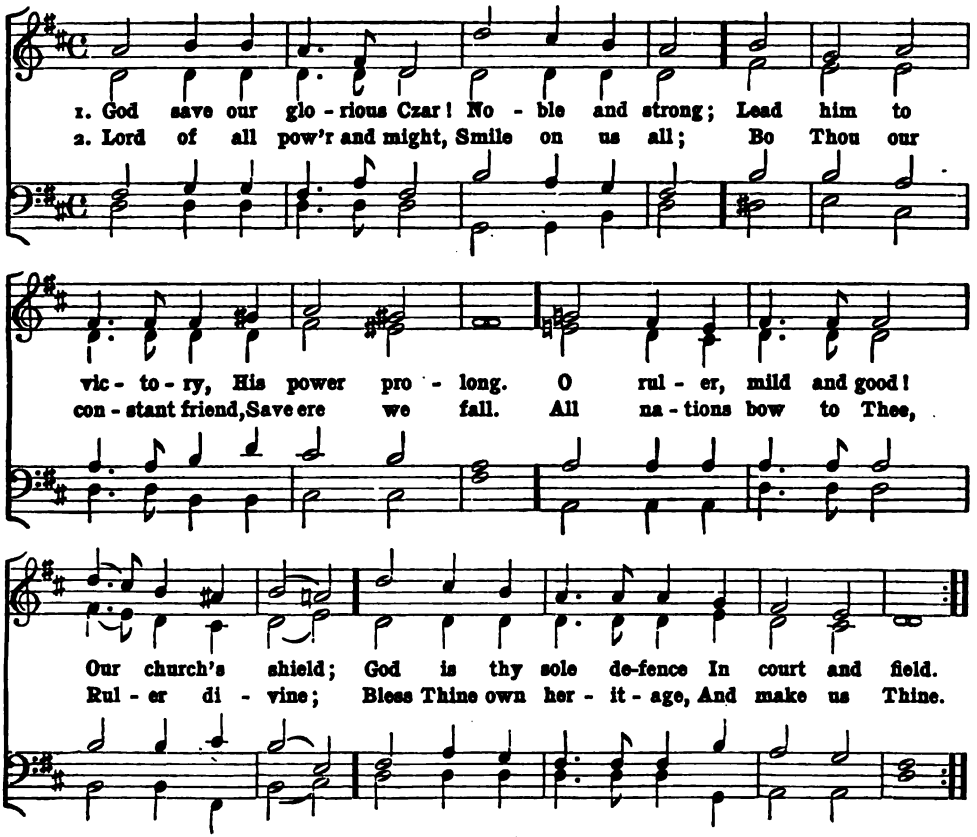
4 God the All-Wise! by the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and to truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

5 So will Thy people with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord.

Translated from the Russian by H. F. CHORLEY.
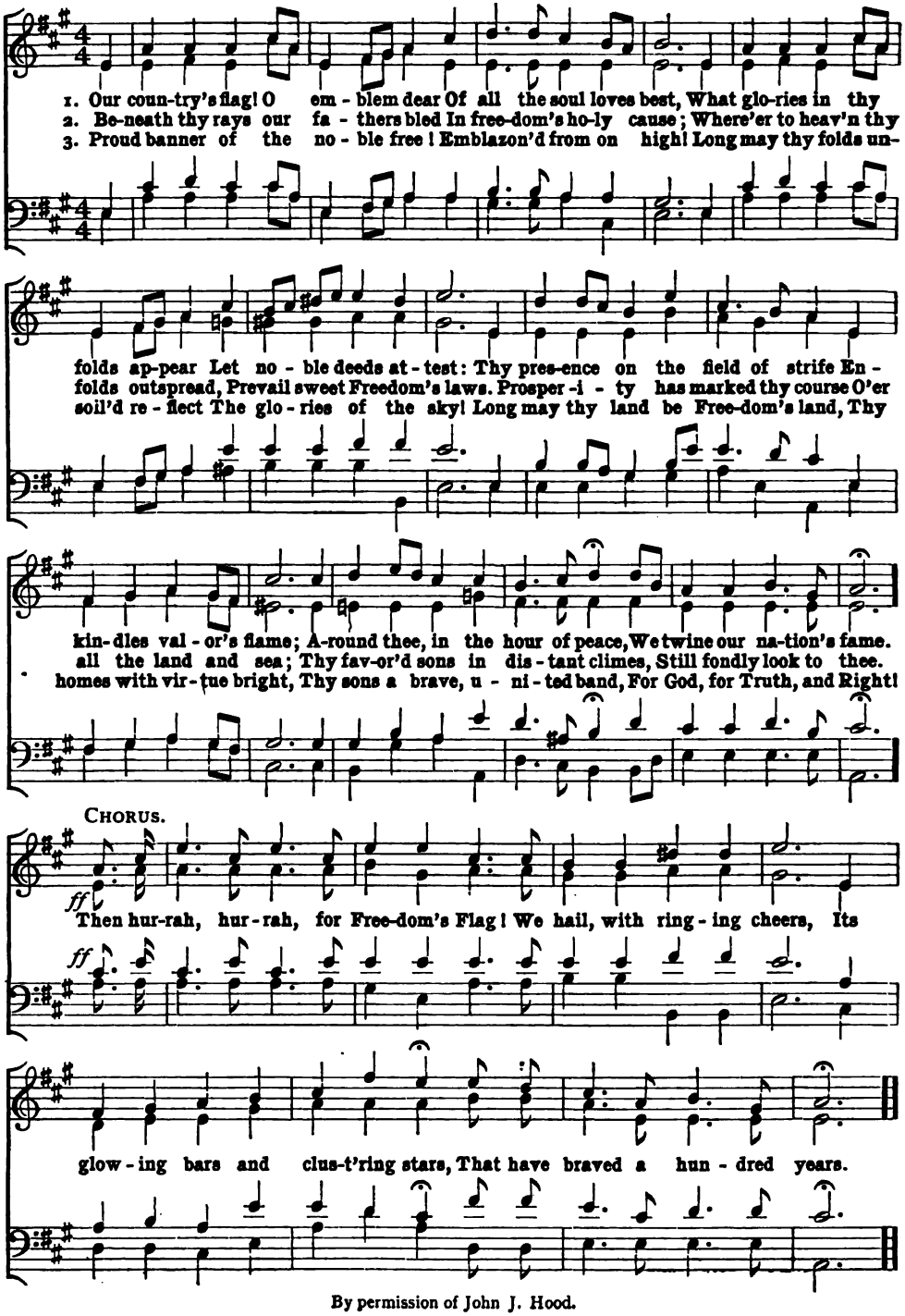
No. 31. RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN

ALEXIS LVOFF



No. 32. FREEDOM'S FLAG

JOHN J. HOOD ADAM GEIBEL
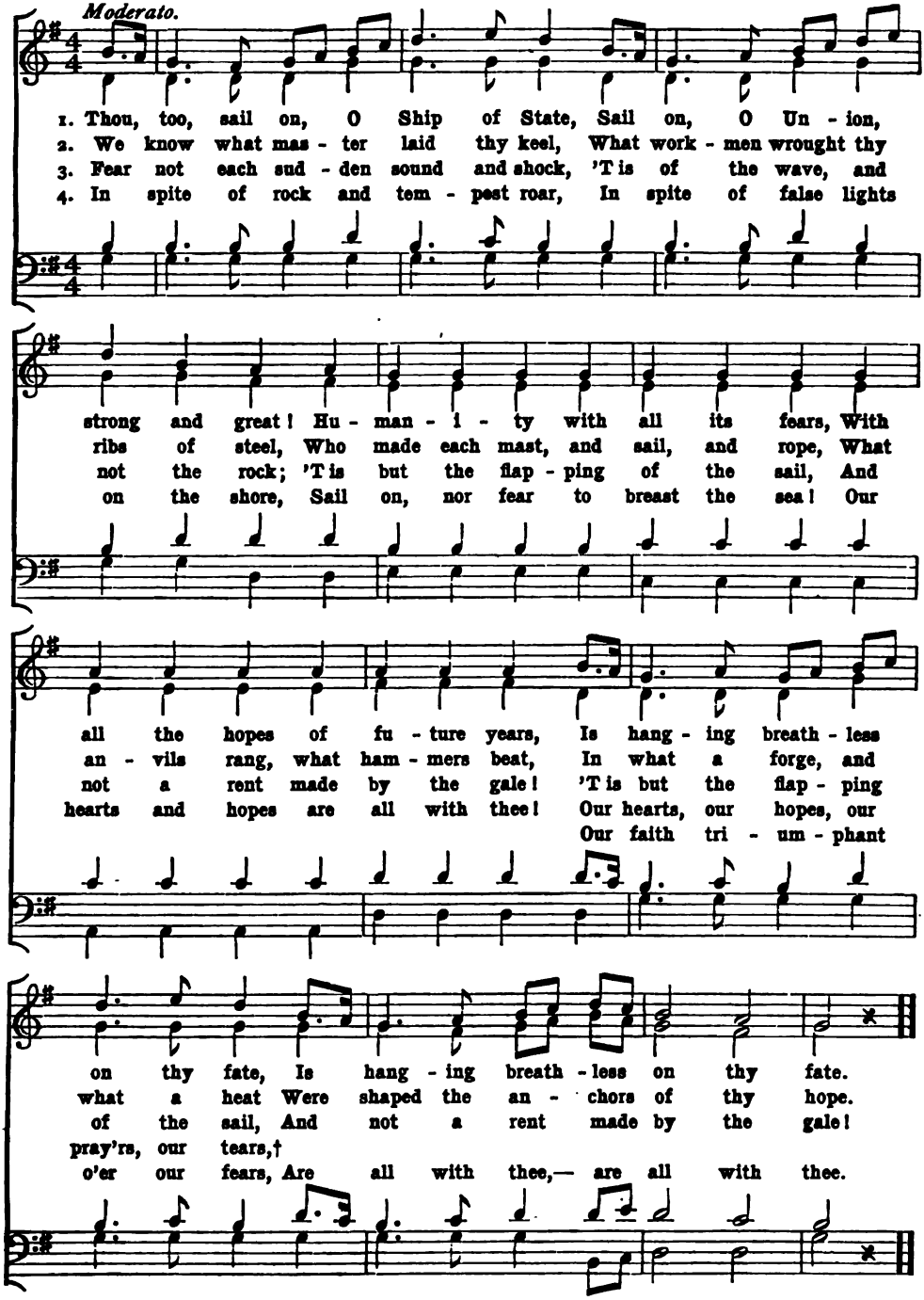


By permission of John J. Hood.

No. 33. THE SHIP OF STATE *

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Moderato.
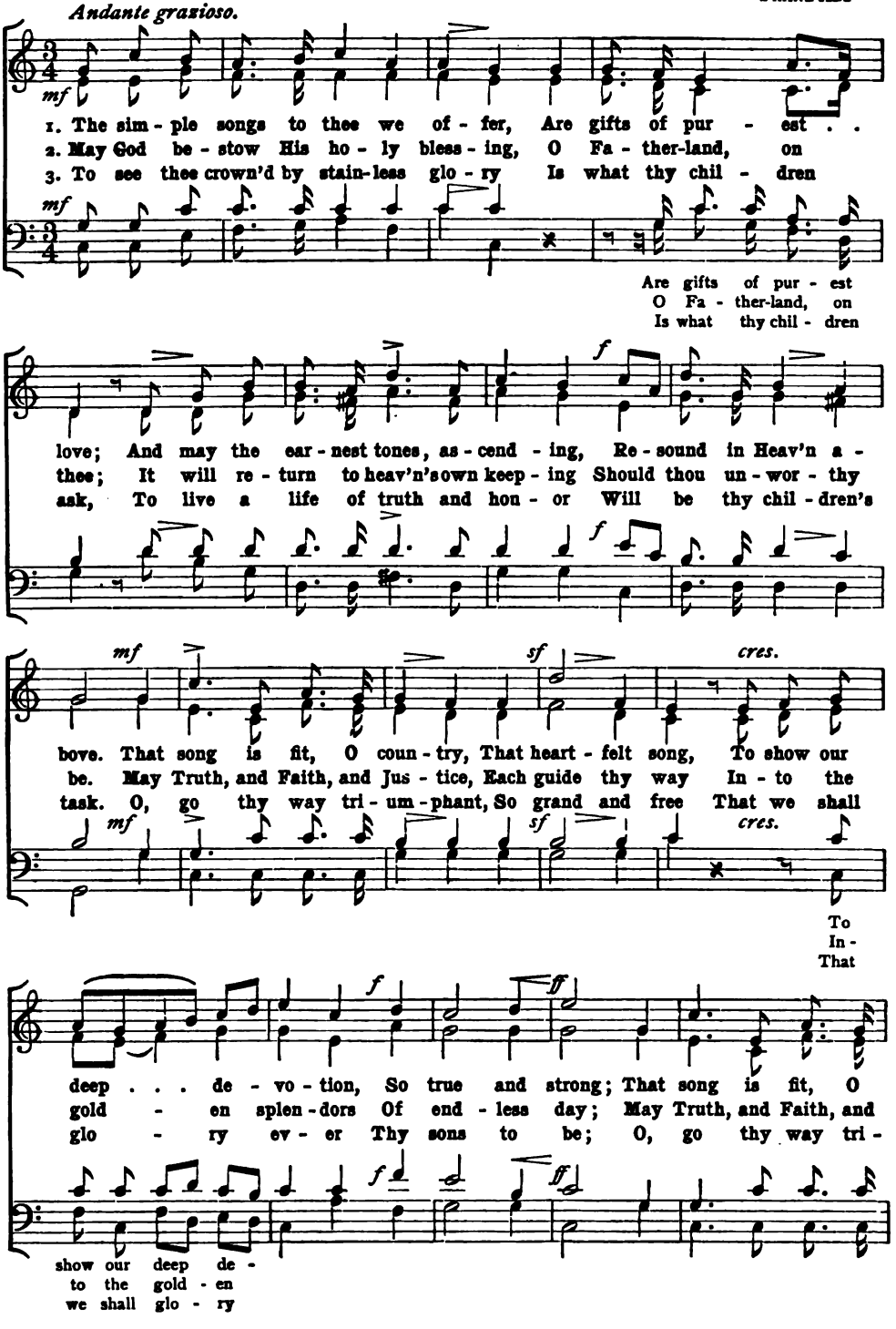


* The poem is used by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
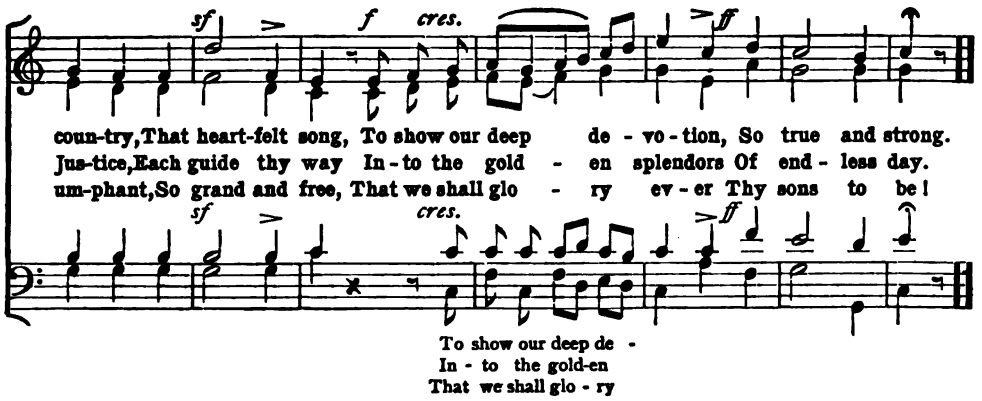
† Repeat the music of this line in the fourth stanza.

No. 34. OUR FATHERLAND

FRANZ ABT
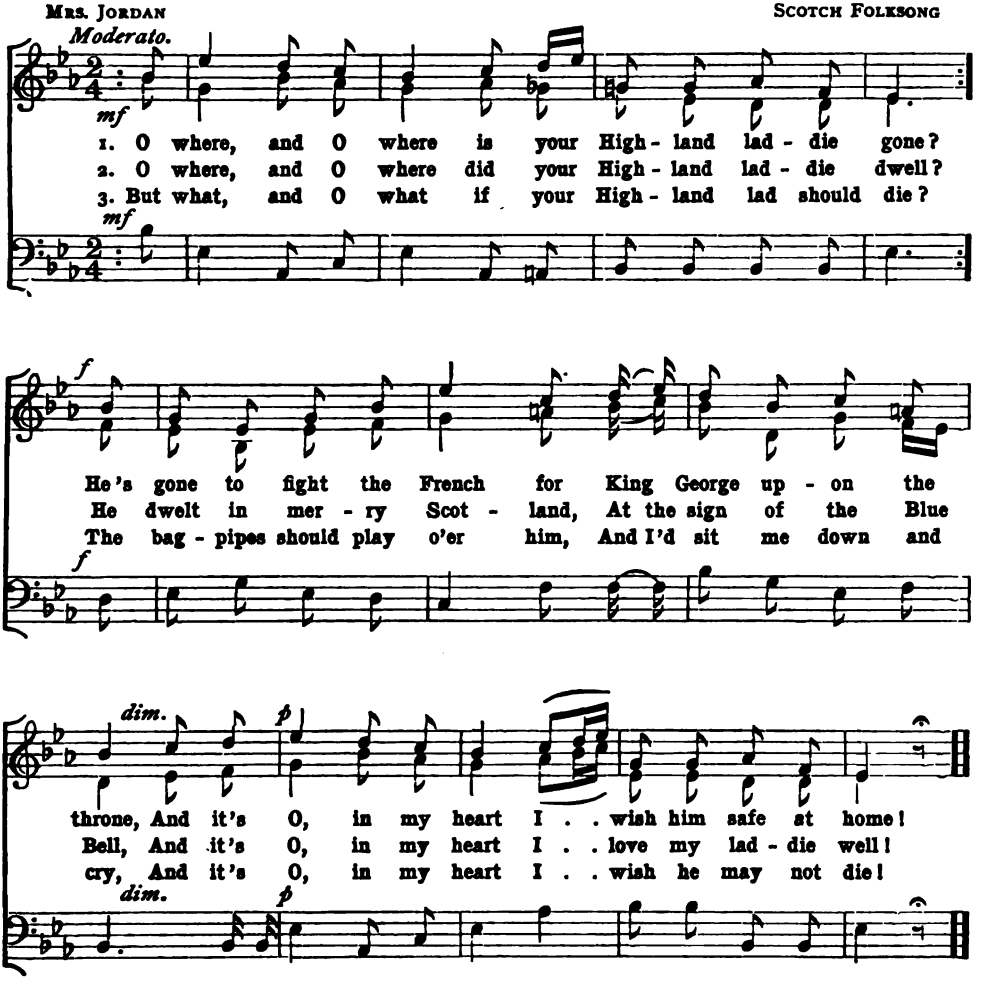
Andante grazioso.
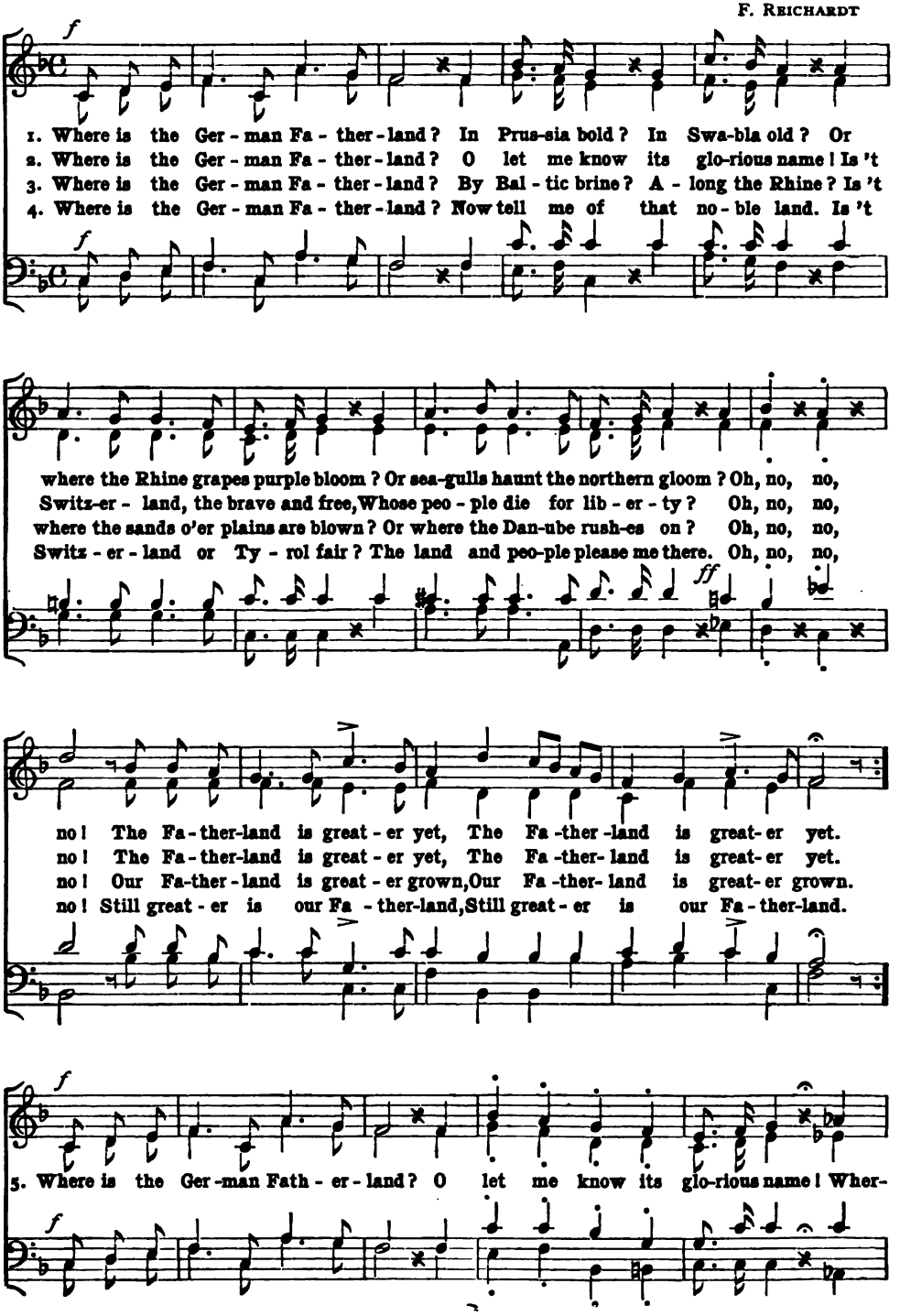




No. 35. THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

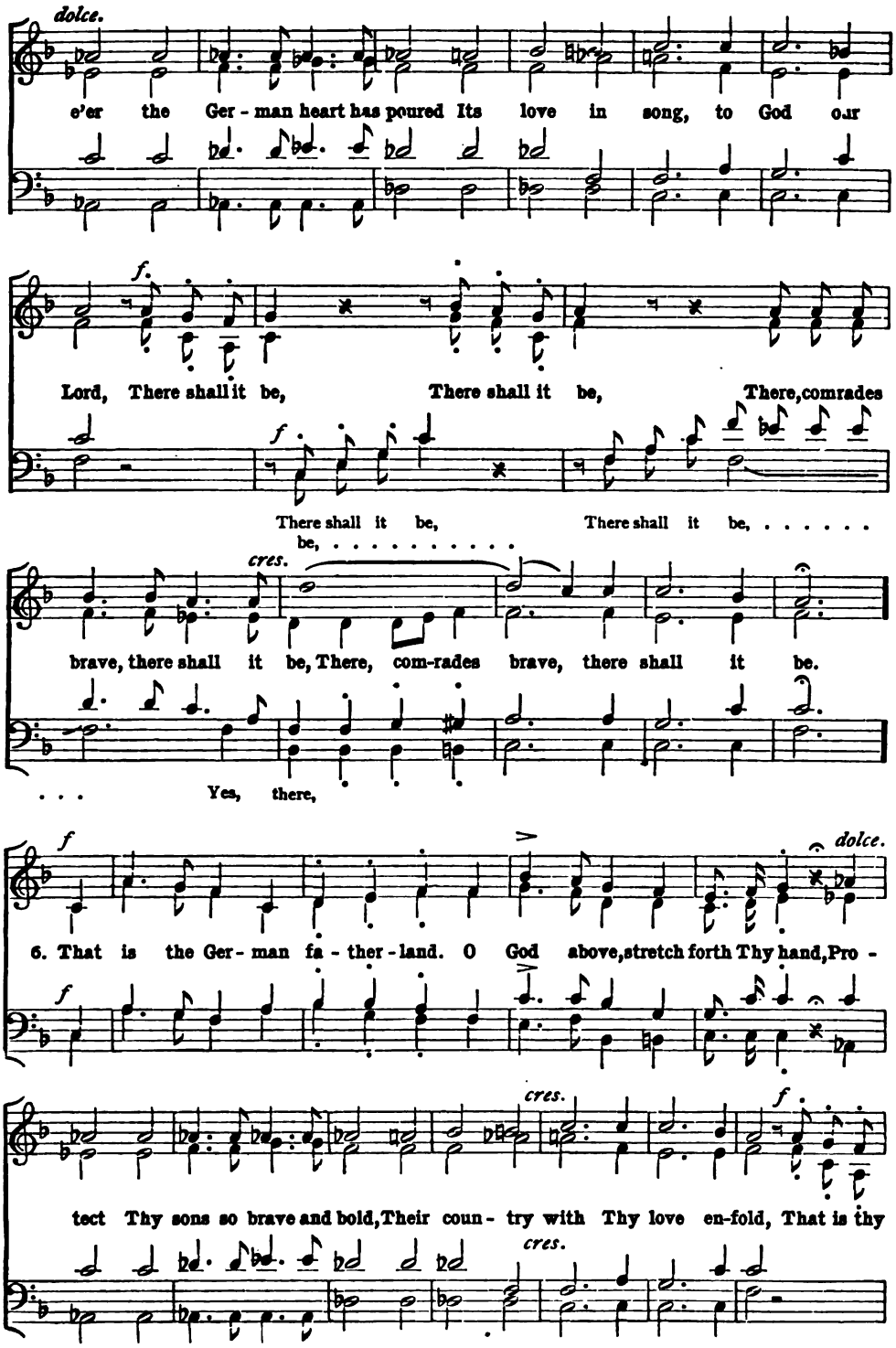
MRS. JORDAN — SCOTCH FOLKSONG
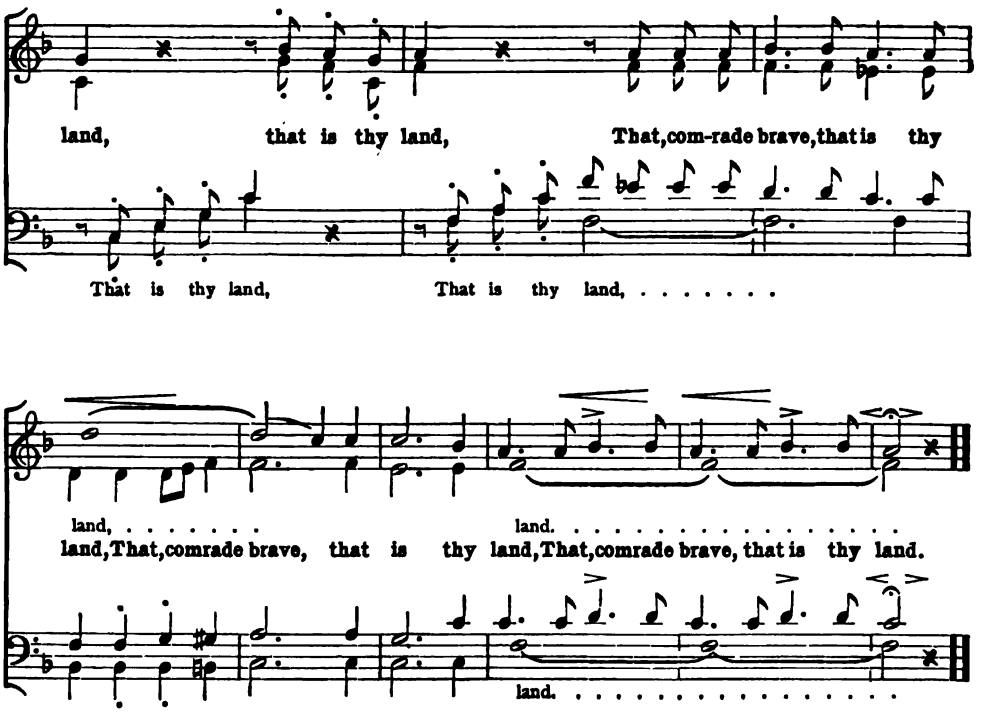


No. 36. WHERE IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?

F. REICHARDT




dolce.
e'er the Ger - man heart has poured Its love in song, to God our
f.
Lord, There shall it be, There shall it be, There, comrades
f
There shall it be, There shall it be, ... be, ...
cres.
brave, there shall it be, There, com-rades brave, there shall it be.
. . . Yes, there,
f
dolce.
6. That is the Ger - man fa - ther - land. O God above, stretch forth Thy hand, Pro -
f
cres.
f
tect Thy sons so brave and bold, Their coun - try with Thy love en-fold, That is thy
cres.



No. 37.

GERMAN VERSION

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

1 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?
Ist's wo am Velt die Möwe zieht?
O nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

2 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Baierland? Ist's Steierland?
Gewiss es ist das Oesterreich
An Siegen und an Ehren reich?
O nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

3 Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Pommerland? Westphalenland?
Ist's wo der Sand der Dünen weht?
Ist's wo die Donau brausend geht?
Doch nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.
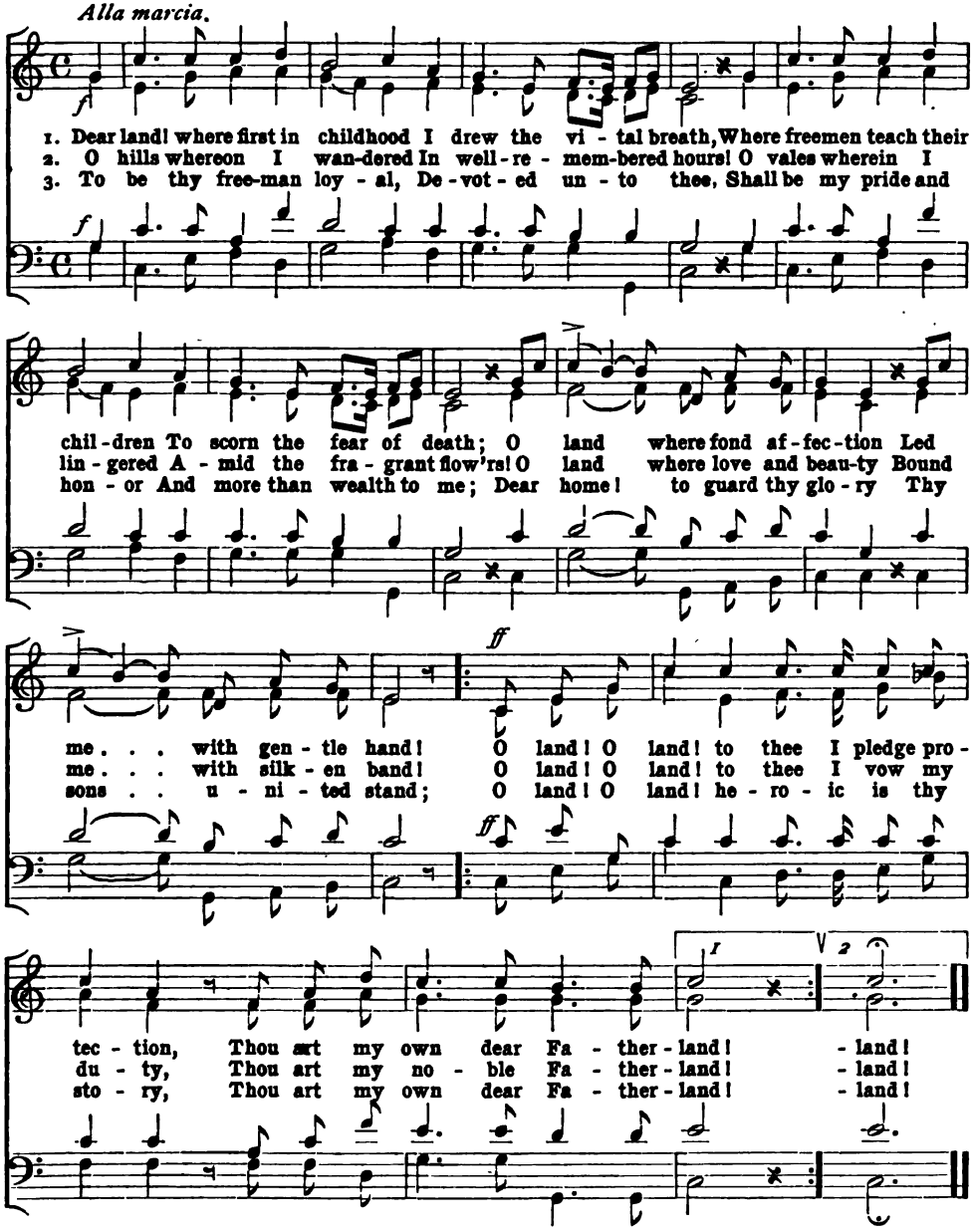
4 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne mir das grosse Land,
Ist's Land der Schweizer, ist's Tirol?
Das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl,
Doch nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

5 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land.
"So weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,"
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein.
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne Dein,
das nenne Dein.

6 Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein,
O Gott vom Himmel sieh darein!
Und gieb uns ächten Deutschen Muth
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut;
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein,
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein.
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein,
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein.

No. 38. VATERLANDSLIEBE

Alla marcia.



1 Wo ich des Lebens Wonne
Mir unbewusst erhielt,
Wo ich den Strahl der Sonne
Zum erstenmal gefühlt,
O Land, wo Elternliebe
Um mich die Arme wand,
O Land, O Land! dir weih' ich meine Triebe
Du bist mein theures Vaterland!
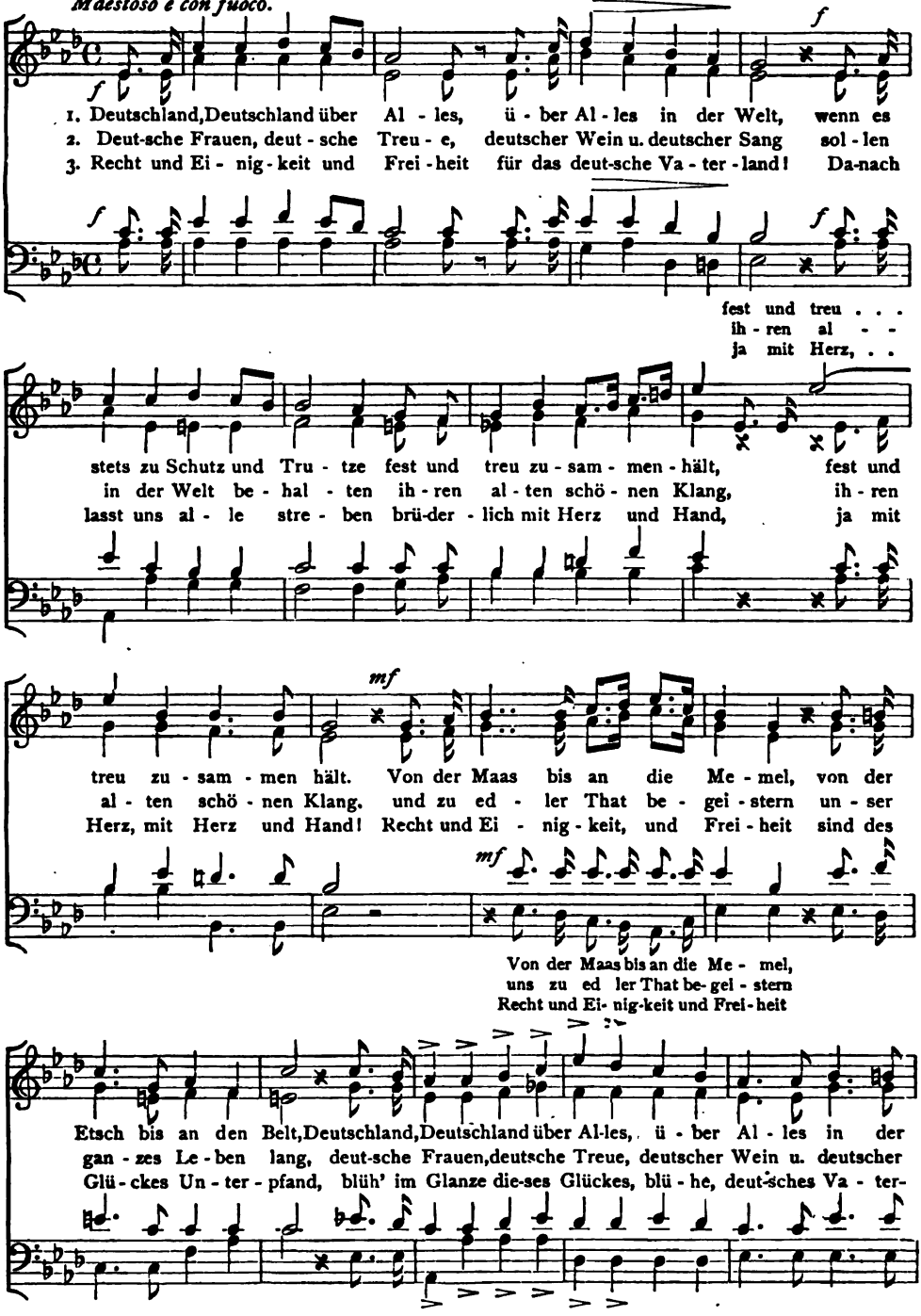
2 Wo ich im Flügelkleide
Die ersten Blumen brach,
Wo sanft die erste Freude
Aus mir durch Lächeln sprach,
O Land, wo Bruderliebe
Mich lenkt an starker Hand,
O Land, O Land! dir weih' ich meine Triebe,
Du bist mein theures Vaterland!

3 Dass ich dir angehöre,
Dass ich dein Bürger bin,
Das sei mein Ruhm und Ehre
Und mehr als Goldgewinn,
Ich weih' als dein Getreuer,
Dir Geist und Herz und Hand,
O Land, O Land! du bleibst mir ewig theuer,
Du bist mein theures Vaterland!
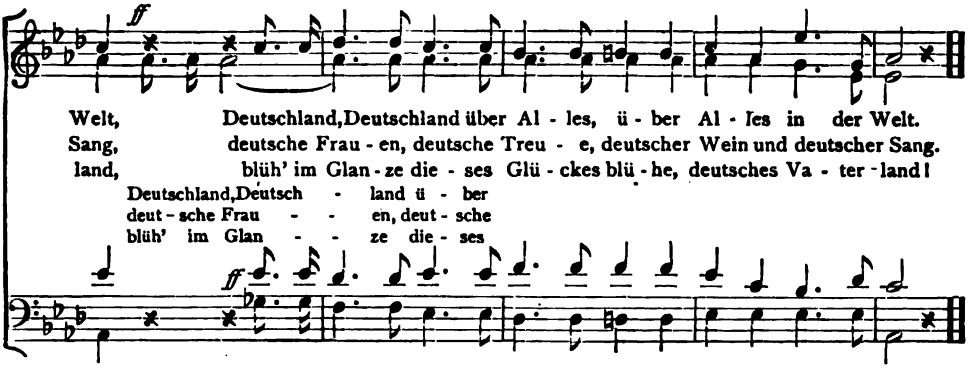
No. 39. LIED DER DEUTSCHEN *

FRANZ ABT

Maestoso e con fuoco.



* These words are often sung to the tune of the "Austrian National Hymn."



No. 40. ARK OF FREEDOM

MUSIC, No. 39, or No. 41 omitting all repeats in both words and music.

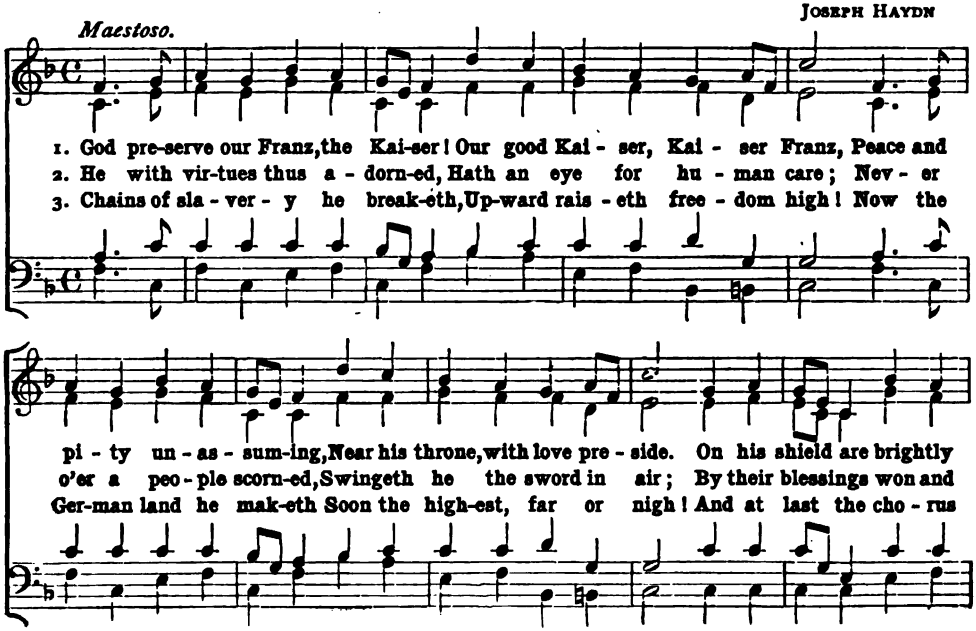
1 Ark of Freedom, glory's dwelling,
Native Land, God keep thee free!
When the storms are round thee swelling,
‖: Let thy heart be strong in thee. :‖
God is with thee, wrong repelling,
He alone thy champion be:
‖. Ark of Freedom, glory's dwelling, .‖
Native Land, God keep thee free.
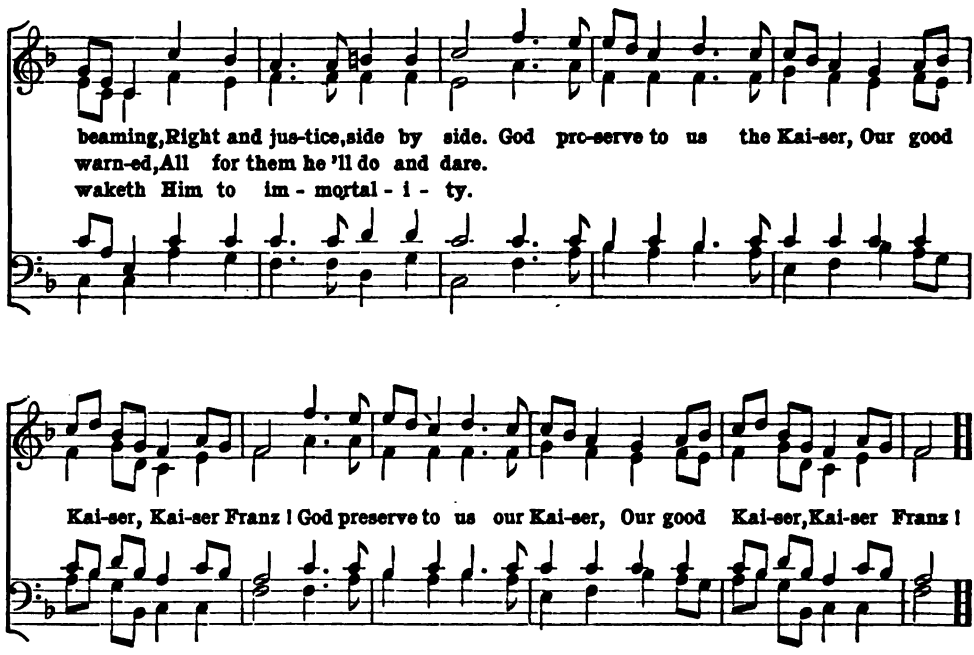
2 Land of high heroic glory:
Land whose touch bids slav'ry flee;
Land whose name is writ in story,
‖: Rock and refuge of the free: :‖
Ours thy greatness, ours thy glory,
We will e'er be true to thee:
‖. Ark of freedom, glory's dwelling, .‖
Native land, God keep thee free.

3 Vainly 'gainst thine arm contending,
Tyrants know thy might and flee;
Freedom's cause on earth defending,
‖: Man has set his hopes on thee; :‖
Widening glory, peace unending,—
Thy reward and portion be:
‖. Ark of Freedom, glory's dwelling, .‖
Native land, God keep thee free.

No. 41. AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN

JOSEPH HAYDN





No. 42. PRAISE TO THEE

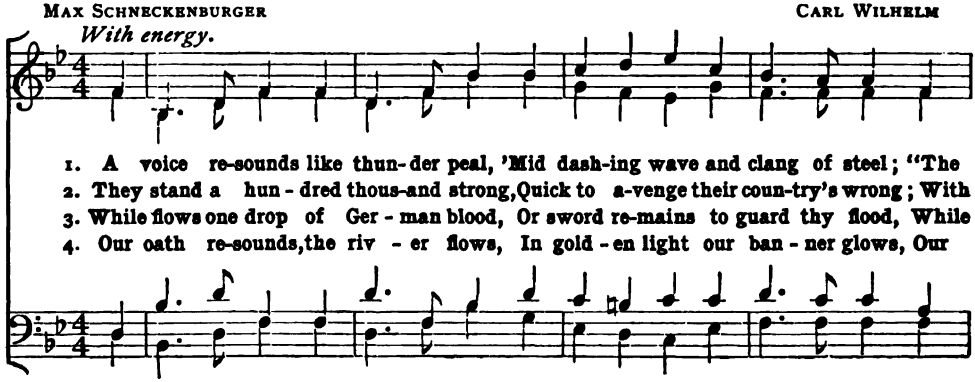
(Music, No. 41.)

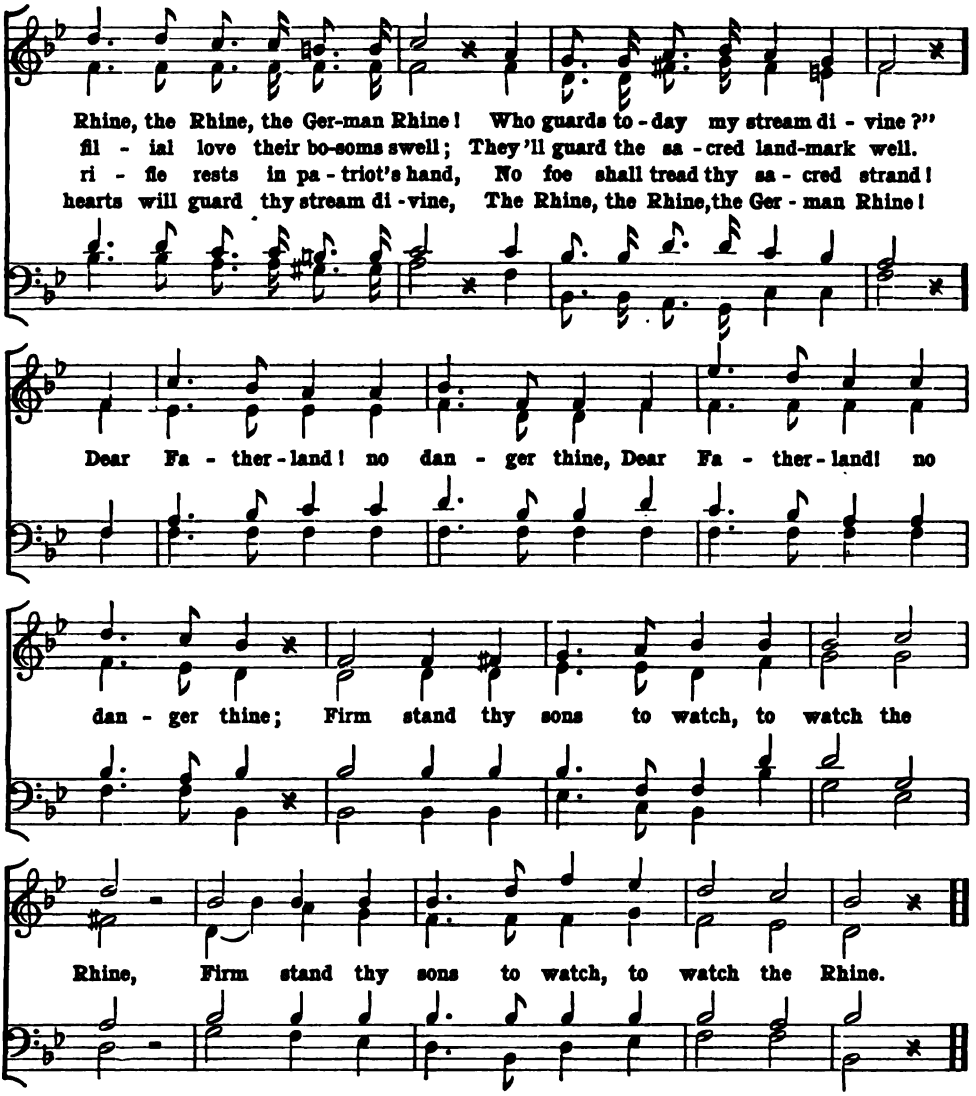
1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from ev'ry tongue!
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
‖: Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His name divine! :‖

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
‖: Then enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise. :‖

No. 43. THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER CARL WILHELM





No. 44.

1 Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?

CHORUS.
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!
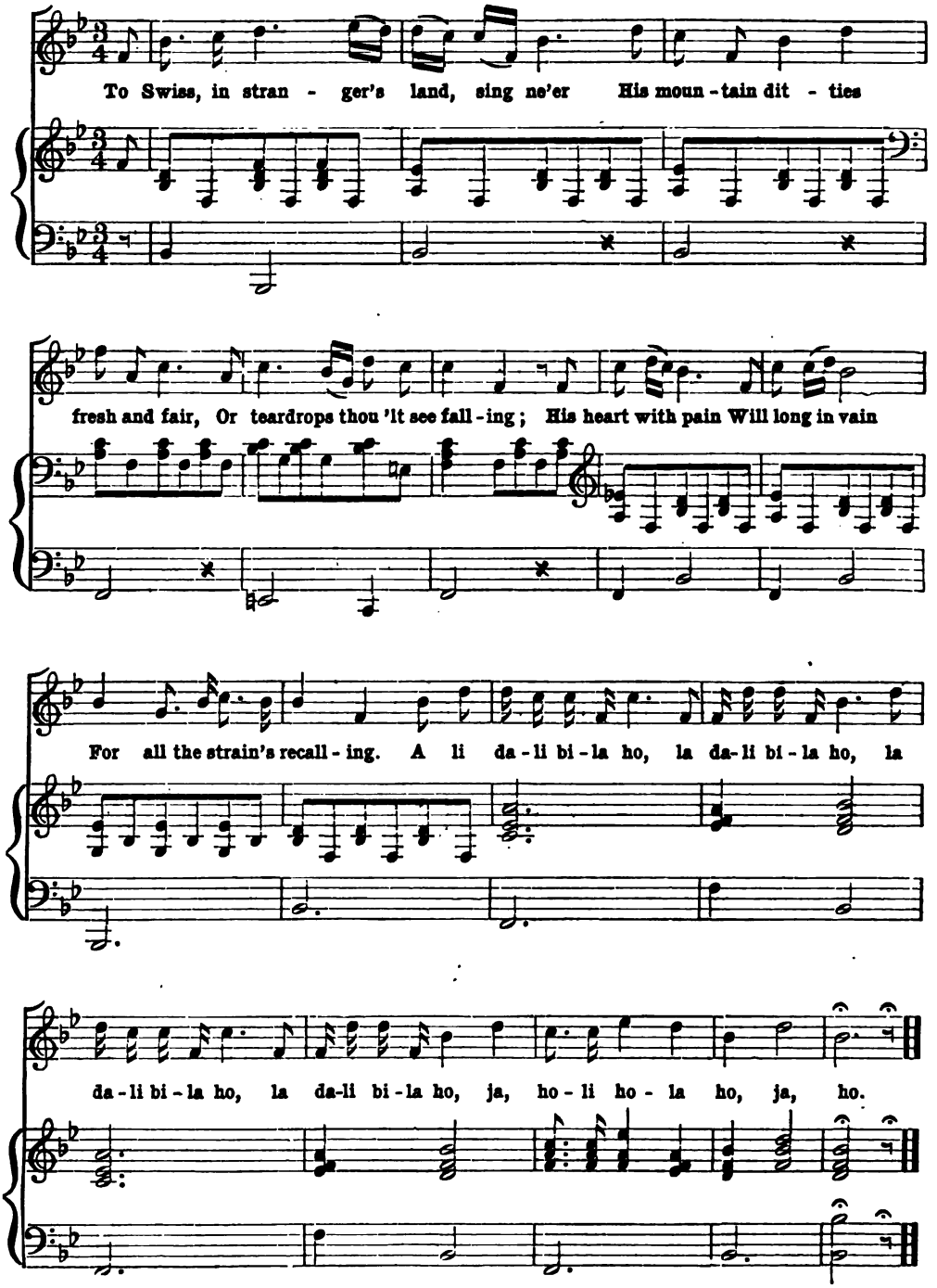
2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.
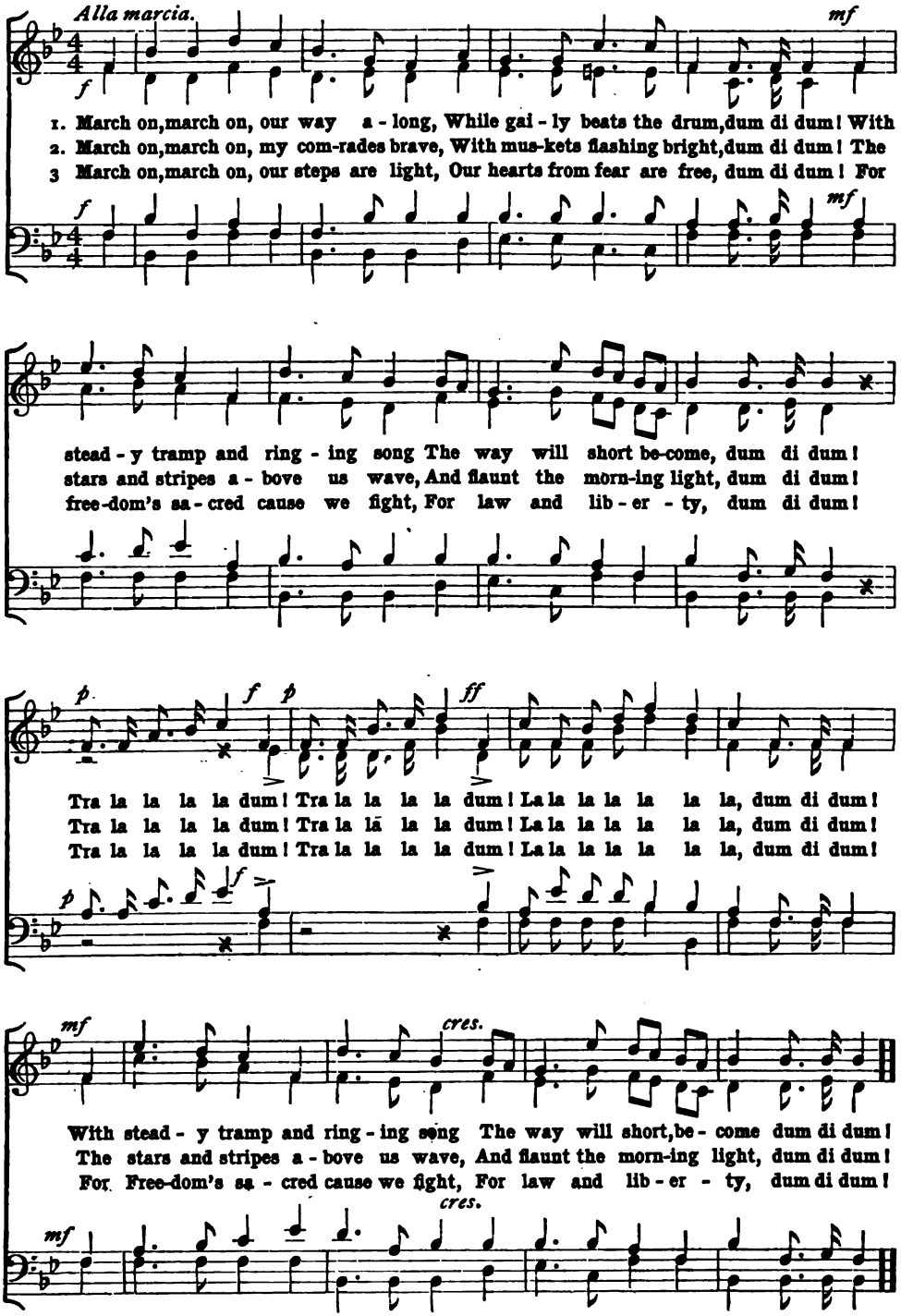
5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein.
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

No. 45. RANZ DES VACHES (KUHREIHEN)



No. 46. PROCESSIONAL MARCH SONG
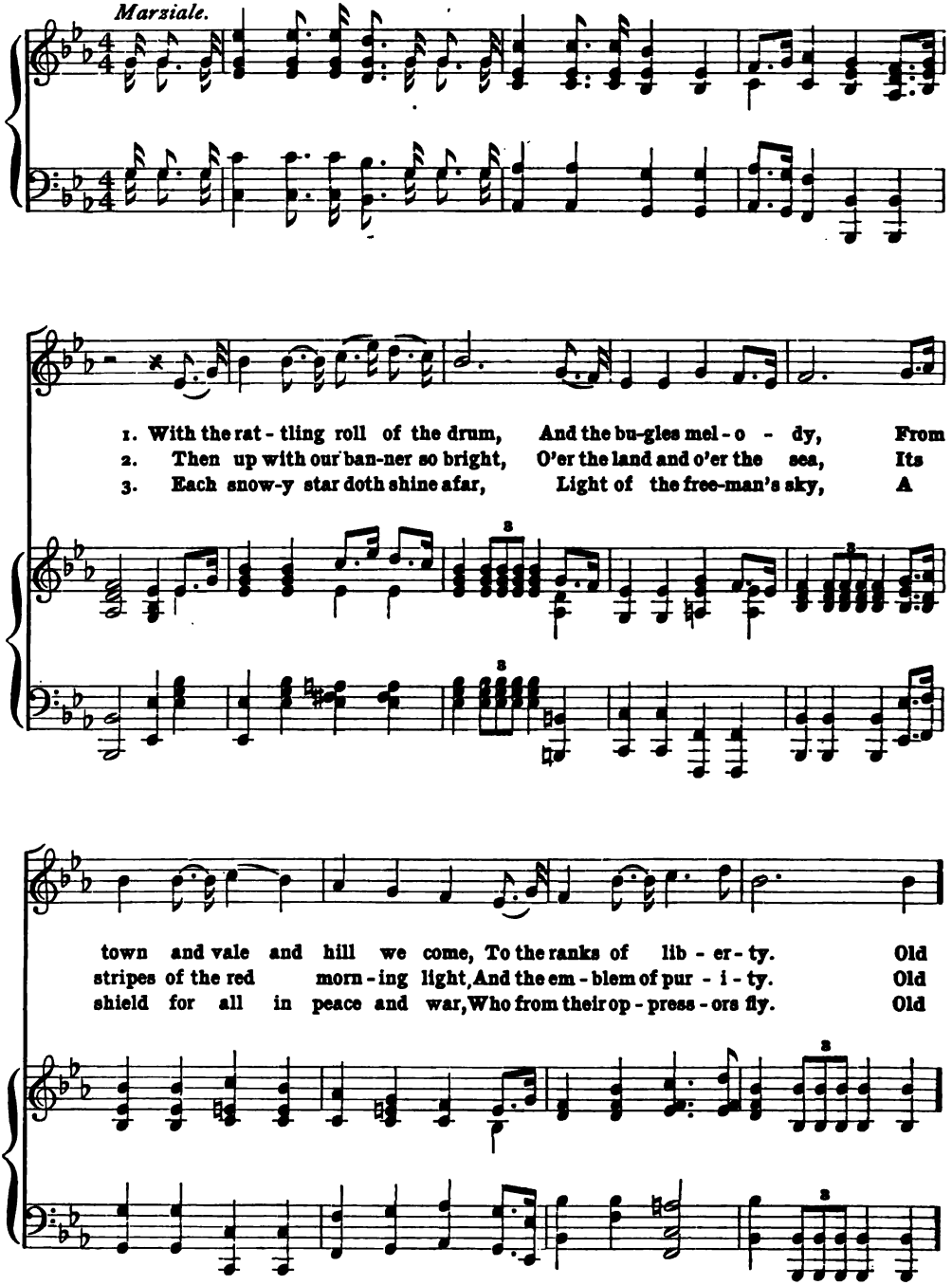
FROM THE GERMAN
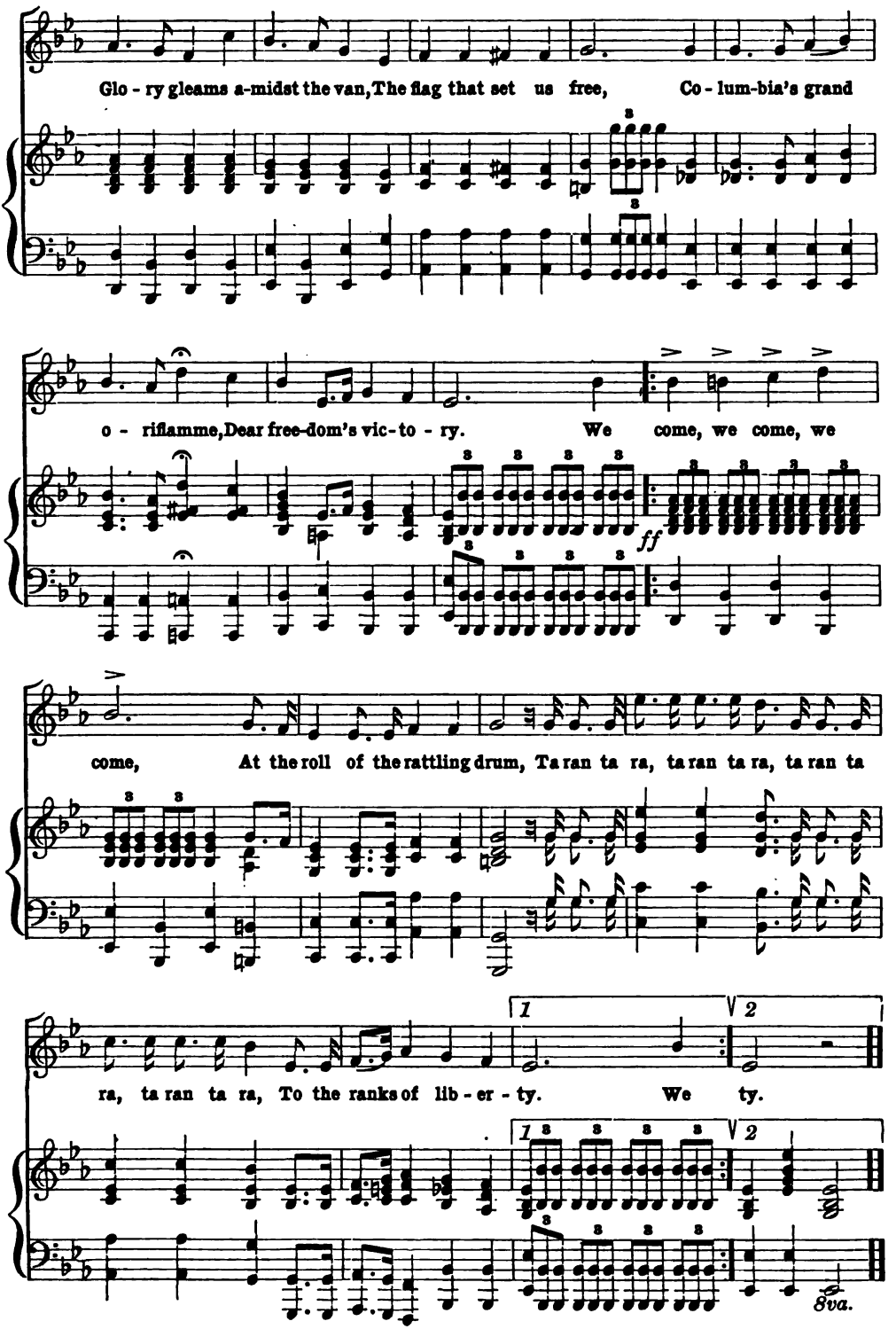


No. 47. OLD GLORY
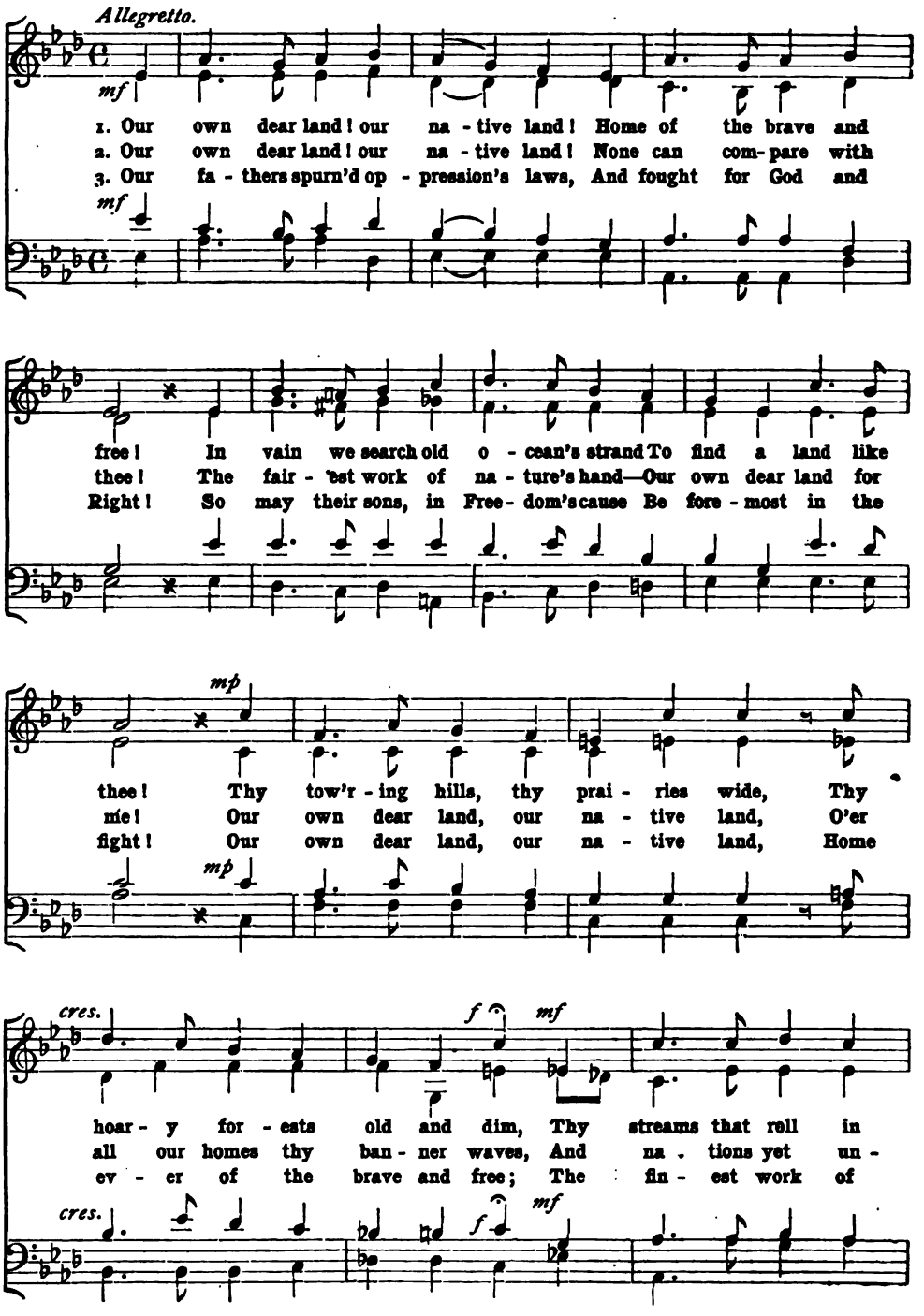
WM. HENRY PADDOCK — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER
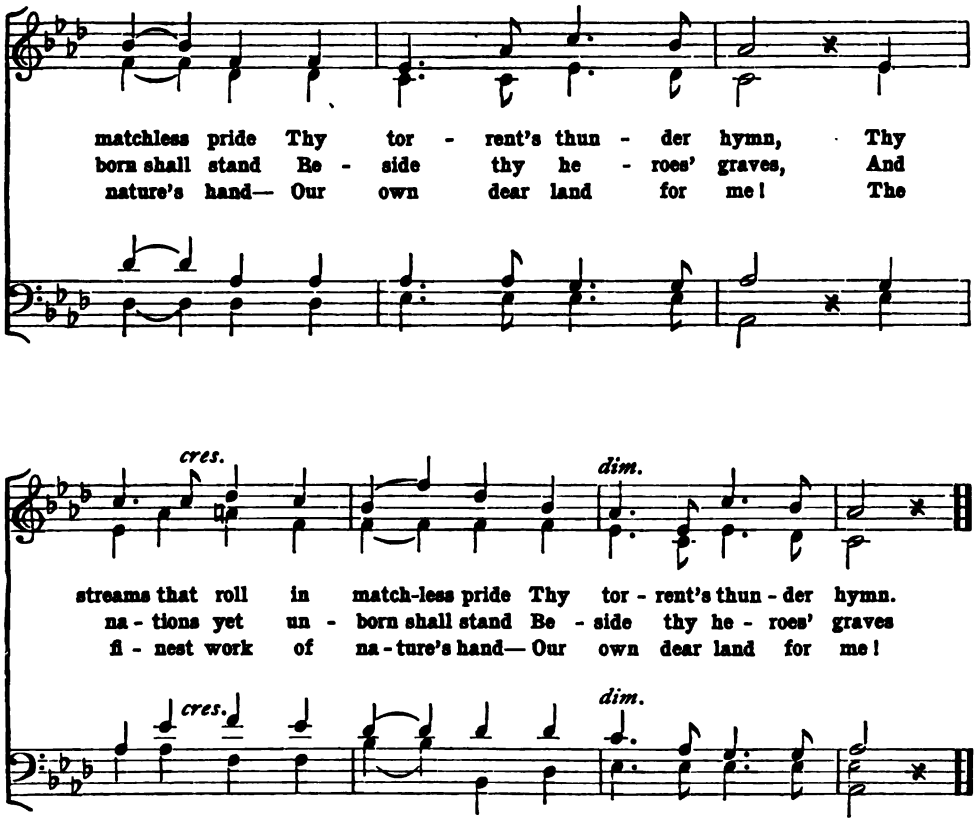
Marziale.




Glo - ry gleams a-midst the van, The flag that set us free, Co - lum-bia's grand
o - riflamme, Dear free-dom's vic-to - ry. We come, we come, we
ff
come, At the roll of the rattling drum, Ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta
ra, ta ran ta ra, To the ranks of lib - er - ty. We ty.
1
2
8va.

No. 48. OUR OWN DEAR LAND





No. 49. ANDREAS HOFER
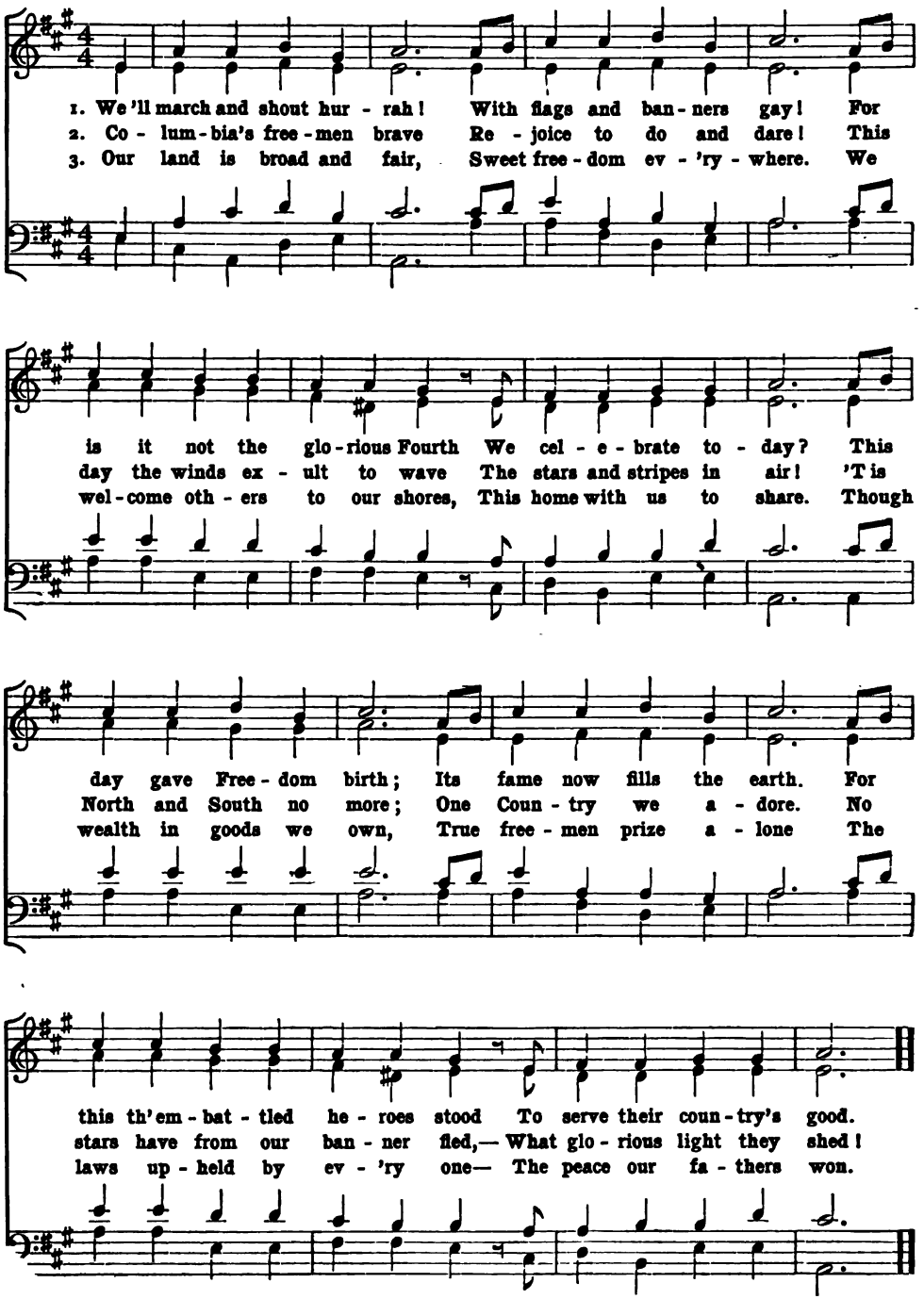
1 In Mantua in fetter'd cords
The faithful Hofer lay,
In Mantua the hostile hordes
Took his brave life away.
With grief his comrades' tears now flow,
All Germany is plunged in woe,
And mourned the loving band
Throughout his Tyrol-land,
And mourned the loving band
Throughout his Tyrol-land.

2 With hands fast bound behind him,
He marched with steady pace,
With courage still unflinching
To meet death face to face.
From Iselberg he oft had sent
That winged death to which he went,
In his own Tyrol-land,
His faithful Tyrol-land,
In his own Tyrol-land,
His faithful Tyrol-land.

3 The drummer now no longer
His faithful drum doth beat,
As Andreas Hofer marches
Beneath the gloomy gate;
Although in fetters he is free,
Upon the bastion form is he,
The man of Tyrol-land,
The man of Tyrol-land,
The man of Tyrol-land,
The man of Tyrol-land.
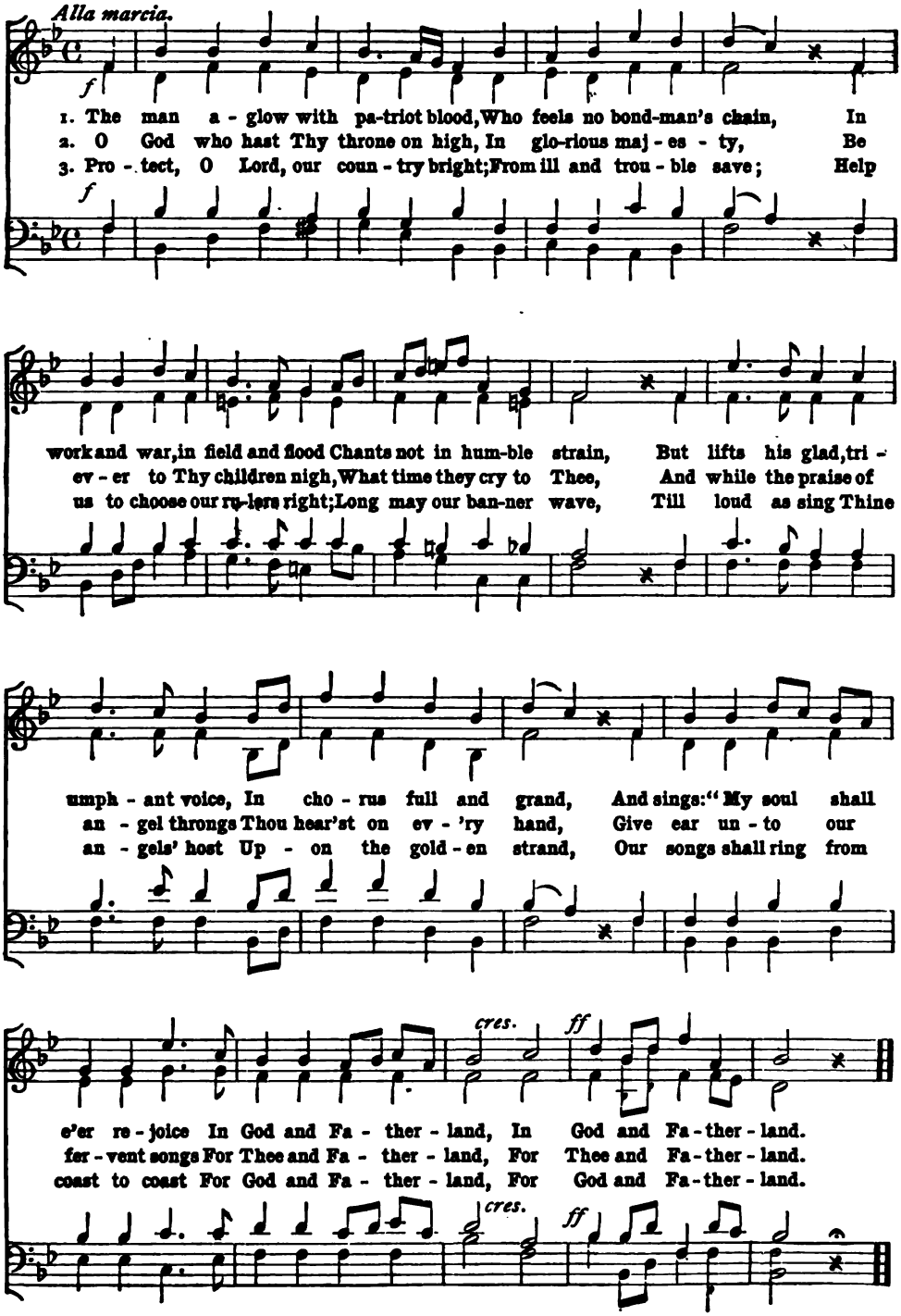
No. 50. THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

OLD MELODY



No. 51. GOD AND FATHERLAND

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG



No. 52. O THOU, AUSTRIA

Arranged from F. von Suppé.

Tempo rubato.

mf

1. Where snow-crowned mountains rear their sum - mits t'ward the sky As tho' they
2. Yes, there, where Al - pine maids the gay - est dit - ties sing, Where youths the

con - verse held with clouds in heav'n on high, Where pure from sparkling springs flow waters
sweet-est flow'rs to blush - ing maid-ens bring, Where ech - oes far and near ring clear-ly

mp
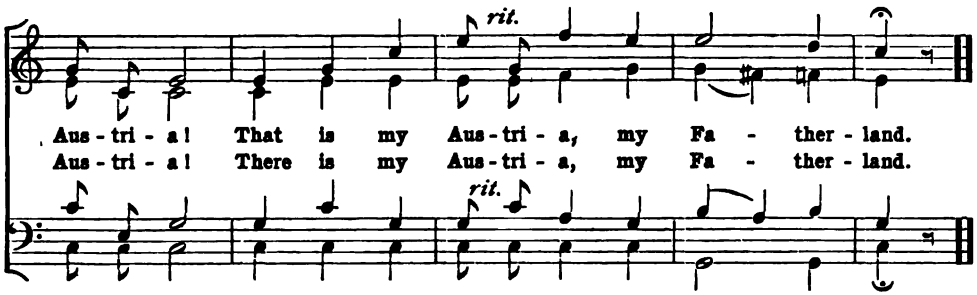
crys-tal clear, Where chamois fleet are chased by youths who ne'er know fear, Who aim when
on the air, Where faith and love go hand and hand in un - ion fair, The land where

cres.

far a - bove on rock - y steep they stand, Who aim when far a - bove on rock - y
faith and love go ev - er hand in hand; The land where faith and love go ev - er

ff

steep they stand; Yes! that is my Aus - tri - a! That is my
hand in hand; Yes! there is my Aus - tri - a! There is my



No. 52a. MY NATIVE LAND*

1 There is a land far o'er the mighty western sea,
The chosen land of universal liberty;
A starry flag protects the youth and maiden fair,
Its silken folds incite brave men to do and dare.
'Tis there the stately pine and gently waving palm
Unite in forests grand and fill the air with balm.
Yes! 'Tis my dear native land, I own her fostering hand;
Tho' far from her I roam, Still there is home.

2 A mighty nation spreads from ocean strand to strand,
Where once there knelt in prayer an humble pilgrim band;
They found a refuge there beyond that western sea,
They braved a thousand perils for sweet liberty.
'Twas theirs—'Tis ours! bequeathed to us a sacred trust,
And sacred be the soil that holds their honored dust.
Yes, thou art my native land, I own thy fostering hand;
Tho' far from thee I roam, Still thou art home.

No. 53. KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND†

1 Knows't thou the land where fragrant citrons bloom,
Where golden fruits do pierce the branches' gloom?
A gentle breeze doth sweep the azure sky,
The myrtle blooms, the laurel towers on high?
Dost know it well, dost know it well,
With thee, with thee, I'd gladly dwell!
Yes, that is my native land, that is my native land,
That is my country fair, my Fatherland.

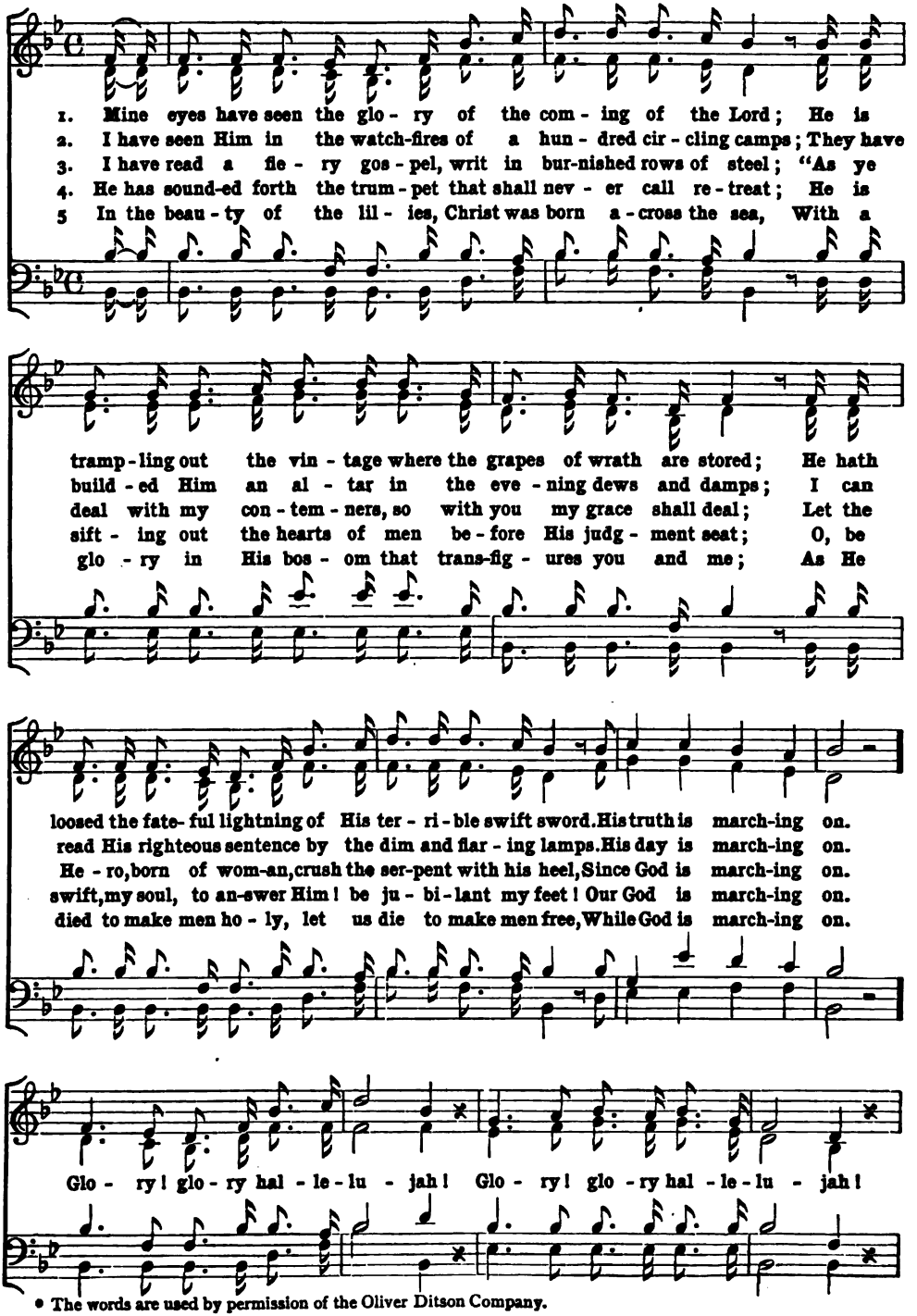
2 Knows't thou the land? knows't thou the pillared halls,
Where golden sunlight in its splendor falls?
The marble statues seem to say to me,
"Thou helpless child, what have they done to thee?"
Dost know it well, dost know it well?
With thee, with thee, I'd gladly dwell.
Yes, that is my native land, that is my native land,
That is my country fair, my Fatherland!

* Words of "My Native Land" are used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON CO., owners of the copyright.
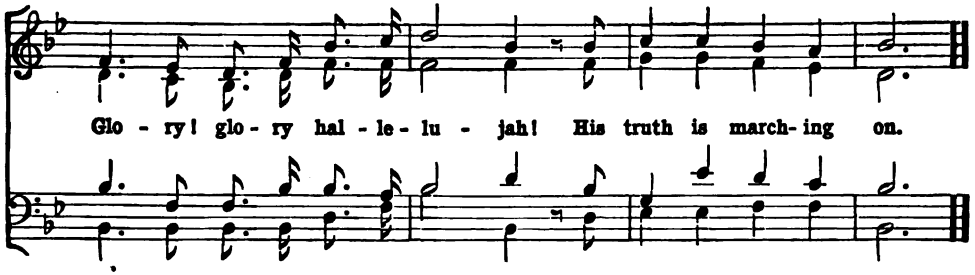
† In singing No. 53 to the music of No. 52, observe in all parts the slurs which stand above the soprano.

No. 54. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC *
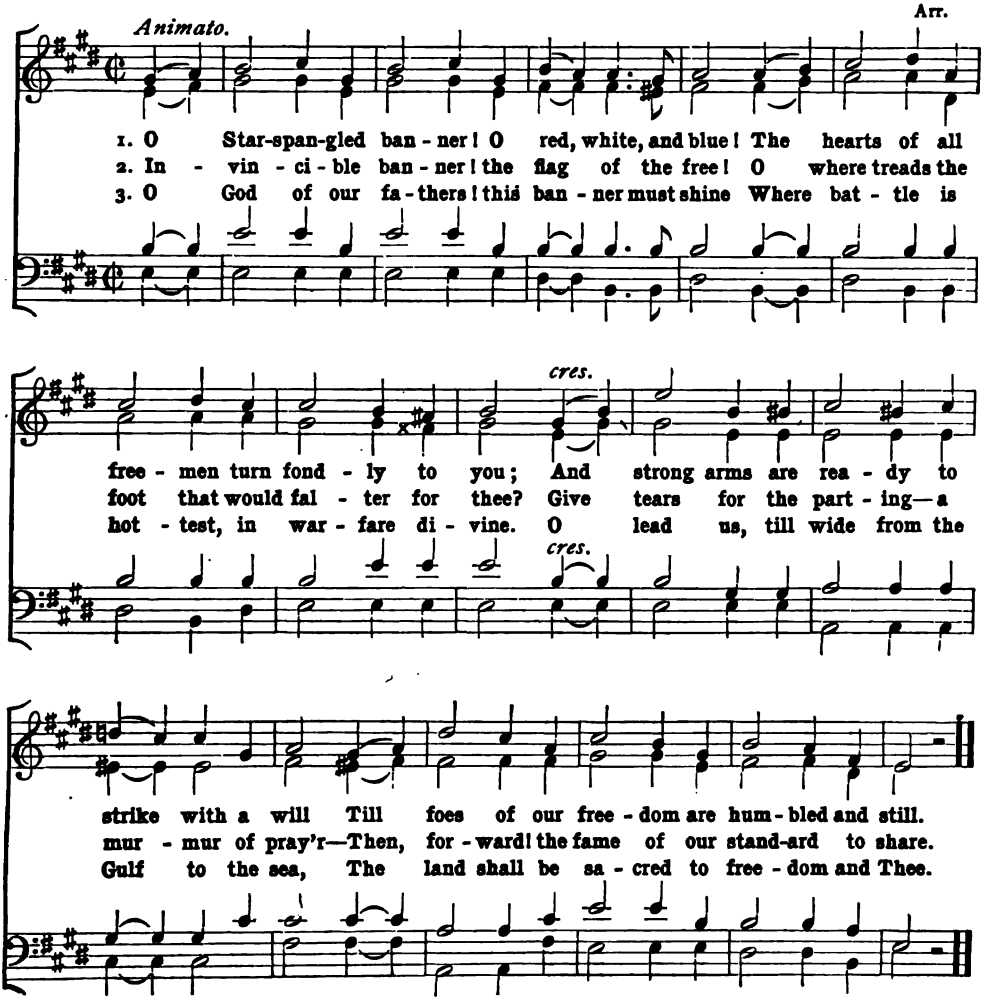
JULIA WARD HOWE — Melody: "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"



* The words are used by permission of the Oliver Ditson Company.



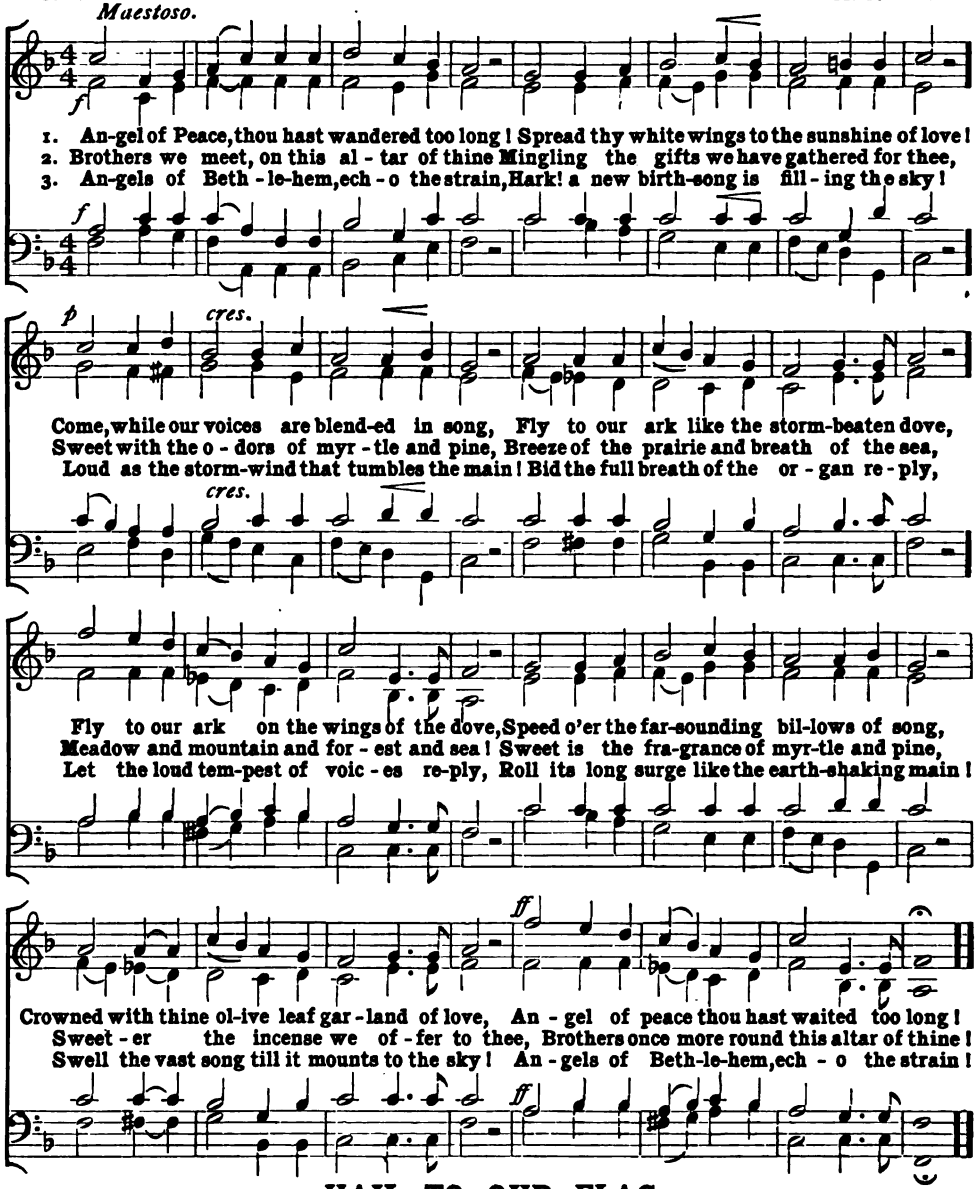
No. 55. THE STARS AND STRIPES



No. 56. ANGEL OF PEACE

O. W. HOLMES M. KELLER

Maestoso.



No. 57. HAIL TO OUR FLAG

1 Speed our republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
‖:Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue—the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:‖

2 Foremost in battle, for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
‖:Still as of yore when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:‖

3 Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
‖:Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old:‖
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:‖

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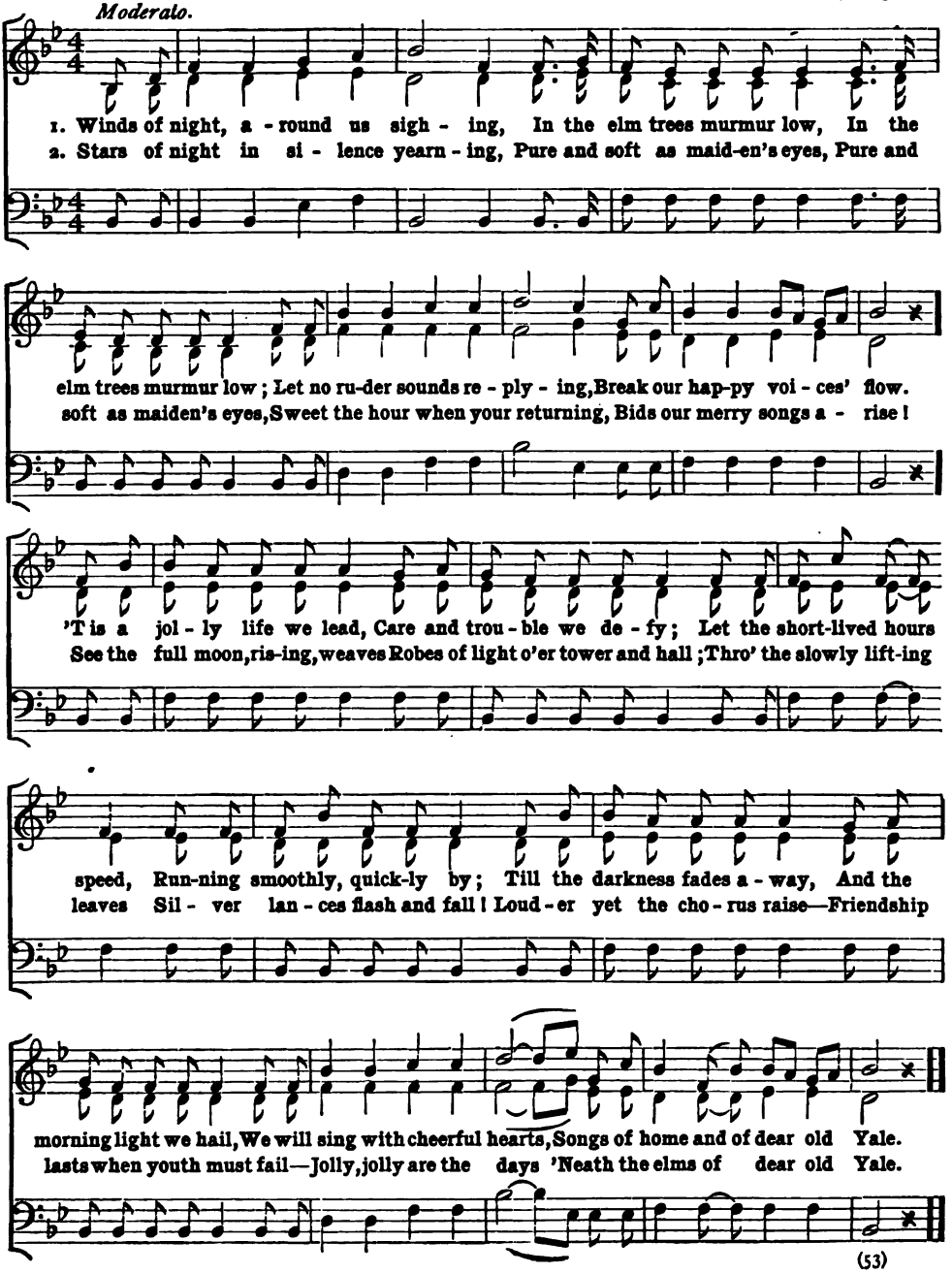
Part II

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SONGS

No. 1. 'NEATH THE ELMS

GERMAN AIR

Moderato.



No. 2. THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK

(PRINCETON SONG)

CLARENCE B. MITCHELL — FRANCES SHACKELTON

1. Although Yale has al - ways fav - ored The vi - o - let's dark blue,
2. Thro' the four long years of Col - lege, Midst the scenes we know so well,
3. When the cares of life o'er-take us, Mingling fast our locks with gray,

And the gen - tle sons of Har - vard, To the crim - son rose are true,
As the mys - tic charm to knowl-edge We vain - ly seek to spell;
Should our dear - est hopes be - tray us, False For - tune fall a - way;

We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor hon - or shall they lack,
Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field, or track,
Still we ban - ish care and sad - ness As we turn our mem-'ries back,

While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the Black.
Still we work for dear old Prince-ton, And the Or - ange and the Black.
And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black.

By permission of Martin R. Dennis & Co.

No. 3.

THE MOUNTAINS

(WILLIAMS COLLEGE SONG)

Words and Music by S. W. GLADDEN

Allegretto.

1. O, proud-ly rise the mon-archs of our moun-tain land, With their
2. The snows of win-ter crown them with a crys-tal crown, And the
3. O, might-i-ly they bat-tle with the storm-king's pow'r; And con-
4. Be-neath their peace-ful shad-ows may old Wil-liame stand, Till suns

king-ly for-est robes, to the sky, Where Al-ma Ma-ter dwelleth with her chosen band,
sil-ver clouds of summer round them cling; The Autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down;
quer-ors shall tri-umph here for aye; Yet qui-et-ly their shadows fall at evening hour,
and mountains never-more shall be, The glo-ry and the hon-or of our mountain land,

poco rit.

Where the peaceful riv-er flow-eth gen-tly by.
And they rev-el in the gar-ni-ture of Spring.
While the gen-tle breezes round them soft-ly play.
And the dwell-ing of the gal-lant and the free.

CHORUS *to each verse.*

a tempo.

The moun-tains! the mountains! we
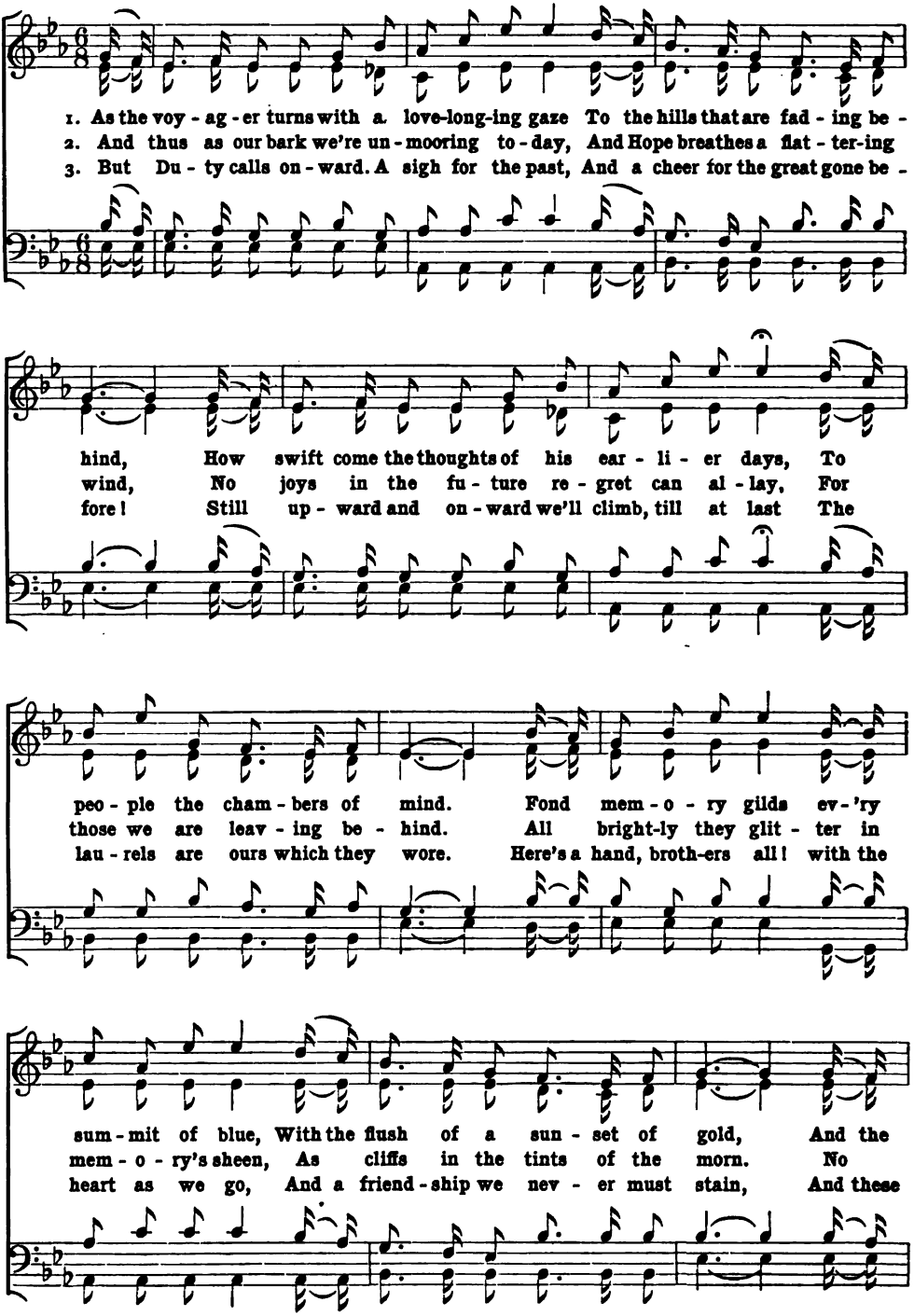
greet them with a song, Whose ech-oes rebound-ing their woodland heights along, Shall

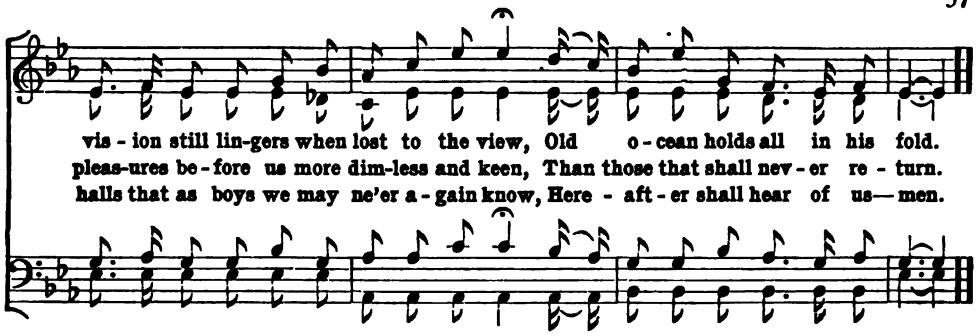
poco rit.

min-gle with anthems that winds and fountains sing, Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

No. 4. GRADUATION SONG

DAVENANT — AIR: "MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND"





No. 4a. FAIR HARVARD

1 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before:
O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,
That has long kept their memory warm;
First flower of their wilderness! Star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm.

2 To thy bowers we wended in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warned and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest, through their tears;
Thou then wert our parent—the nurse of our souls,—
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till, freighted with treasure-thoughts, friendships, and hopes,
Thou didst launch us on Destiny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits, or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.
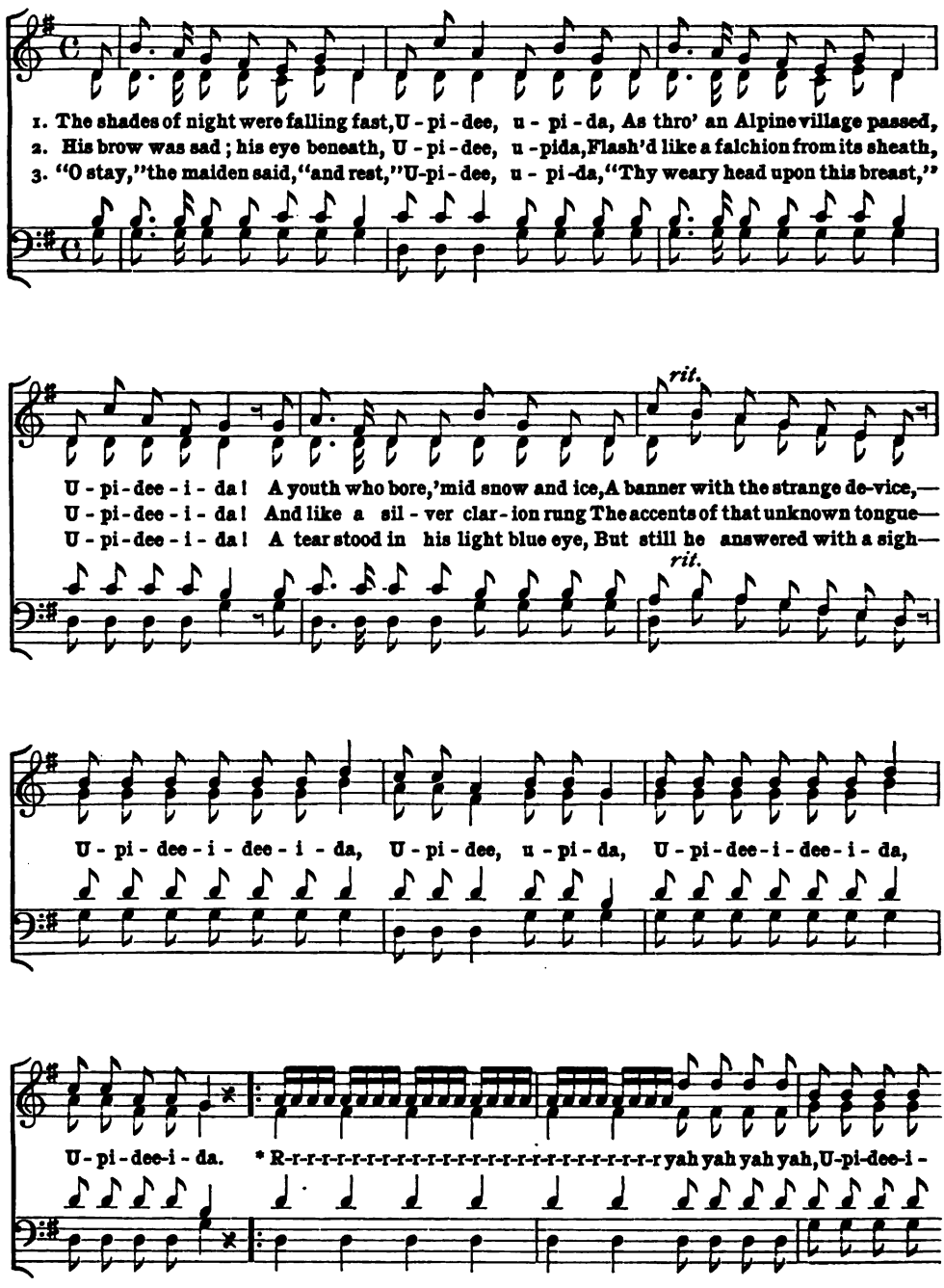
4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for Right ever bravely to live:
Let not moss-covered Error moor thee at its side,
As the world on Truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of Light, and the bearer of Love,
Till the stock of the Puritan die.

No. 4b. THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS
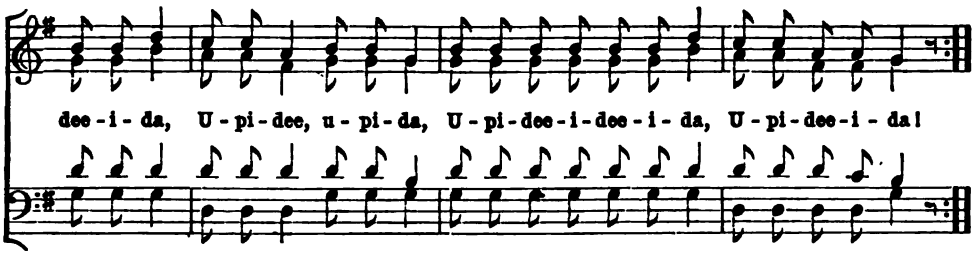
1 Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art:
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

2 It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheek 's unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear,
O the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she gave when he rose.

No. 5. UPIDEE



* The r must be strongly rolled.



4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—
Upidee!

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried by the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
Upidee!

No. 6. UPIDEE

ANOTHER VERSION

1 The shades of night were a-comin' down swift,
And the snow was a-heapin' up drift on drift,
Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
Carryin' a flag with this mot-to—
Upidee!

2 O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He 'd a Roman nose and complexion fair;
He 'd a bright blue eye and an auburn lash,
And he ever kept a-shoutin' thro' his mous-
tache— Upidee!

3 "O, don't go up," said an old man, "stop!
It 's blowing gales up there on top;
You 'll tumble off on the other side,"
But the hurrying stranger still replied—
Upidee!

4 "O, don't go up such a shocking bad night,
Come rest in this lap!" said a maiden bright;
A tear on his Roman nose did come,
But still he remarked, as up he clumb—
Upidee!

5 "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree,
Dodge the rolling stones, if any you see!"
So saying the farmer went to bed,
But that singular voice replied, overhead—
Upidee!

6 He saw thro' the windows, as he kep' a-gettin'
A number of fairies sitting at supper; [upper,
He eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein'—
Upidee!

7 About quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
These very same words, in a very weak voice—
Upidee!
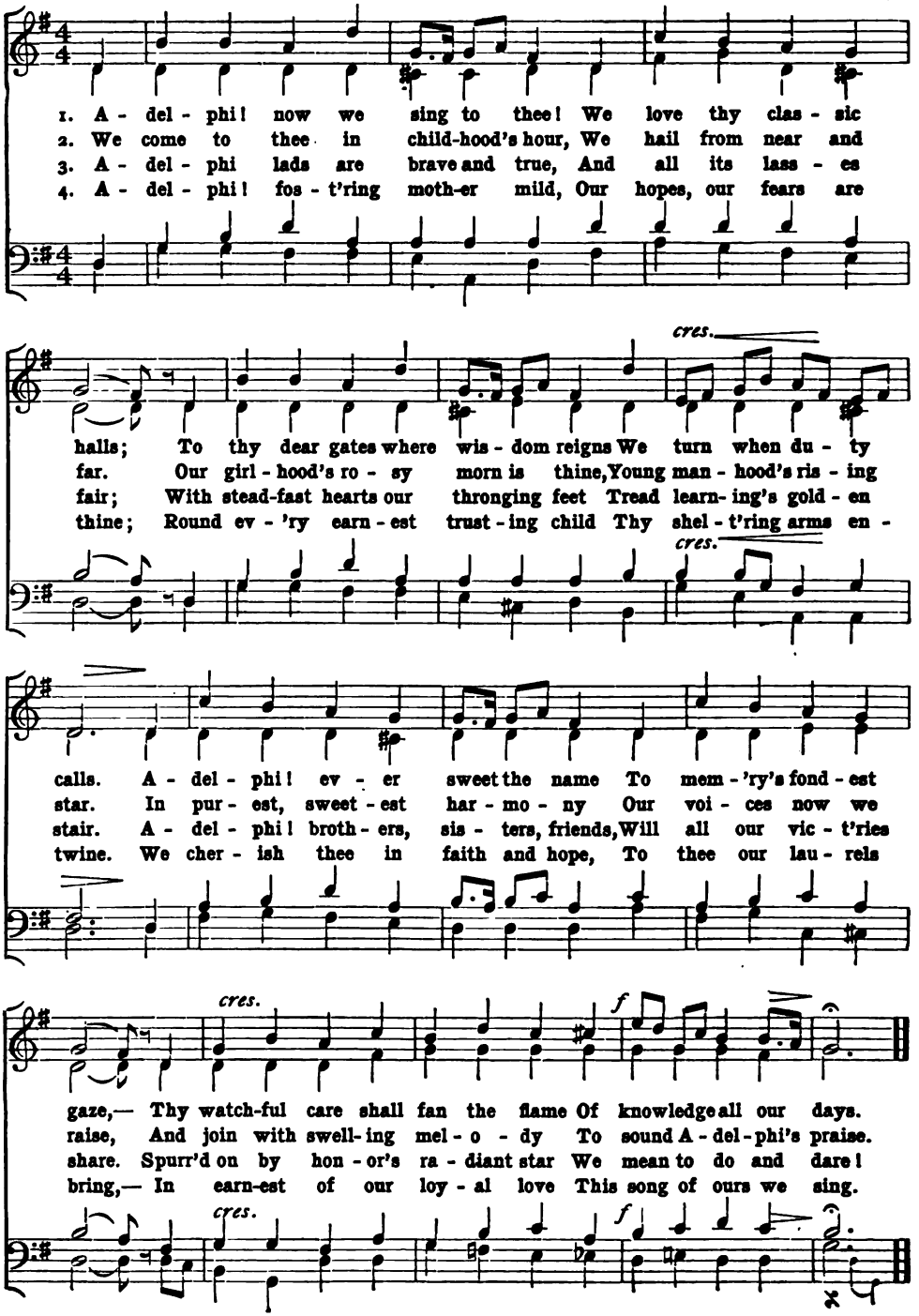
8 Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow getting up, the road being uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and the flag with the strange device—
Upidee!

9 Yes, he 's dead, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his life entirely gone out:
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be
sayin'— Upidee!

No. 7. ADELPHI SCHOOL SONG
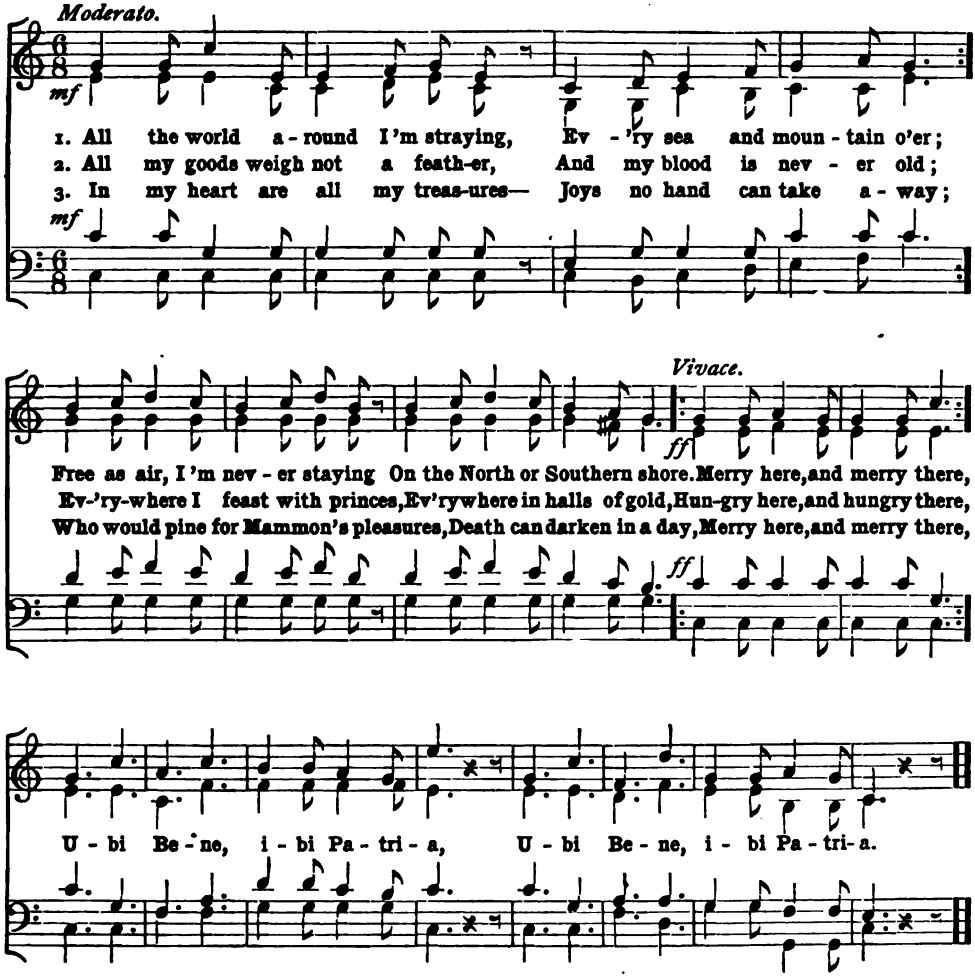
(INSCRIBED TO THE CLASS OF '94)

F. R.



No. 8. UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA

GERMAN STUDENT SONG
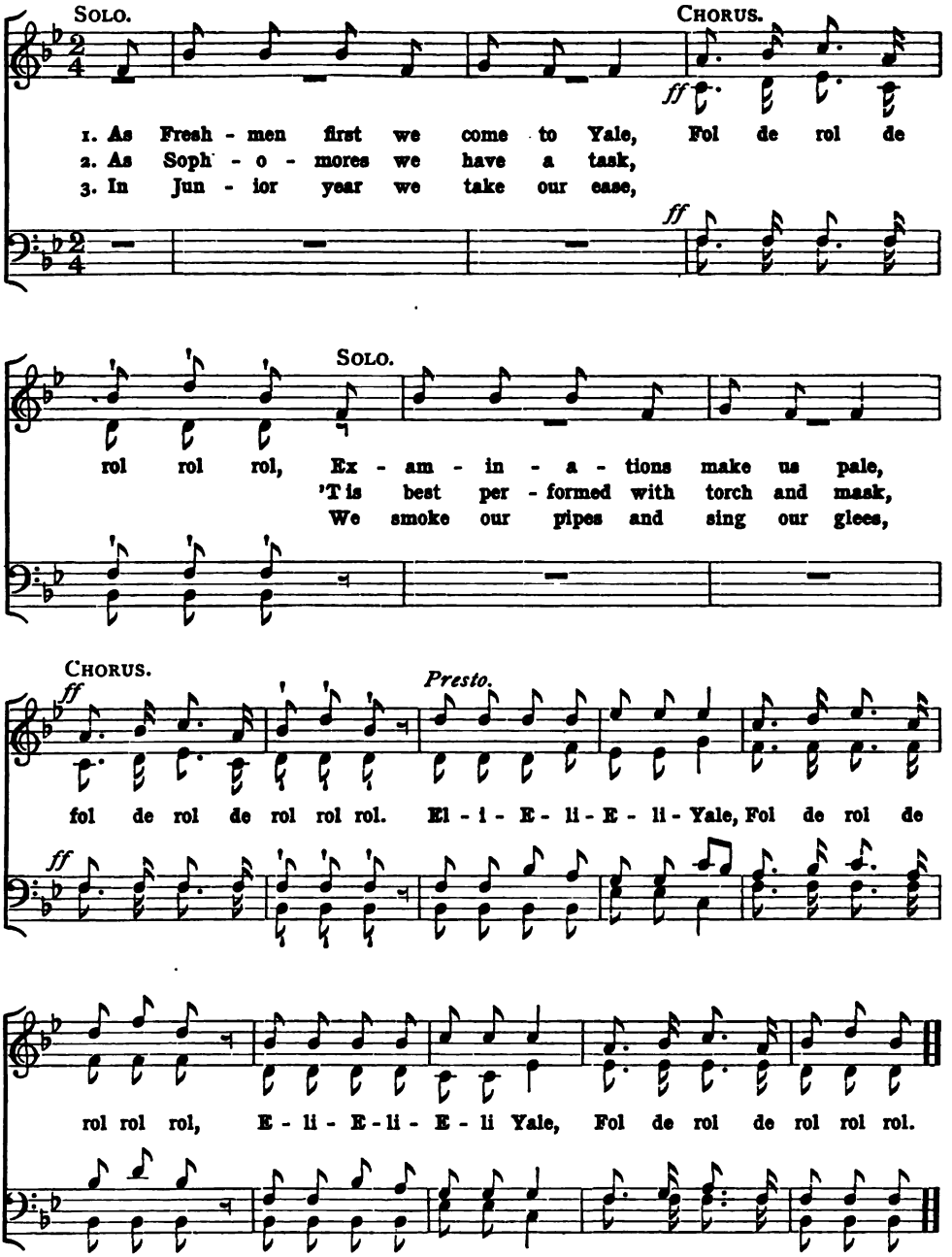


4 While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to hide me,
Everywhere I 'll gaily roam.
‖ : Drinking here, and smoking there, : ‖
‖ : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ‖

5 In the bowl I 'm ever heeding
Love's delicious, maddening glow;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now where southern breezes blow.
‖ : Kissing here, and drinking there, : ‖
‖ : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ‖

6 So through life I 'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
‖ : Merry here, and merry there, : ‖
‖ : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ‖

7 By and by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid;
Then I 'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade!
‖ : Merry here, and merry there, : ‖
‖ : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ‖

No. 9. ELI YALE
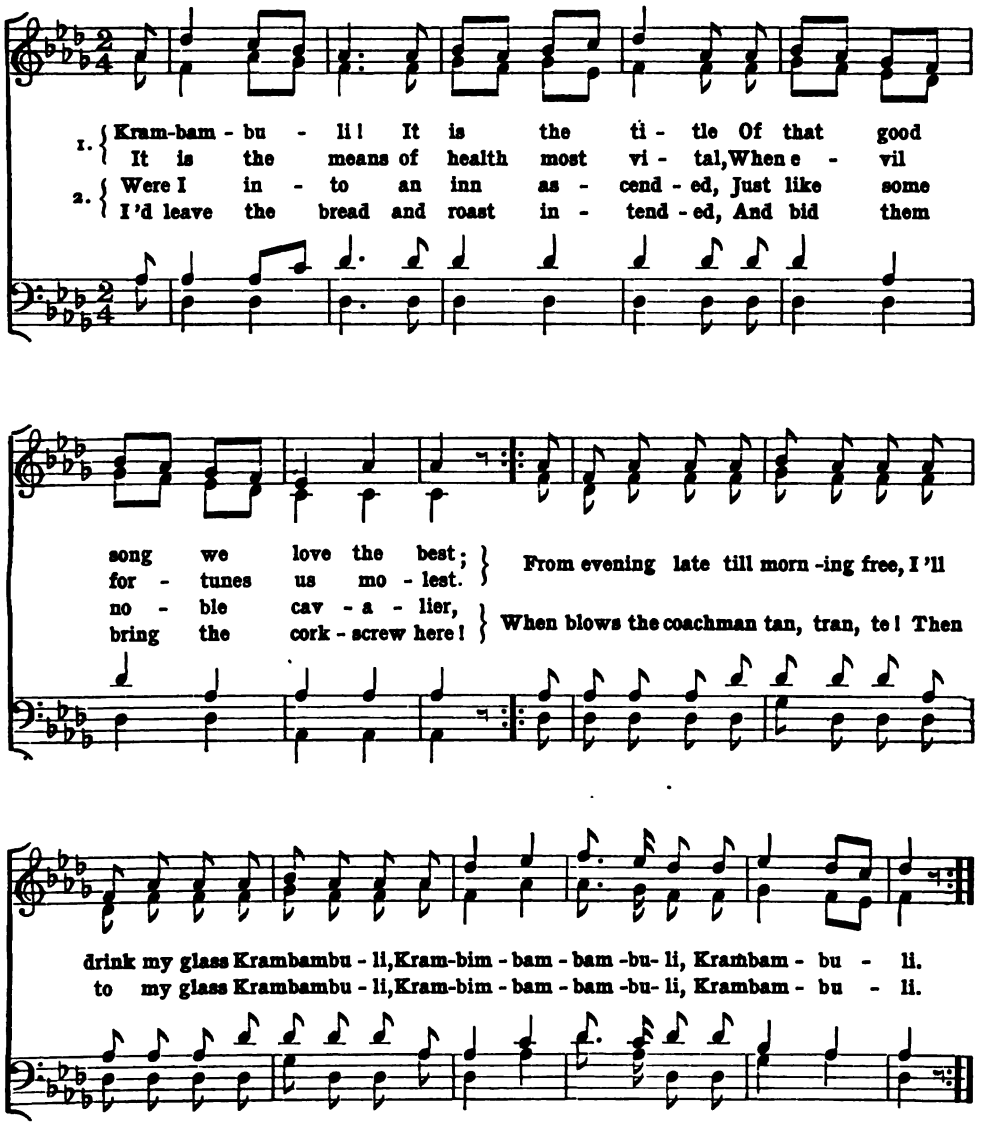


4 In Senior year we act our parts,
In making love and winning hearts.

5 And then into the world we come;
We 've made good friends and studied some.

Adagio. 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell.

A tempo. 7 And till the sun and moon shall pale,
We 'll love and reverence Mother Yale.
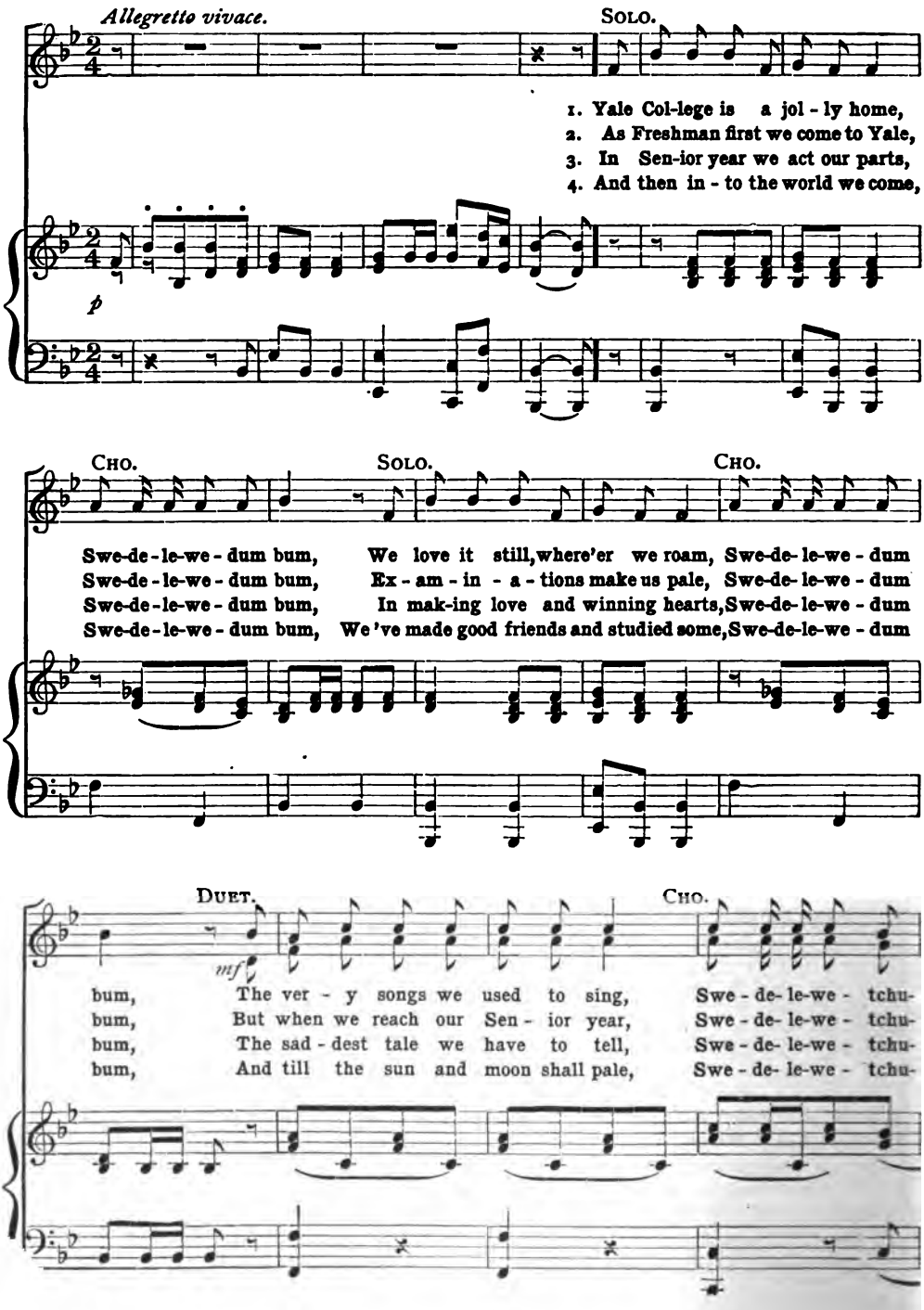
No. 10. KRAMBAMBULI
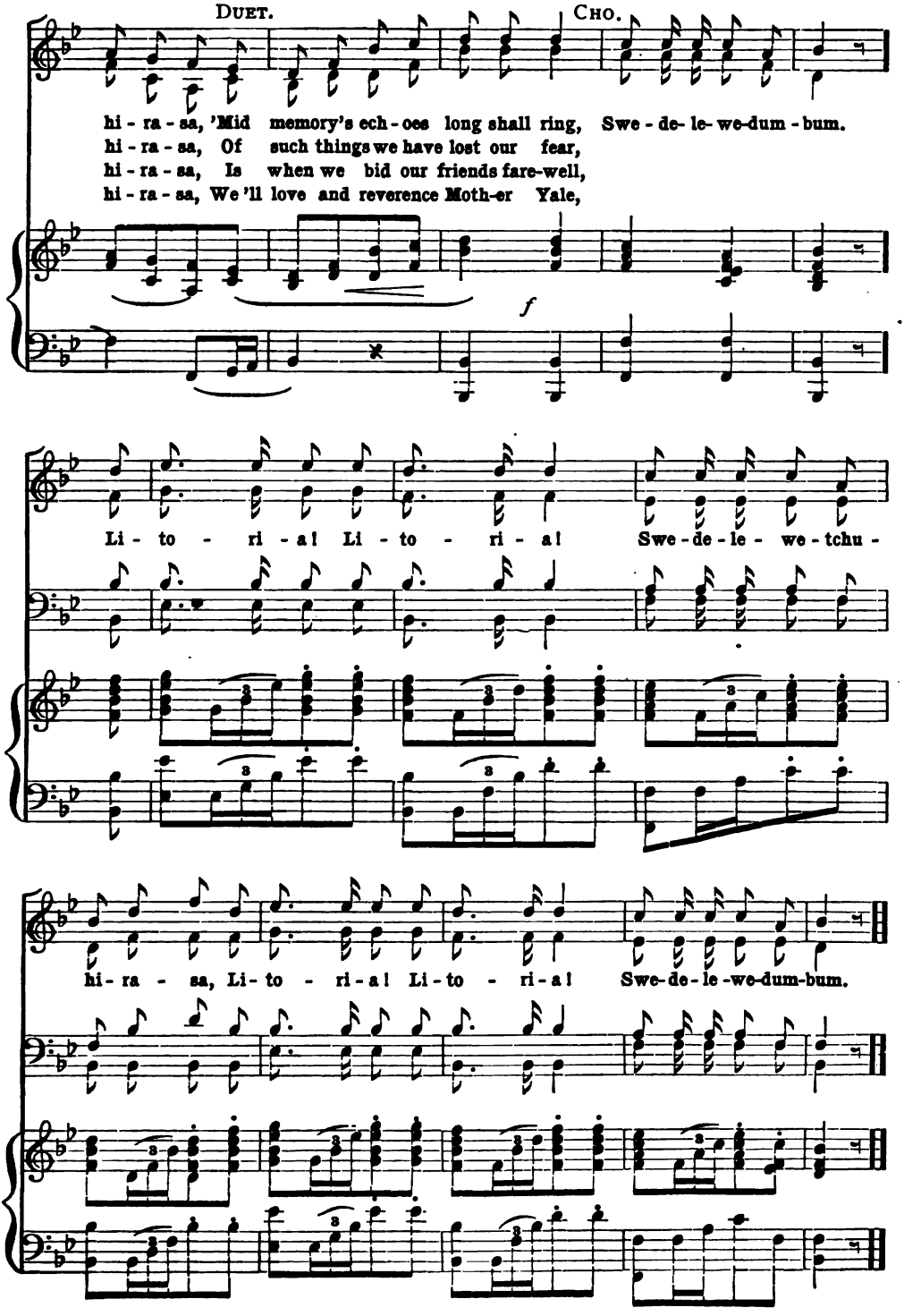


3 Were I a prince of power unbounded,
Like Kaiser Maximilian;
For me were there an order founded,
'T is this device I 'd hang thereon,
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre du Krambambuli,"
Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli,

4 Krambambuli! it still shall cheer me,
When every other joy is past,
Where o'er the glass, friend, death draws near me,
To mar my pleasure at the last,
'T is then we'll drink in company
The last glass of Krambambuli,
Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli!
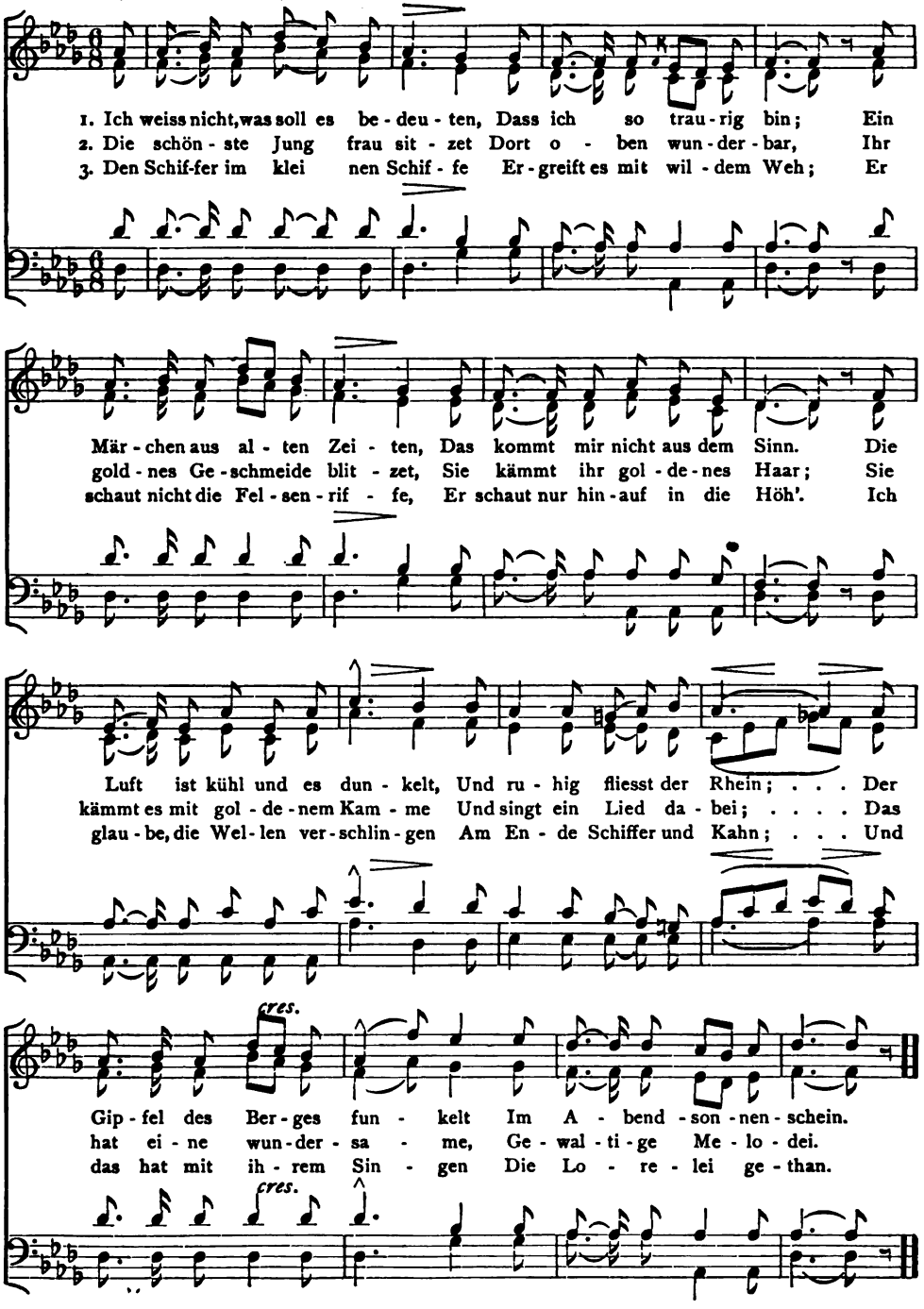
No. 11. LITORIA




DUET.
CHO.
hi - ra - sa, 'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de- le- we-dum - bum.
hi - ra - sa, Of such things we have lost our fear,
hi - ra - sa, Is when we bid our friends fare-well,
hi - ra - sa, We 'll love and reverence Moth-er Yale,
f
Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
hi - ra - sa, Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum.

No. 12. DIE LORELEI

Words by HEINRICH HEINE, 1822 FR. SILCHER



No. 13. THE LORELEY *
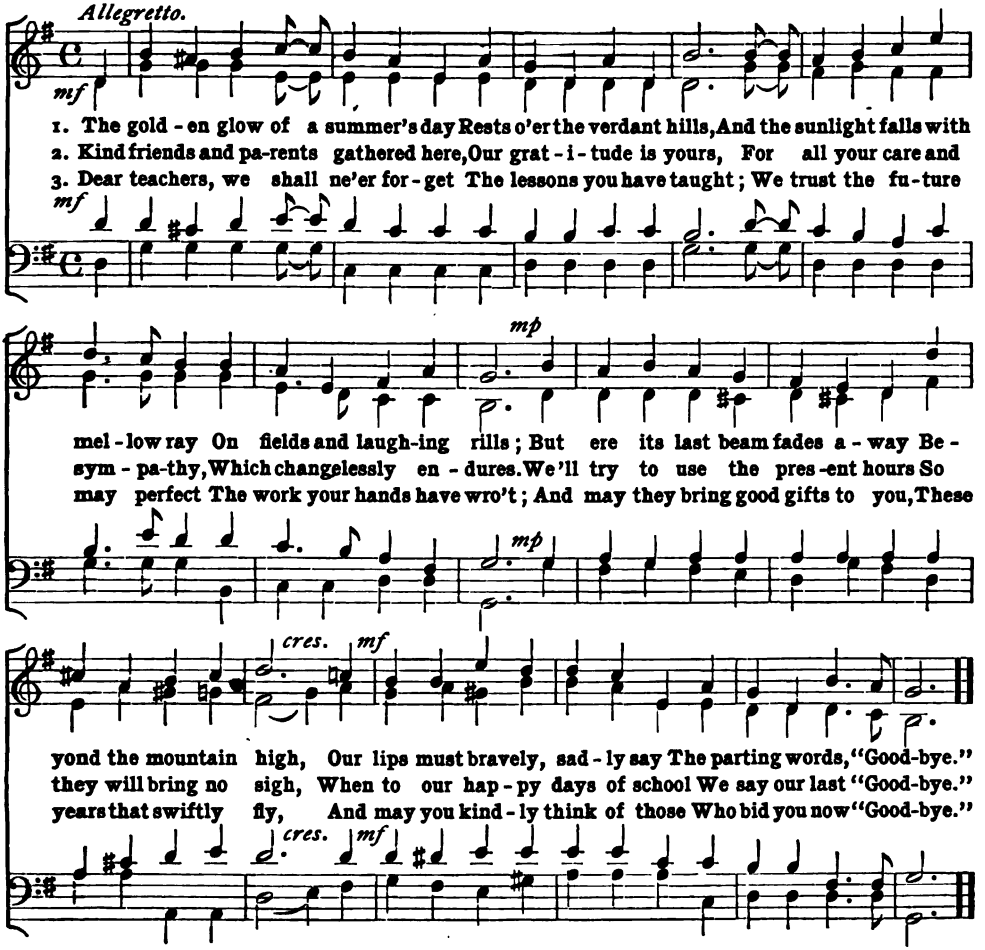
1 I know not whence it cometh
That I am often sad,
A story of days departed
Will ne'er from my memory fade.
The air grows cool in the twilight,
And calm the Rhine flows on;
The mountain brow is gleaming
In light of setting sun.

2 On yonder height there sitteth
A maiden wondrous fair.
Her golden jewels sparkle;
She combs her golden hair;
With comb of gold she combs it
And sings, so plaintively,
A strain of wondrous beauty,
A potent melody.

3 In tiny skiff, the boatman
Is seized with a wild, wild woe.
He gazeth on high unceasing;
He heeds not the cliffs below.
I fear me the skiff and the boatman
Will both 'neath the waters drown,
And this, with her wondrous singing,
The Loreley has done.

No. 14. VALEDICTORY
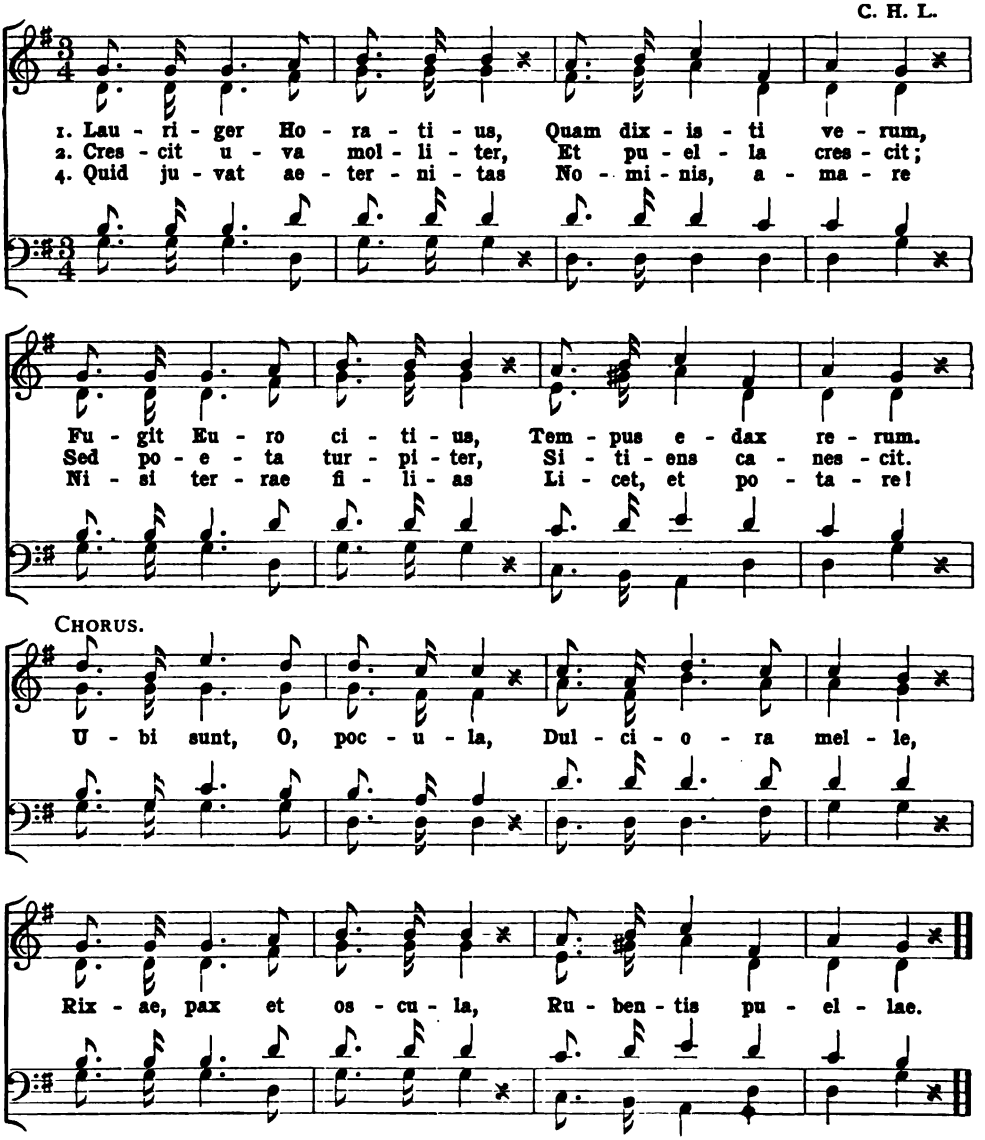
A. F. SHOALS H. C. KING. ARR.



* There is a dark rock which overhangs the swift-flowing Rhine, sending weird echoes back upon the passing voyager. At its foot a rapid and a whirlpool were, in old times, the terror of the fishermen, and these simple men conjured up legends of a winning but wicked maiden, who enticed them into the toils of the boiling current by her siren voice.

No. 15. LAURIGER HORATIUS

C. H. L.



No. 16.

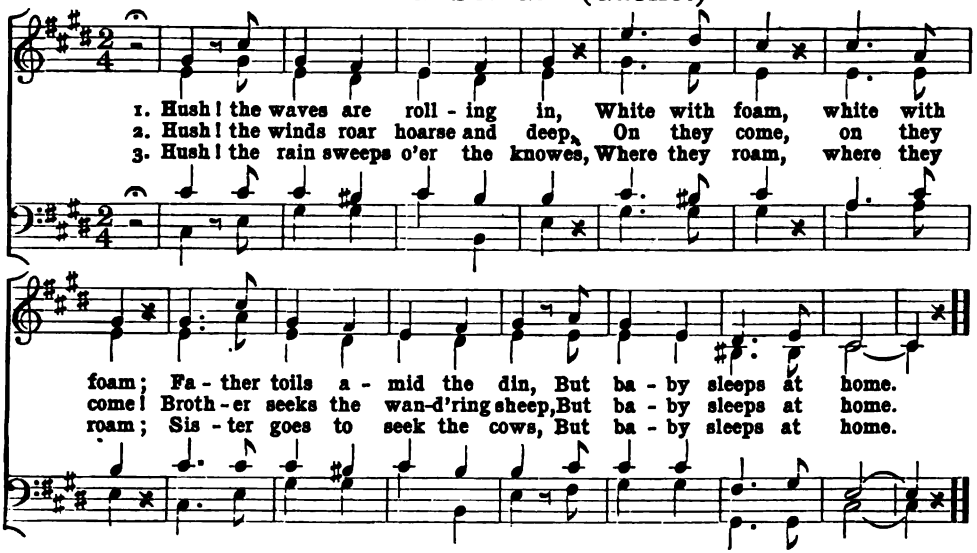
1 Poet of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying,
Time outstrips the tempest's breath,
For no mortal staying!

CHORUS. Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups our mirth attending,
Give me blushing maiden's frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.
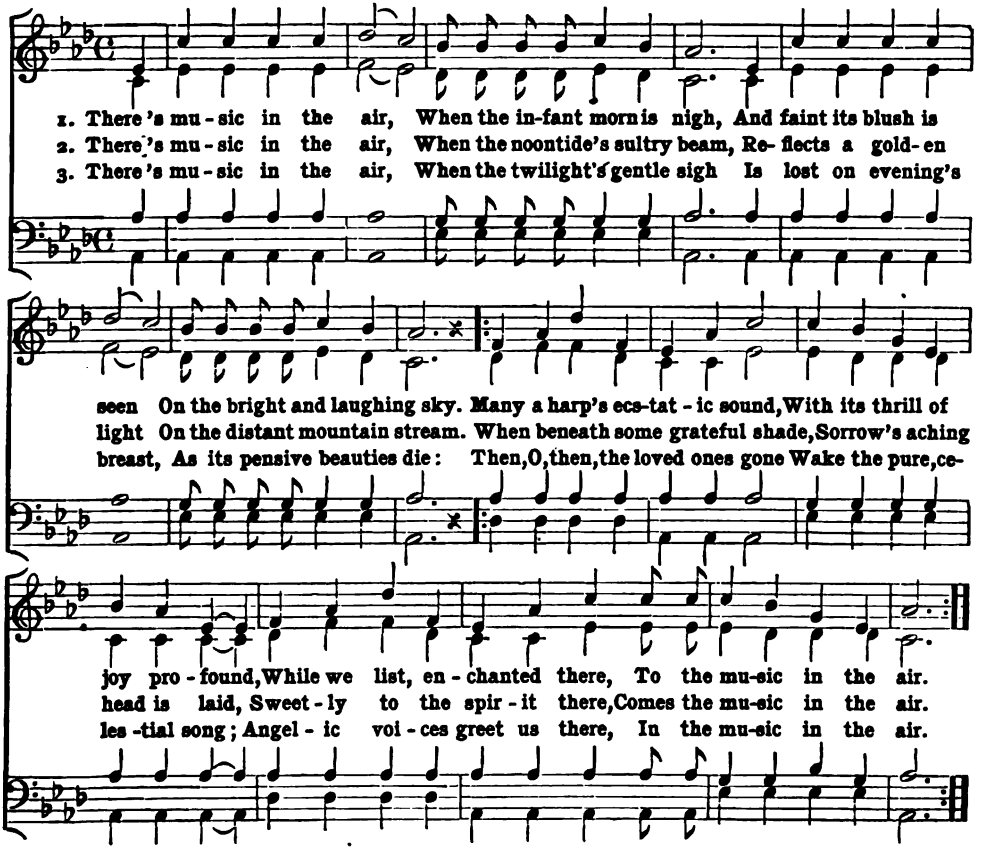
2 Sweetly grow the grape and maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me bereft and sad,
Wintry age comes cheerless.

3 Tho' enduring fame be mine,
This shall yield no pleasure;
Let me, then, in love and wine,
Find exhaustless treasure.

No. 17. EVENING SONG. (Gaelic.)



No. 18. THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR



No. 19. DUCKER

Andante con moto.

mp

1. See the sum-mer sun is glow-ing, And the fields are crack'd with heat, Not a
2. O the joy of be`-ing i-dle And he-ro-i-cal-ly slack! Would you
3. There we'll duck and race and rol-lick, And as mer-ry we shall be As the
4. When the af-ter-noon is o-ver, And the eve-ning brings the breeze, And the

mp

cres. *dim.* *piu mosso.* *mf*

breath of air is go-ing, In the hot and dust-y street. This is not a
al-ways wear a bri-dle, With a bur-den on your back? Truce a-while to
por-pois-es that frol-ic In the bil-lows of the sea. O the ef-fer-
sun-set glo-ries hov-er Round the stee-ple and the trees, In the twi-light

cres. *dim.* *mf*
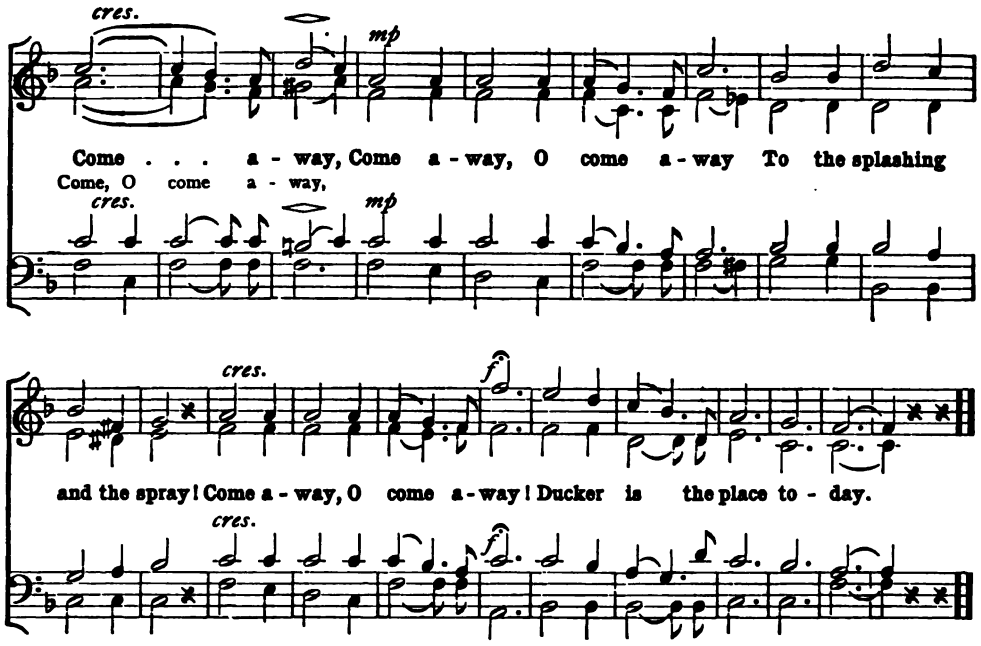
day to swel-ter, Toss your book and pen a-way! Duck-er is the on-ly
toil and task-ing, Dream a-way the hours with us, With a bun and tow-el
ves-cing tin-gle, How it rush-es in the veins! Till the wa-ter seems to
as the shad-ows Come to meet us o'er the plain, We will wan-der thro' the

dim. *rit.* *Tempo I.* *p*

shel-ter, Duck-er is the place to-day. . . Come . . . a-way, . .
bask-ing, *Pur-is na-tur-a-li-bus?* . .
min-gle With the pul-ses and the brains! .
mead-ows Up the hill and home a-gain.
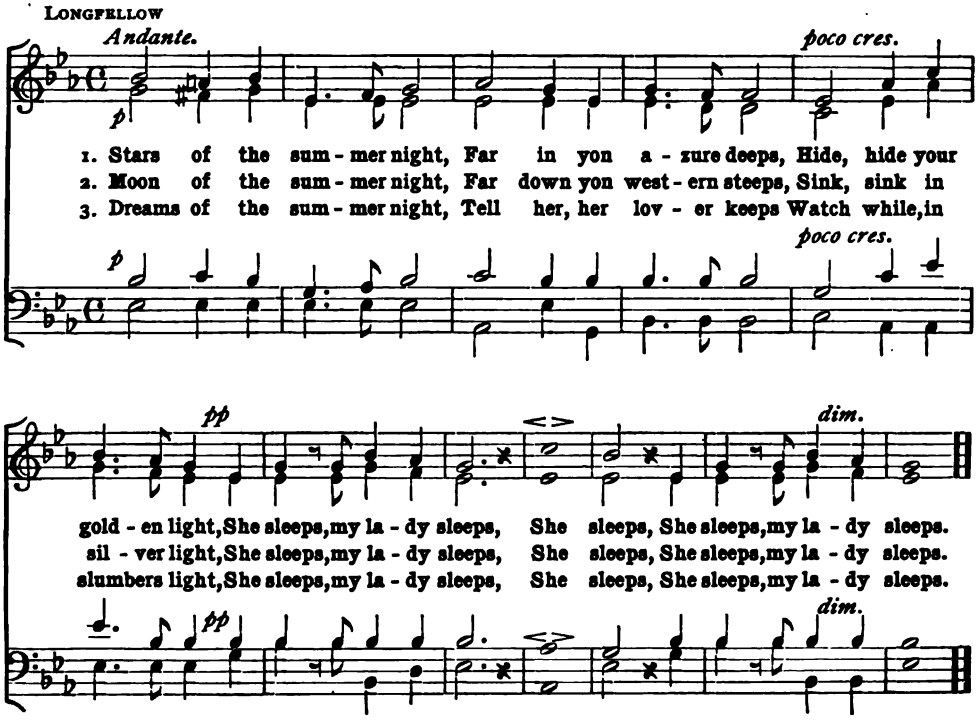
dim. *rit.* Come, O come . . . a-way,

p
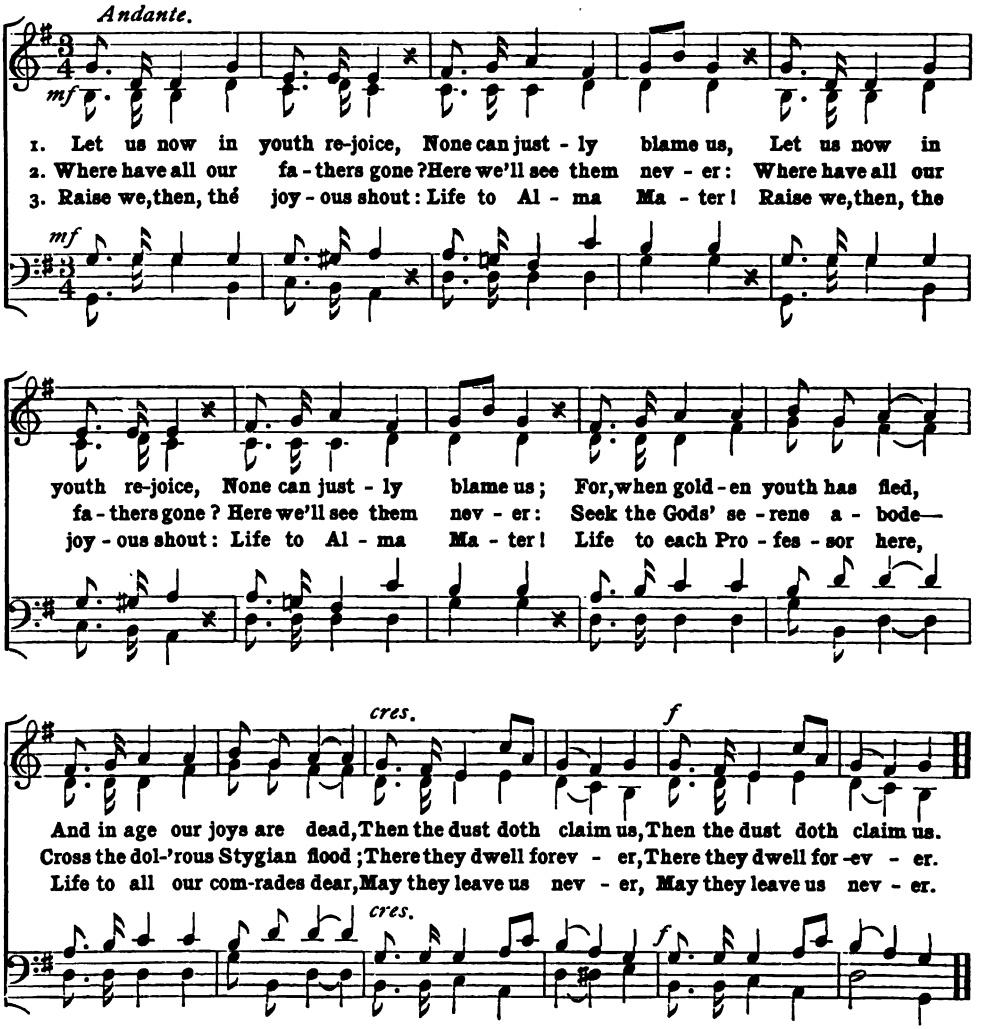


No. 20. STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

LONGFELLOW



No. 21. GAUDEAMUS
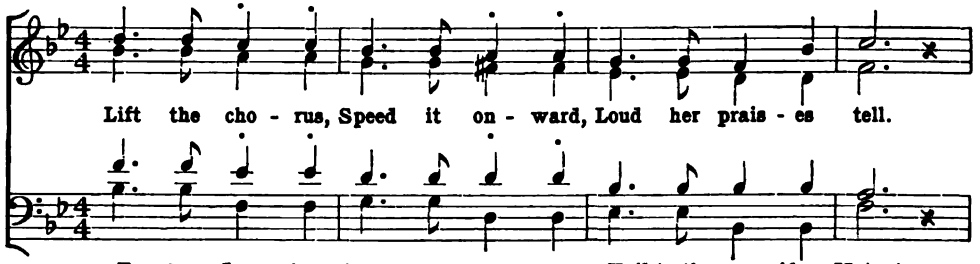


1 Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vivat academia.
Vivant professores,
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore,
Semper sint in flore.

No. 22. ALMA MATER

CORNELL SONG. TUNE: *Amici*, as given below, except the first four measures of the chorus, which should be sung as follows:

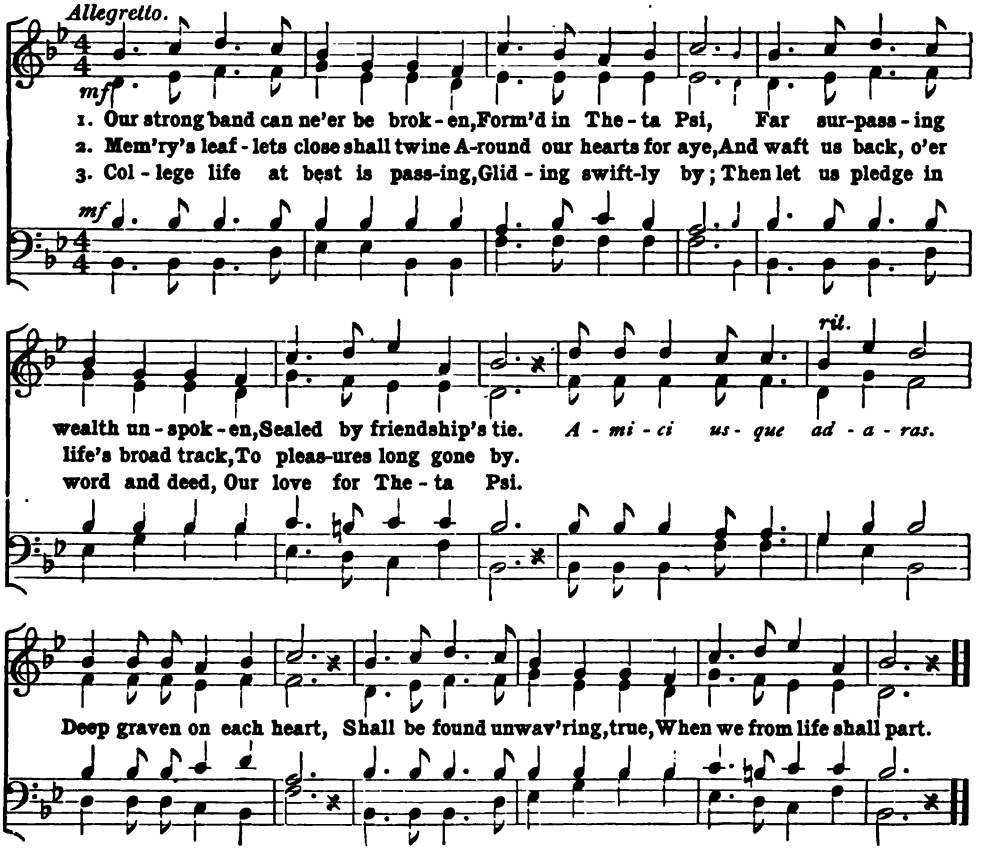


1 Far above Cayuga's waters
With its waves of blue;
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.

Cho. Lift the chorus,
Speed it onward
Loud her praises tell,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail, Cornell!

2 Far above the busy humming
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of heaven,
Looks she proudly down. Cho.
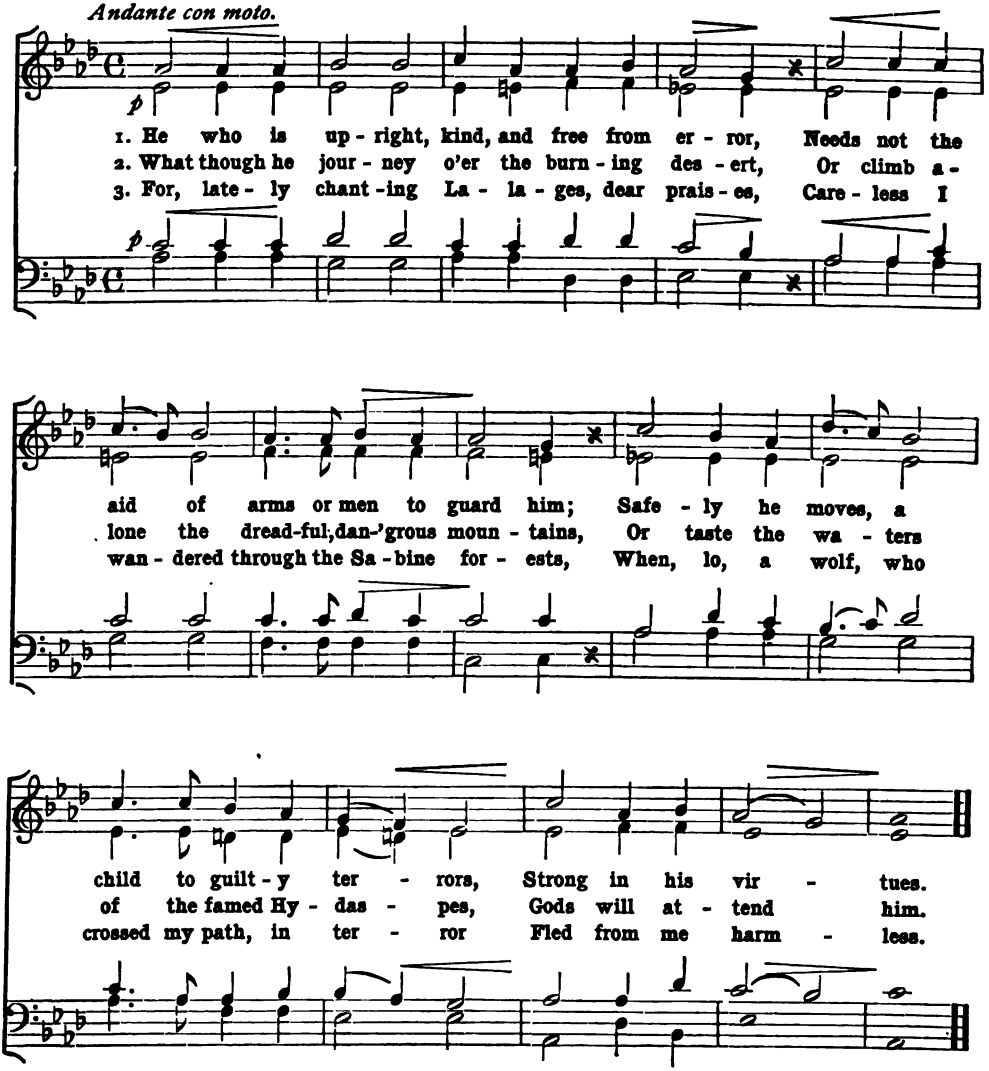
No. 23. AMICI



No. 24. INTEGER VITÆ

HORACE, ODE XXII. Translated by W. N. EAYRS F. FLEMMING

Andante con moto.



4 If fate should take me where the summer breezes
Ne'er warmed the earth or sported with the flowers,
Where darkness reigns, and angry Jove oppresses
Faint, toiling mortals,

5 Place me where fate denies to man a dwelling,
Conscious of right, all other cares neglecting,
There could I live, thy charms and virtues telling,
Sweet, smiling maiden.

No. 25.

1 Integer vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

2 Sive per Syrtes, iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

4 Quale portentum neque militaris,
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

No. 26. UEBER DEN STERNEN
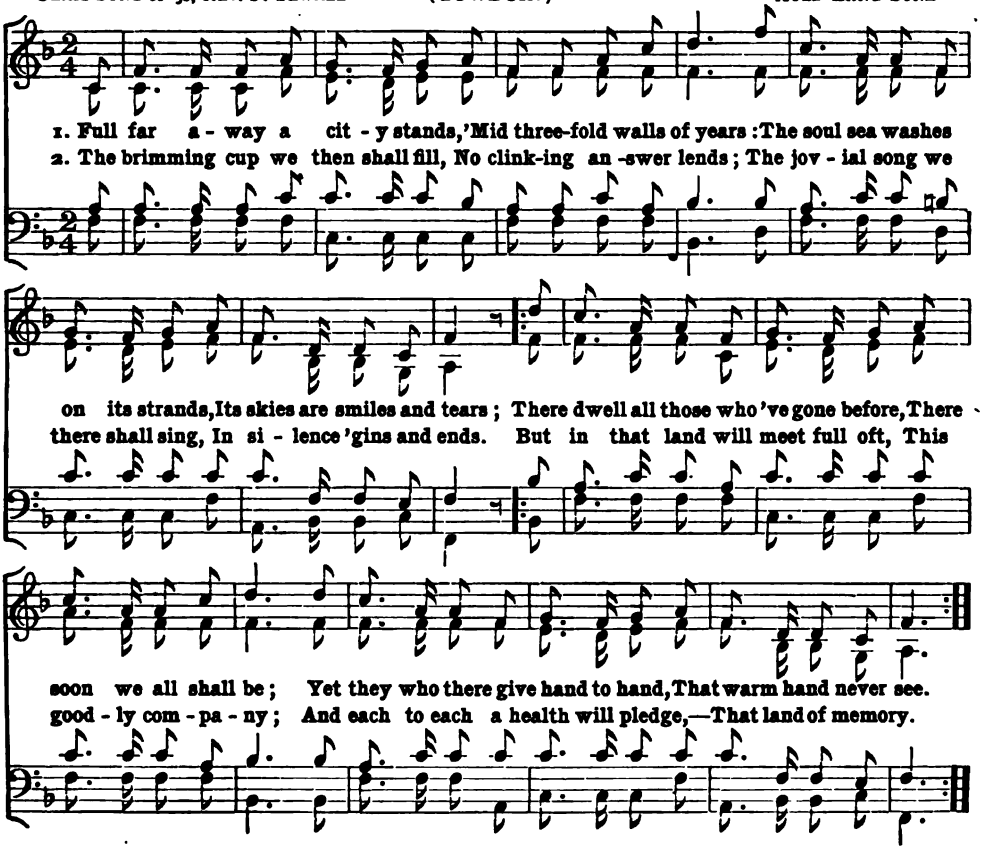
1 Ueber den Sternen wohnet Gottes Friede,
Und Siegespalmen winken den Gerechten;
Chöre der Sel'gen singen des Empfanges
Heilige Hymnen.

2 Uns bleibt die Trauer hier an deinem Grabe;
Doch preist sie glücklich dich in dunkler Kammer.
Deiner, o Sel'ger, denken wir in Segen;
Schlumm're in Frieden!

3 Himmlische Wonnen lohnen edle Thaten;
Sie harren deiner in dem Reich der Sphären.
Schlumm're in Frieden, und dein Engel spreche
Seliges Amen!

No. 27. THE LAND OF MEMORY

CLASS SONG of '58, REV. F. SEWALL (BOWDOIN) AULD LANG SYNE



No. 28.

OCTOBER

(HARROW SONG)

E. E. B. J. F.

1. The months are met, with their crown - lets on, As Ju - lius Cæ - sar crown'd them; With
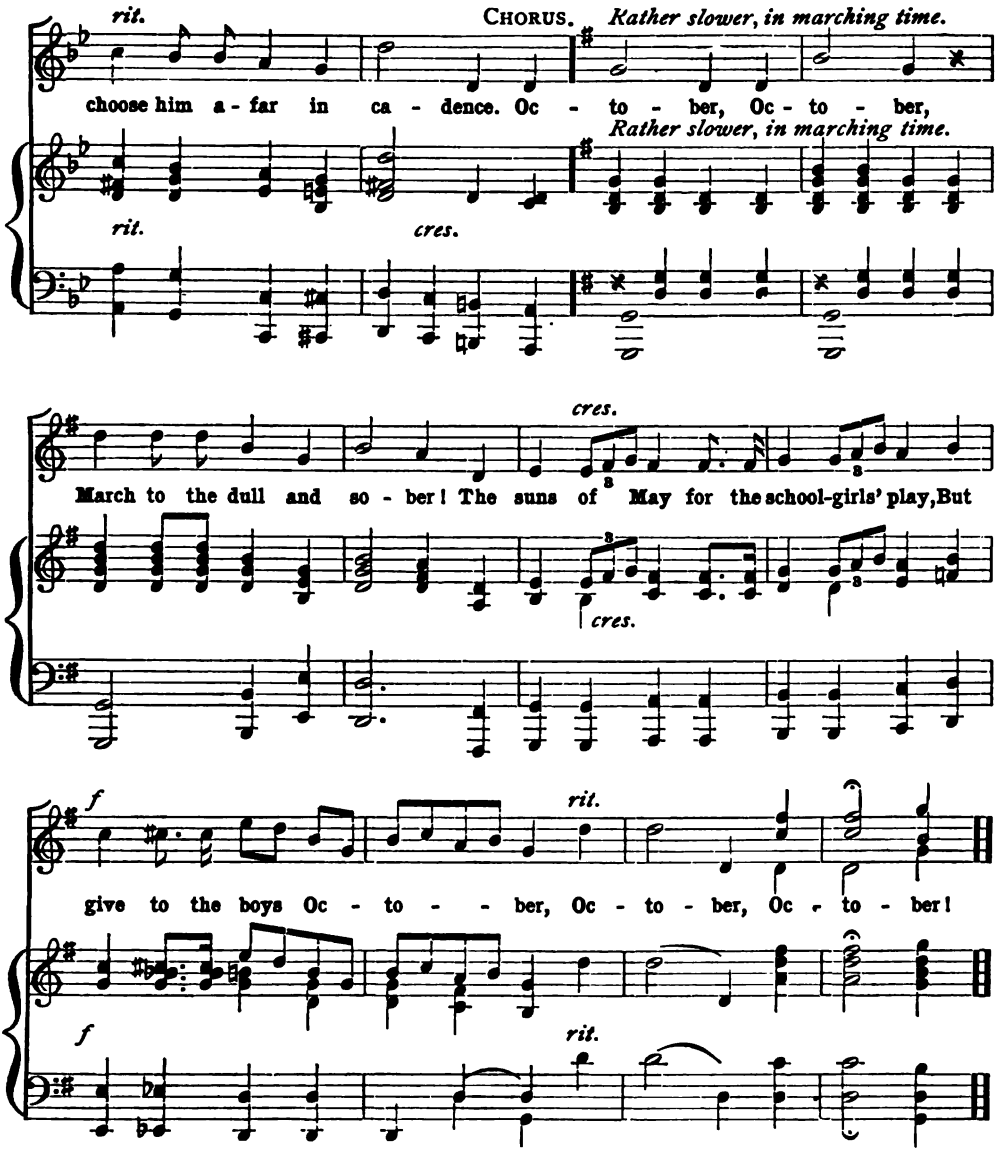
slaves, the gentle-men thir - ty - one, And the la - dies thir - ty, round them. But

who shall be mon-arch of all? you ask; Go ask of the boys and

f *p*

maid - ens, For that is the lads' and the lass - ies' task, And they

f *p*



2 "I vote for March, may it please you," cries
A student pale and meagre;
"He gives us theme and lesson and prize,
And scholarship O so eager!"
But louder now in the distance floats
A choice there is no disguising;
And you hear from many hearty throats
The chant of the boys uprising.
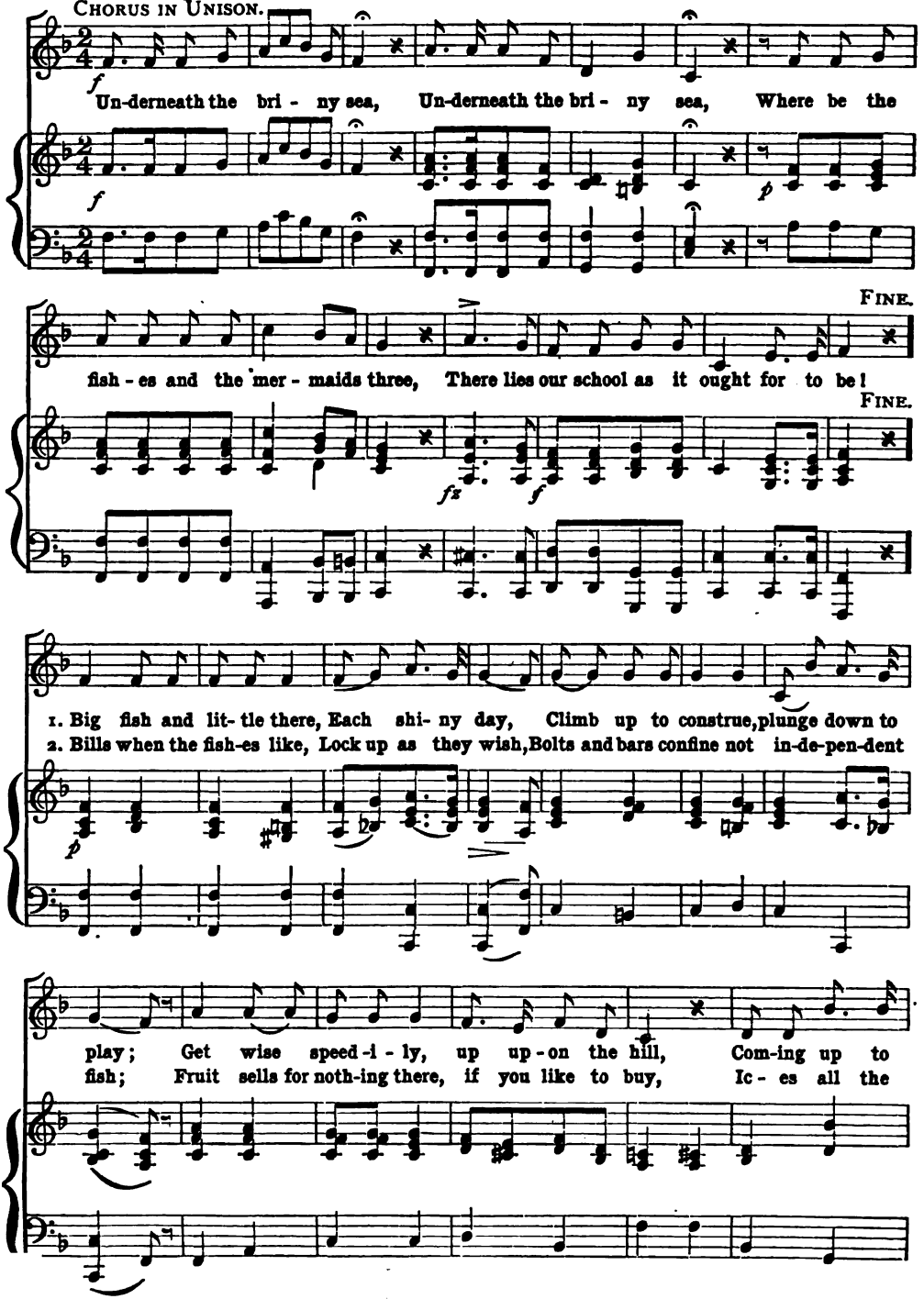
3 "For May! for May!" the girls all say,
"How mild the air that blows is!
How nicely sweet the soft Spring day,
How sweetly nice the roses!"
But girl and scholar may pray and plead—
The voice of the lads is clearer,
And firm and steady comes that tread,
In time to the music, nearer!
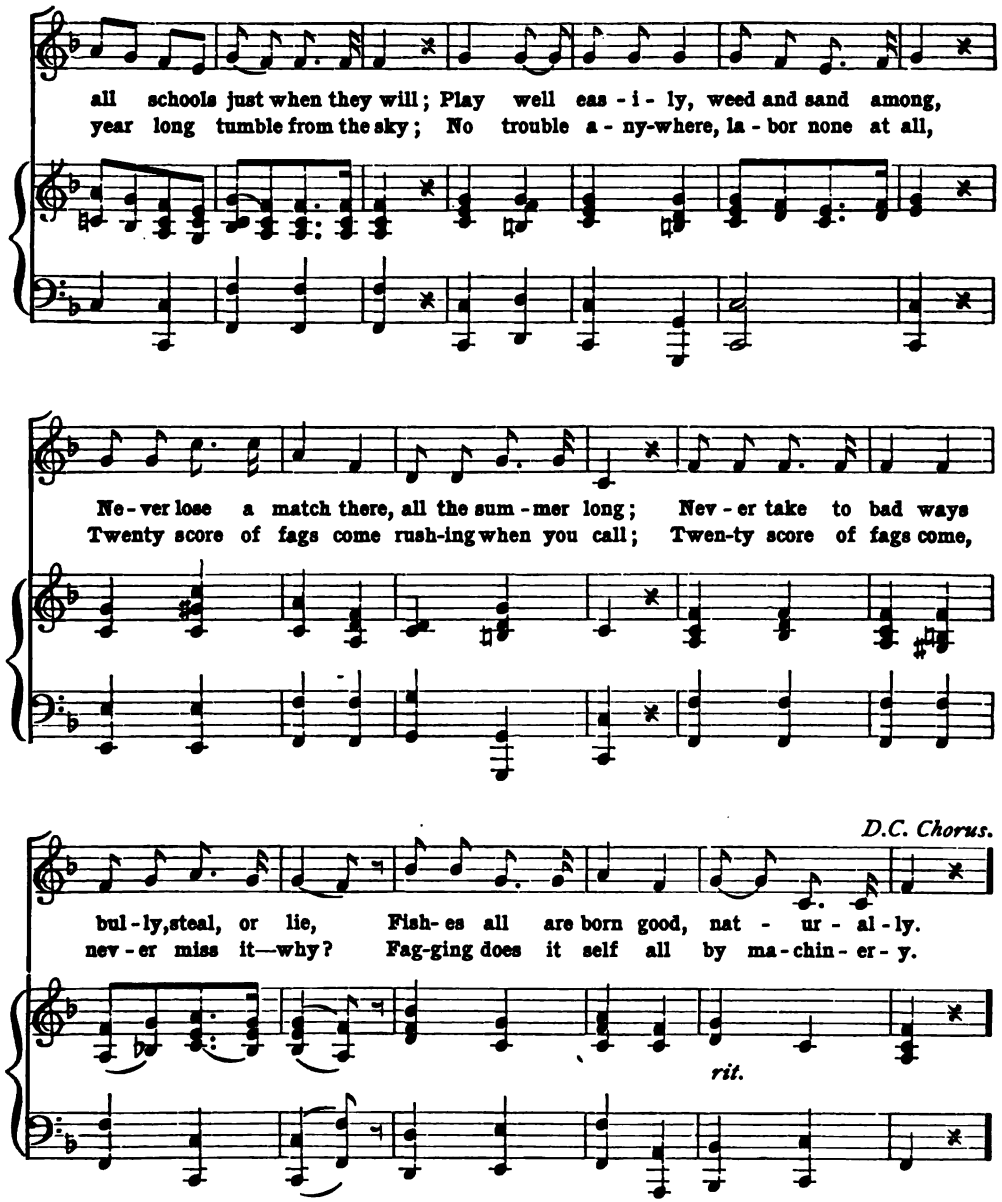
4 "October brings the cold weather down,
When the wind and the rain continue;
He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,
And braces the languid sinew;
So while we have voices and lungs to cheer,
And the winter frost before us,
Come, sing to the king of the mortal year,
And thunder him out in chorus!

No. 29. UNDERNEATH THE BRINY SEA

Moderato. (HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

To be sung at the end of each verse.





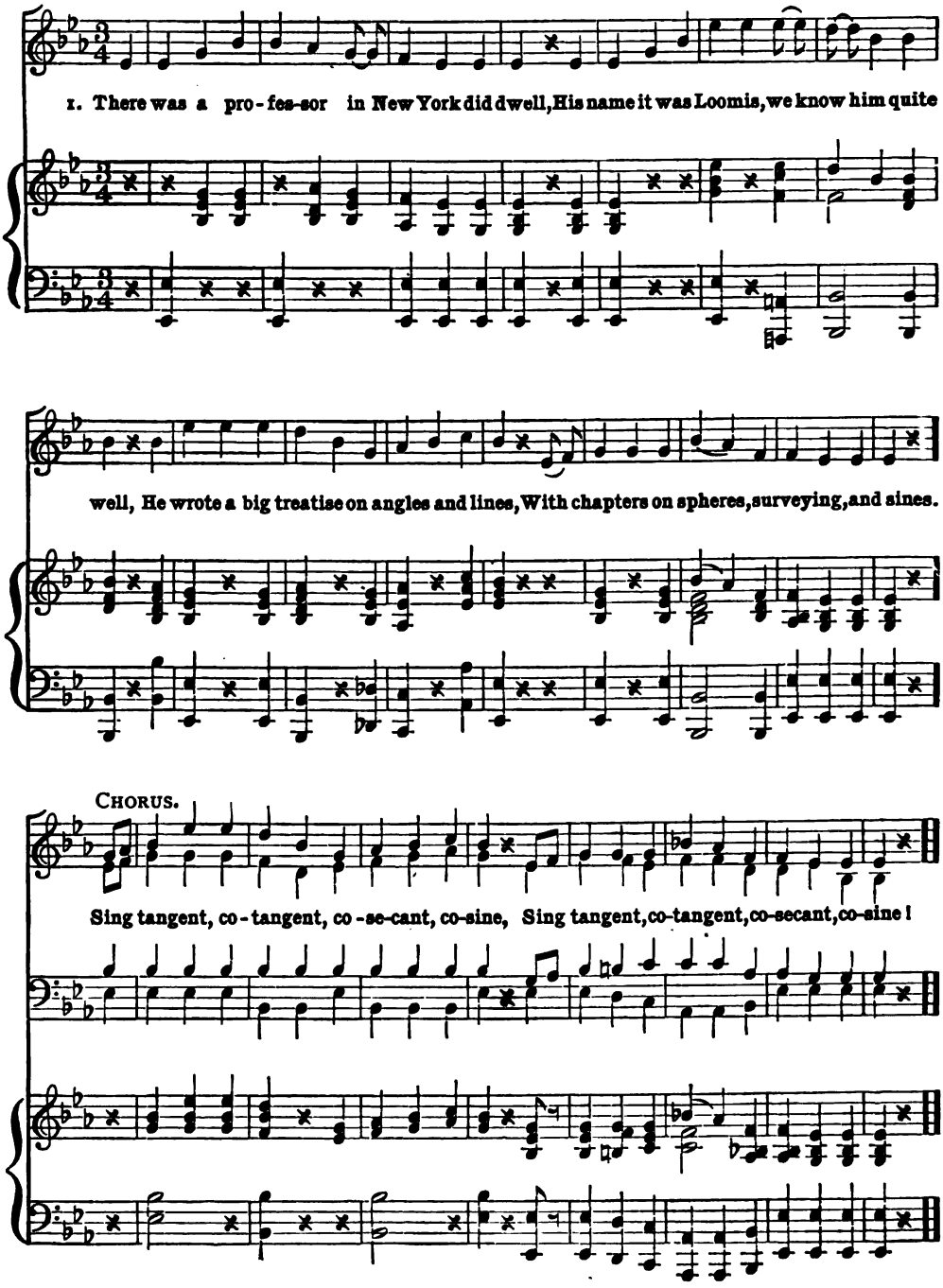
3 O, what a life there, down below the wave,
All among the sand heaps merry fishes have!
Lessons get the full mark, whether bad or good,
Fishes never guess wrong — couldn't if they would:
Greek turns to English by the rule of thumb;
Sums have the answer written on the sum;
Repetition learns itself, never need to try,
Every one has prizes, generally.

4 Which is the better, man, or boy, or fish,
To live life lazily, swimming as you wish,
Lolling dull heads about, twirling weary thumbs,
Or to take sweet and bitter as sweet and bitter comes?
Wealth without toil is a sorry sort of lot;
Learning unwork'd for is just as well forgot;
Good beats bad, when the fight is only free,
Both up at our school, and under the sea.

No. 30. SING TANGENT, CO-TANGENT

(AMHERST)

F. BROWNING, '61 Air, "VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH"



2 Prof. Coffin, from cones cut by planes that passed through,
Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew,
Some round, like an apple, some lengthened like eggs,
Some rounded like sand-hills, some pointed like pegs.
CHORUS.—Sing origin, focus, directrix, and curve.

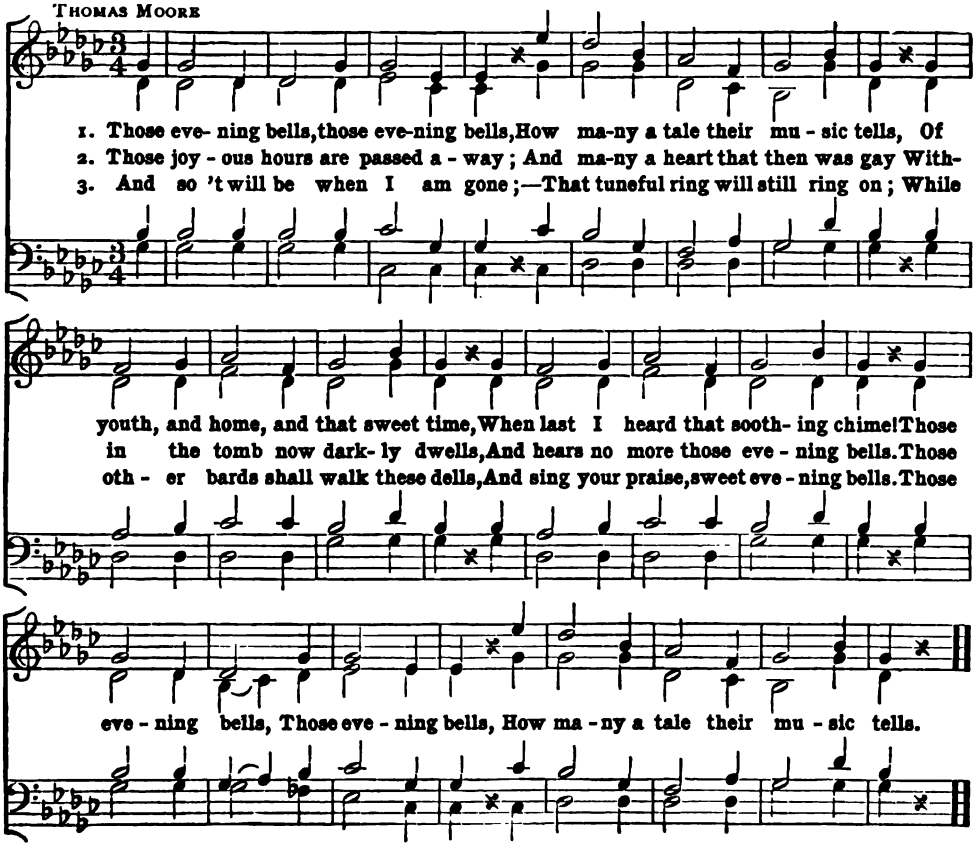
3 Old Robinson added the third of the three,
An Algebra hard as the hardest could be,
With theorems difficult, problems like steel,
Intended of course for the students' good weal.
CHORUS.—Sing Robinson, Horner, Prof. Napier, Sturm.

4 There was once a poor student in Amherst did dwell,
The first in his class, and all liked him right well;
He drank some cold conics, supposing 't was wine,
And screeched, as he died, "I am choked by a sine!"
CHORUS.—Sing tangent, etc.

5 Beware then of sines, now my classmates, I pray,
And follow not tangents, but a straightforward way;
And then by plain sailing your port shall be made,
In a harbor of rest, by no mortal surveyed.
CHORUS.—Sing tangent, etc.
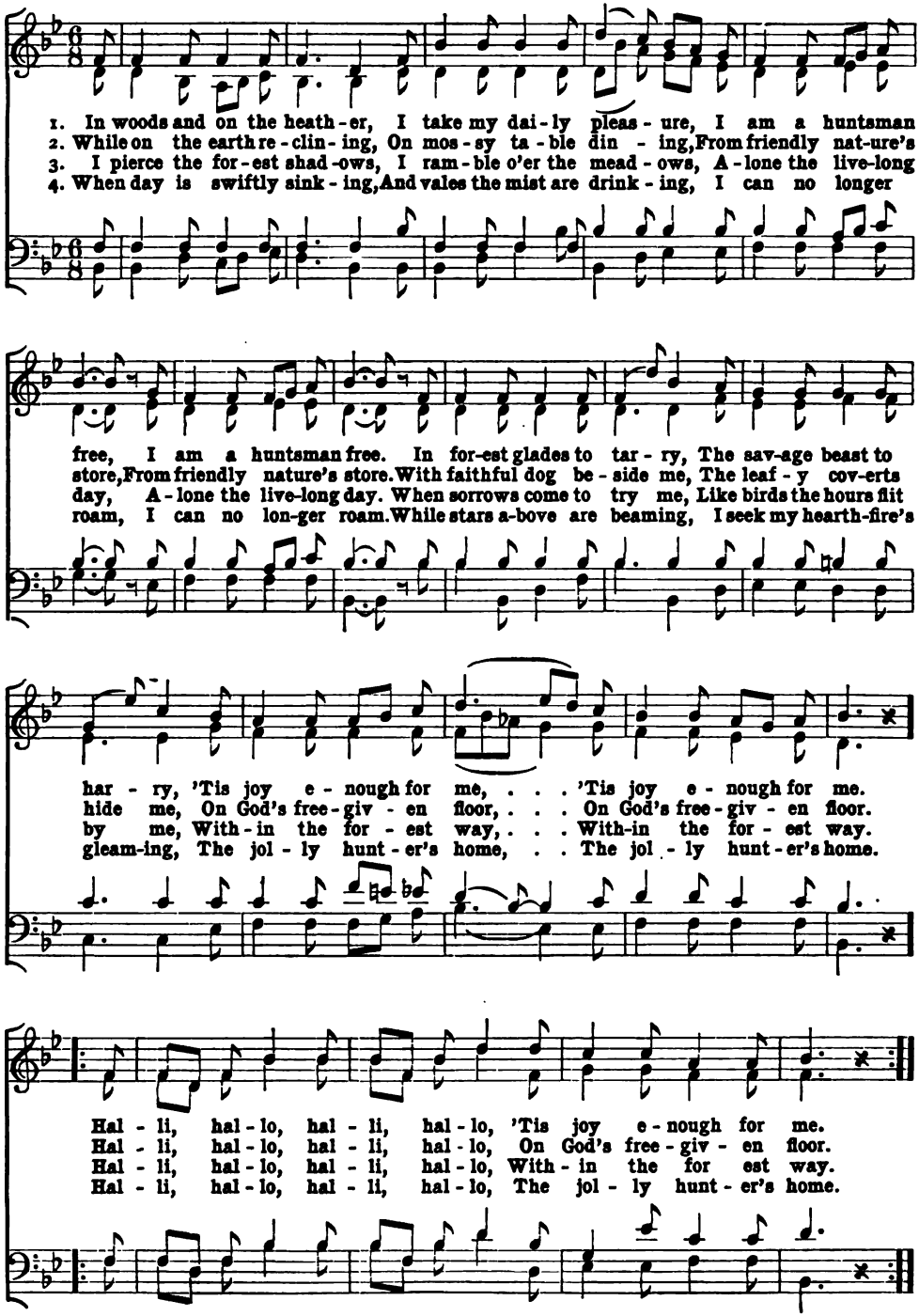
No. 31. EVENING BELLS

THOMAS MOORE



No. 32. JÄGER-LEBEN
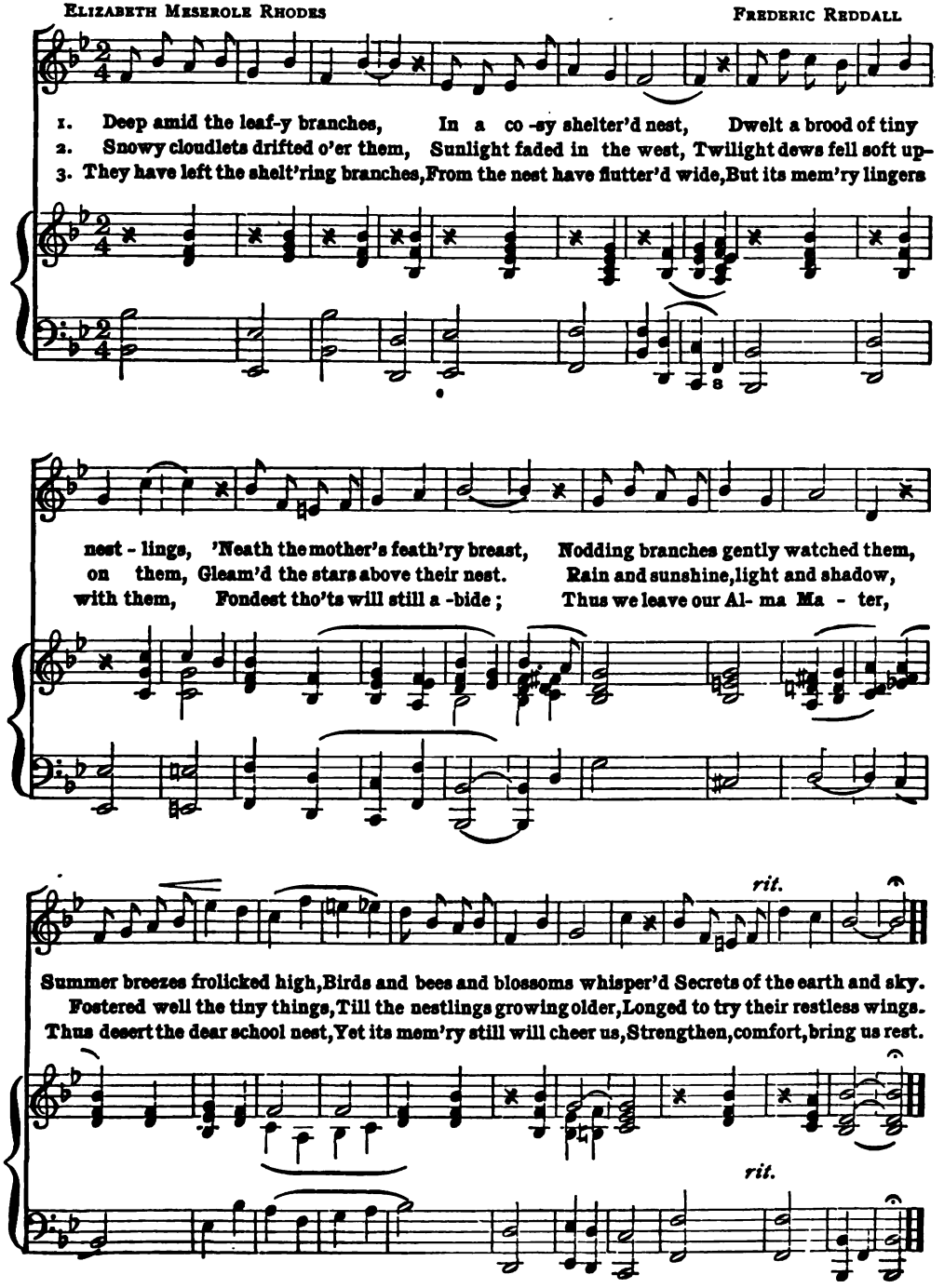
(THE HUNTSMAN)



No. 33. LEAVING THE NEST

FAREWELL TO ADELPHI. CLASS SONG, 1894
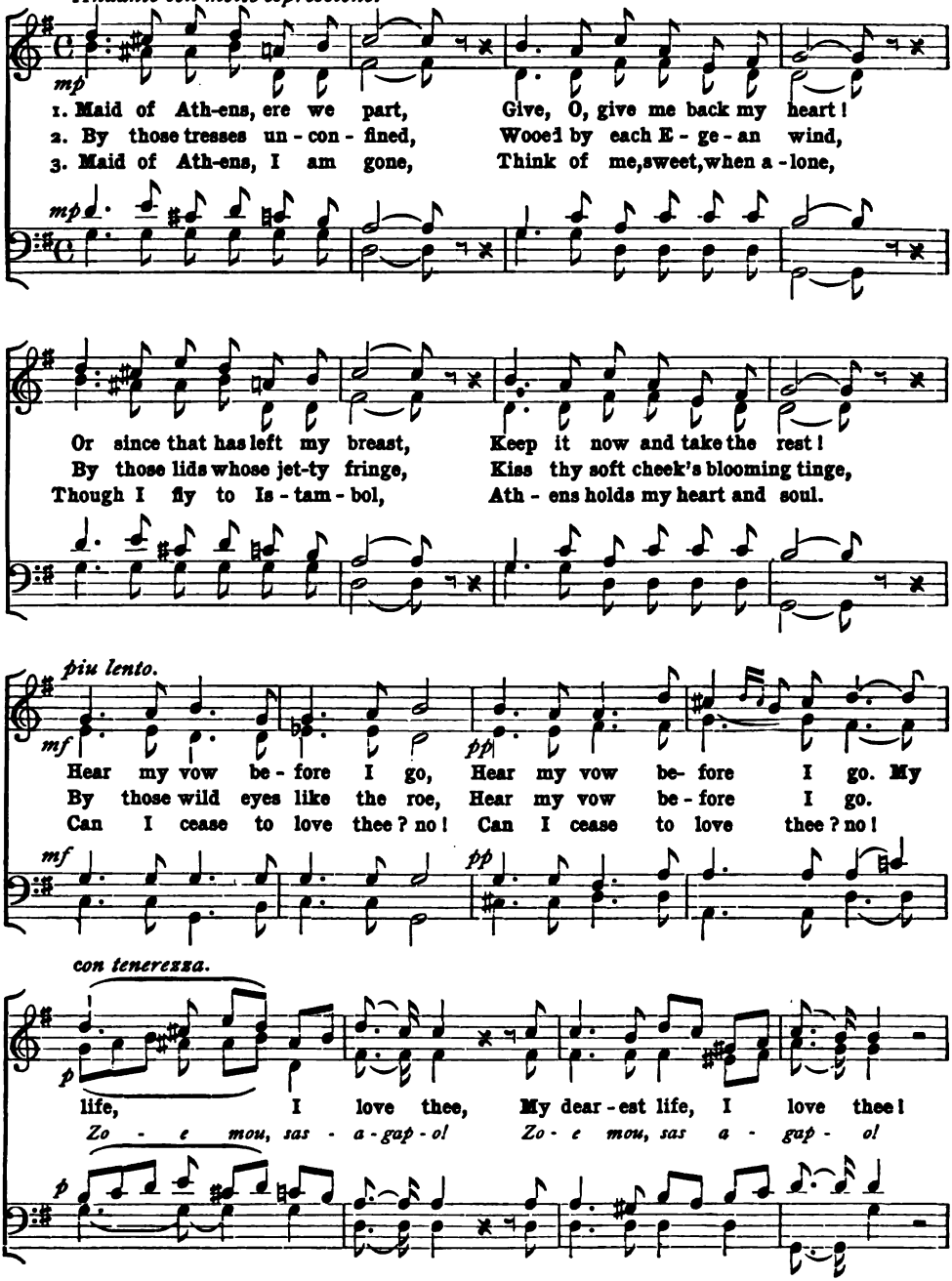
ELIZABETH MESEROLE RHODES — FREDERIC REDDALL
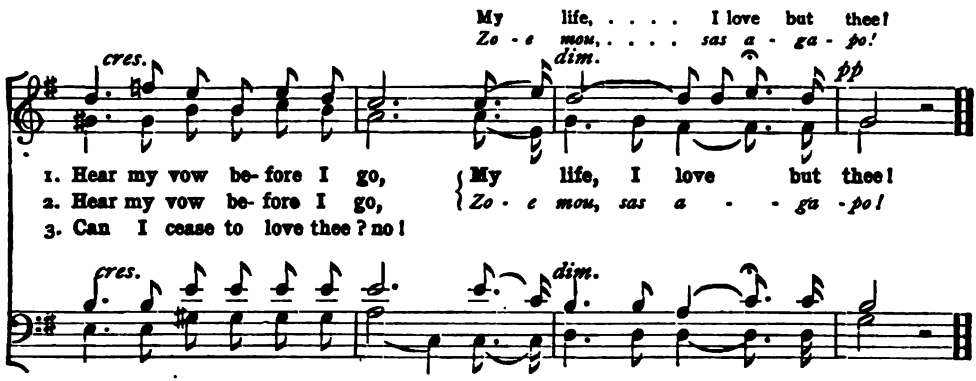


No. 34. MAID OF ATHENS*

LORD BYRON H. R. ALLEN

Andante con molto espressione.
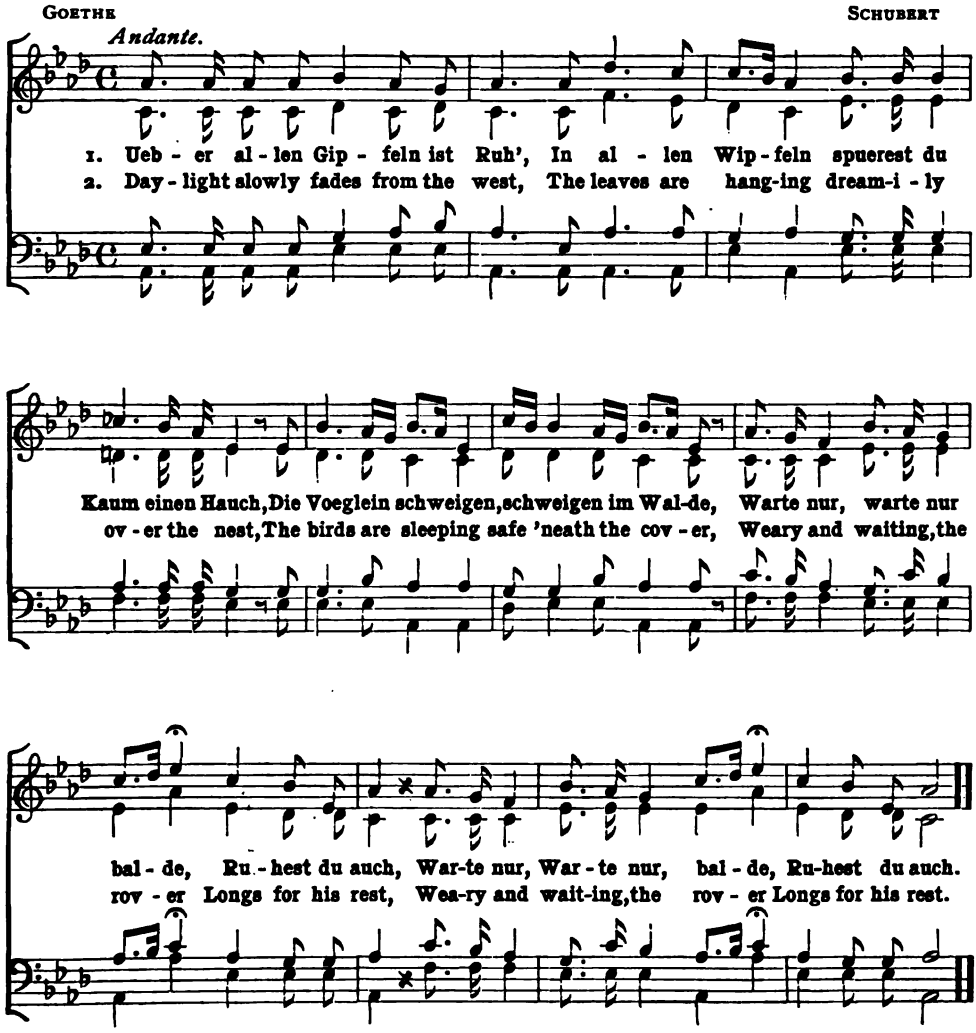


* The piano-forte accompaniment of this song may be had at any music store. The edition in the key of G should be used.
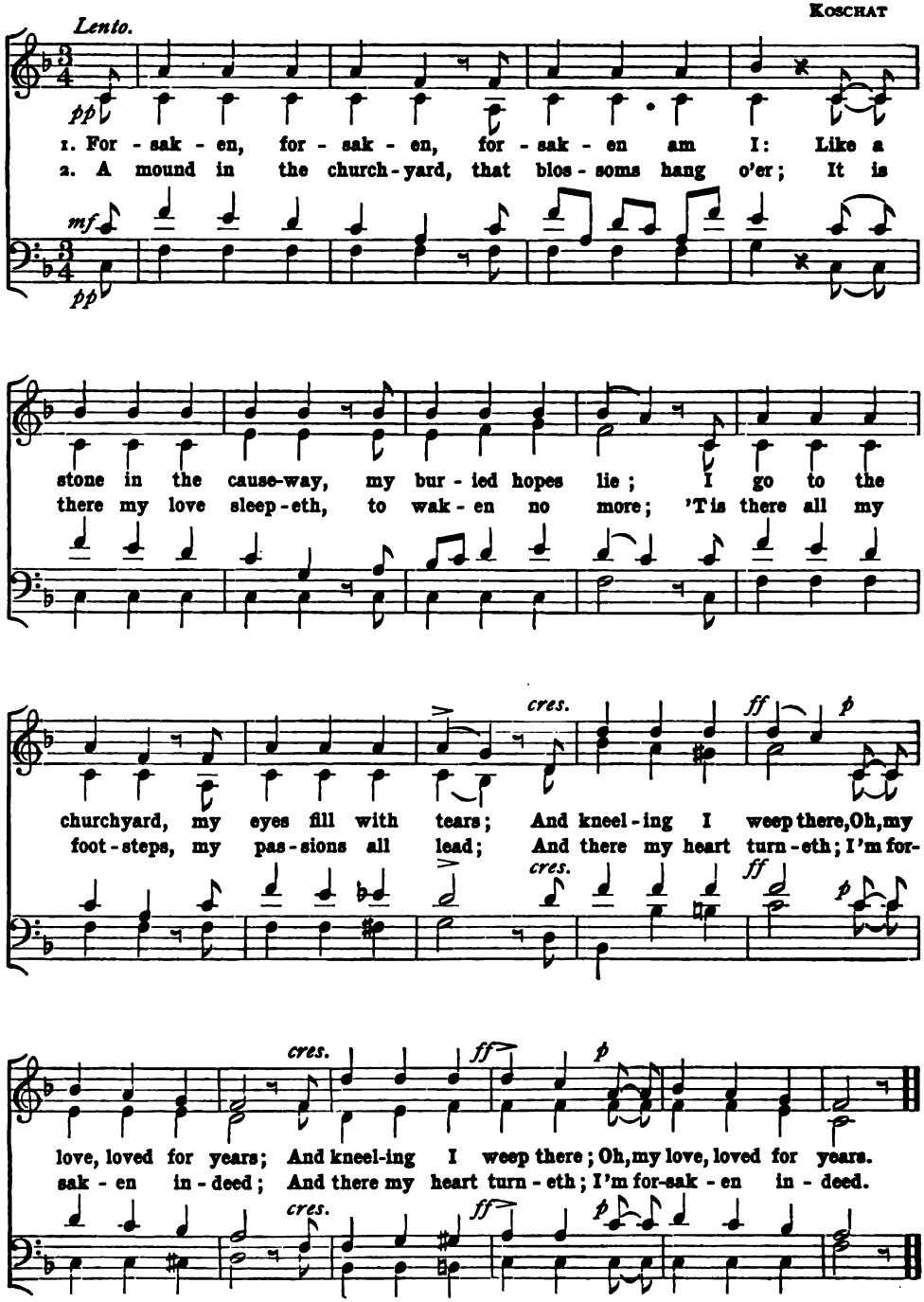


No. 35. ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS

GOETHE SCHUBERT



No. 36. FORSAKEN *

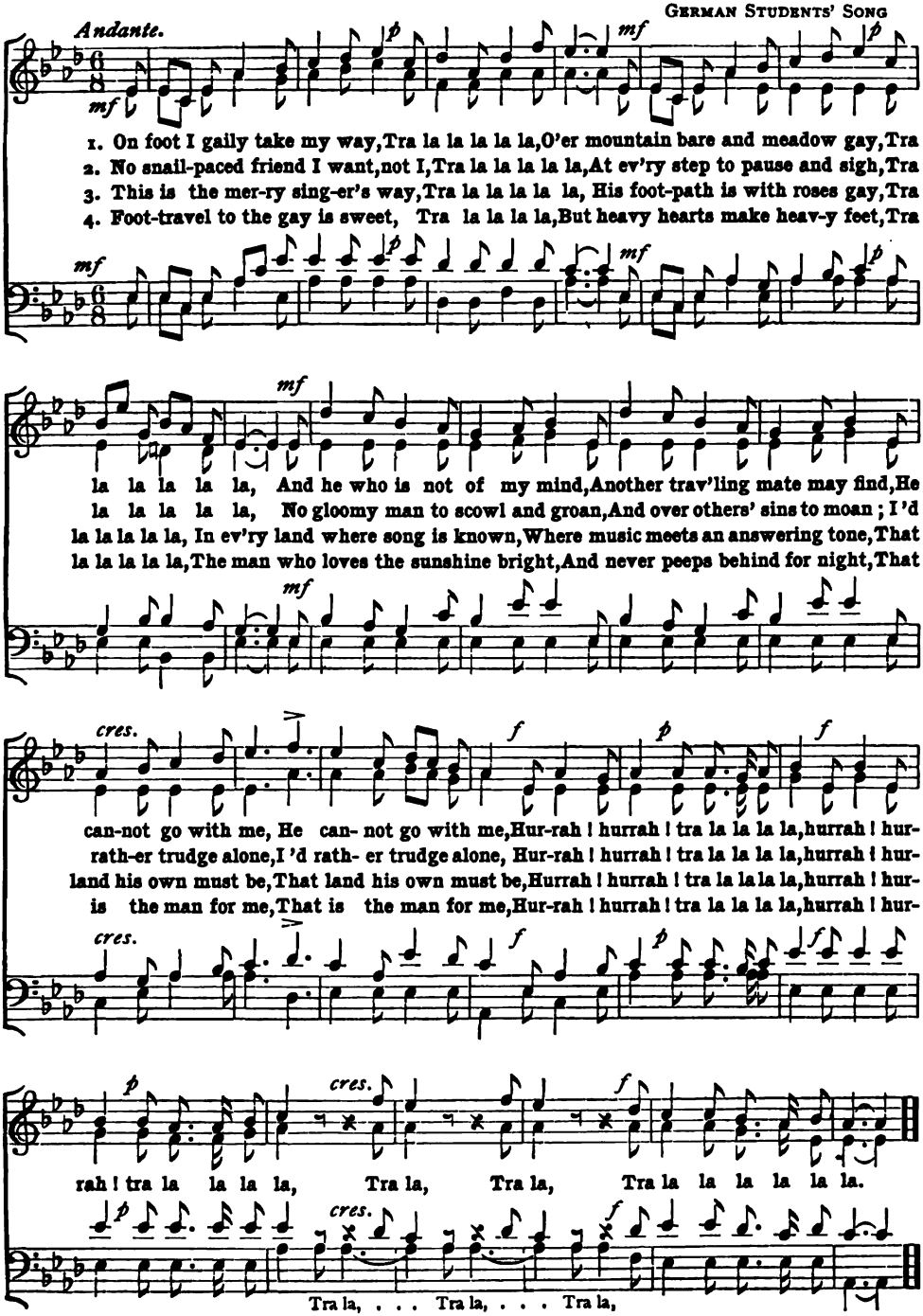
KOSCHAT



* It will be well to strengthen the tenor part by the addition of a few low alto voices.

No. 37. THE WANDERER

GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG



No. 38. DOWN THE HILL

(HARROW SONG, arranged)

E. E. B. J. F.

In marching time.

mf

1. Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we run, When the sum-mer games come

mf

p

with the sum-mer sun; On the grass dreaming a la - zy grass-y dream,

p

f
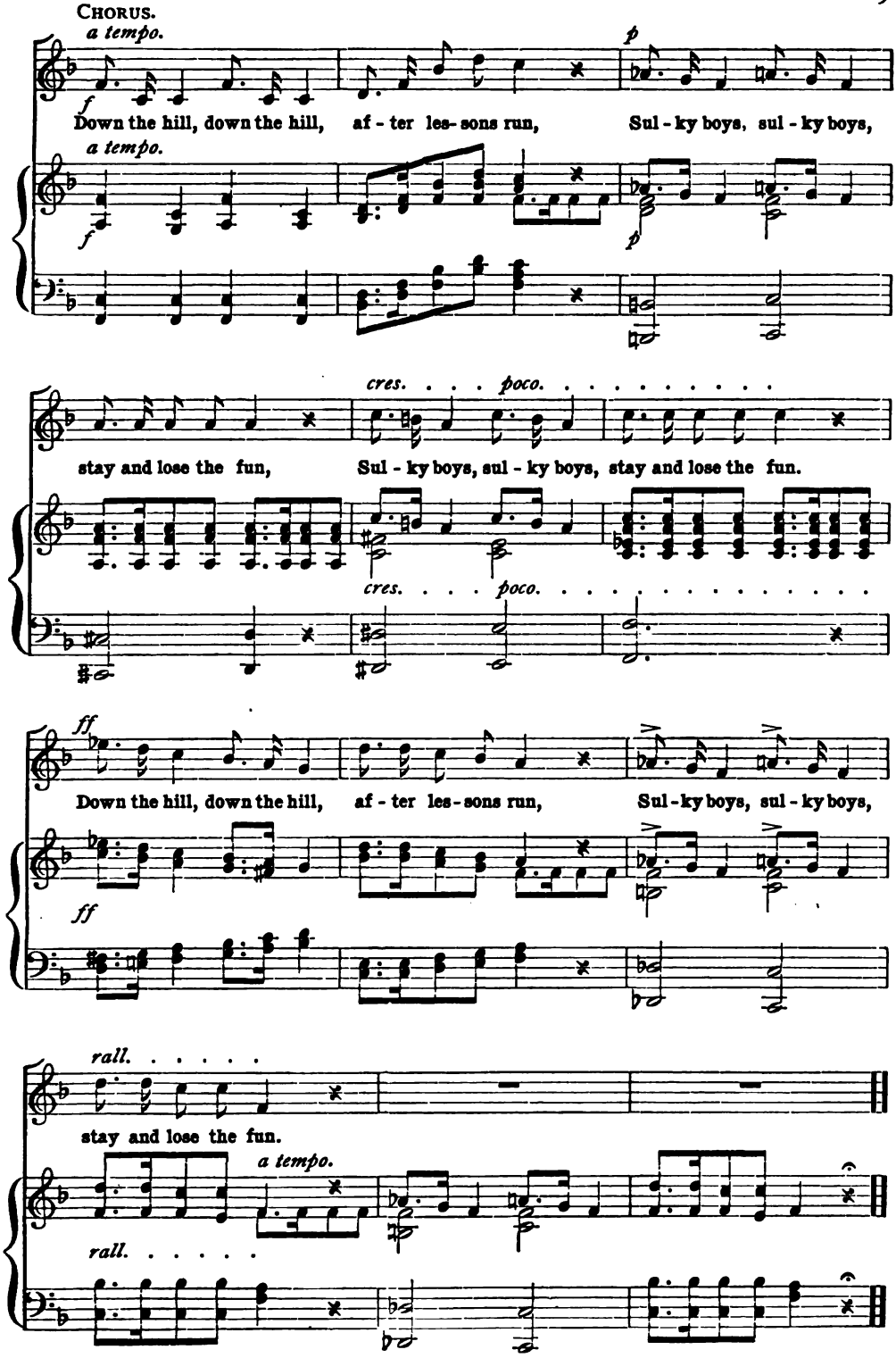
List to the mer - ry click, wil - low tap-ping seam; Balls ring, throats sing,

f

rall.

to a gal - lant tune, Cheer-i - ly, cheer - i - ly goes the af - ter - noon.

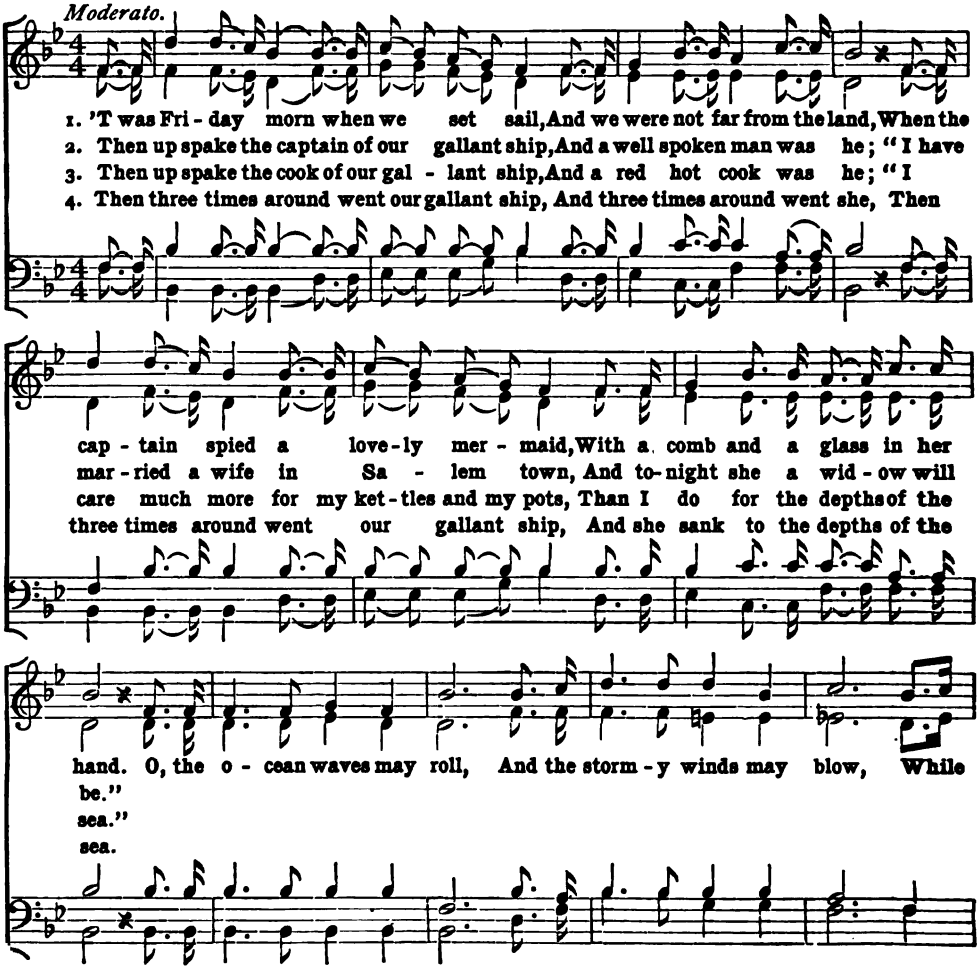
rall.

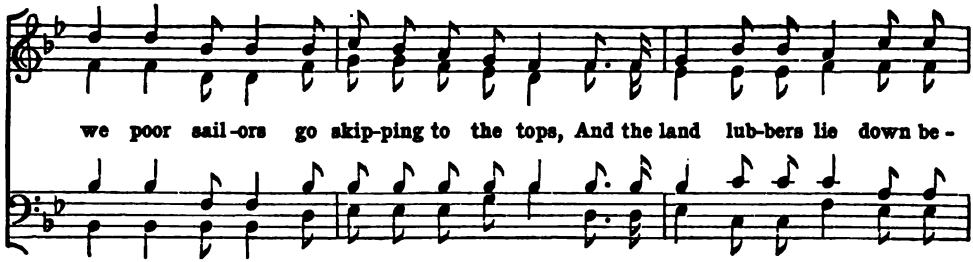

Chorus.
a tempo.
f
p
Down the hill, down the hill, af - ter les - sons run, Sul - ky boys, sul - ky boys,
a tempo.
f
p
cres. . . . poco. . . . . .
stay and lose the fun, Sul - ky boys, sul - ky boys, stay and lose the fun.
cres. . . . poco. . . . . .
ff
Down the hill, down the hill, af - ter les - sons run, Sul - ky boys, sul - ky boys,
ff
rall. . . . . .
stay and lose the fun.
a tempo.
rall. . . . . .
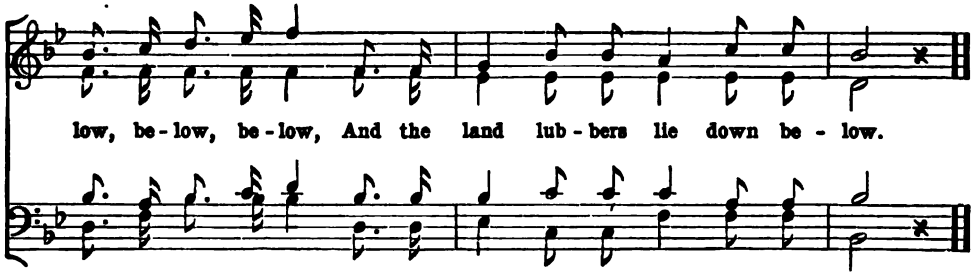
2 Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we scud,
In the dull December, plashing in the mud;
Legs, as their manner is, turn to black and blue;
Mud spatters head to foot—well, and if it do?
Legs yet will carry us through another day;
Mud is only water modifying clay.
Down the hill, down the hill, after lessons run,
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay and lose the fun.

3 Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill at last,
When Commencement morning tells of labor past;
Now, just a month or two, put the books to bed,
Horse, dog, gun and rod, you come out instead;
Who would n't, now and then, amiably thus
Gratify the home folks with a sight of us?
Down the hill, down the hill, after lessons run,
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay and lose the fun.

No. 39. THE MERMAID

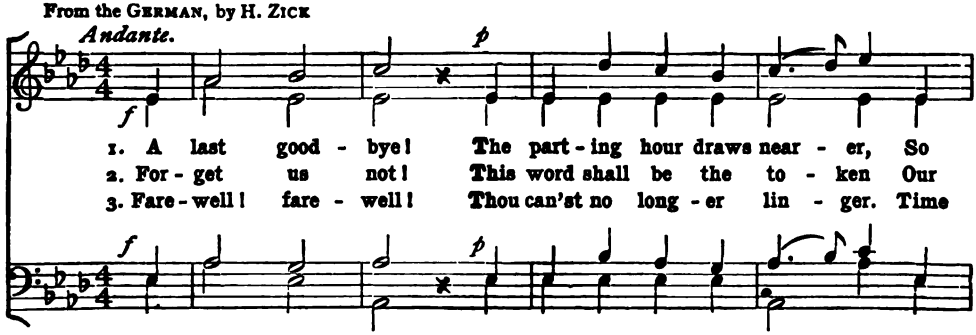


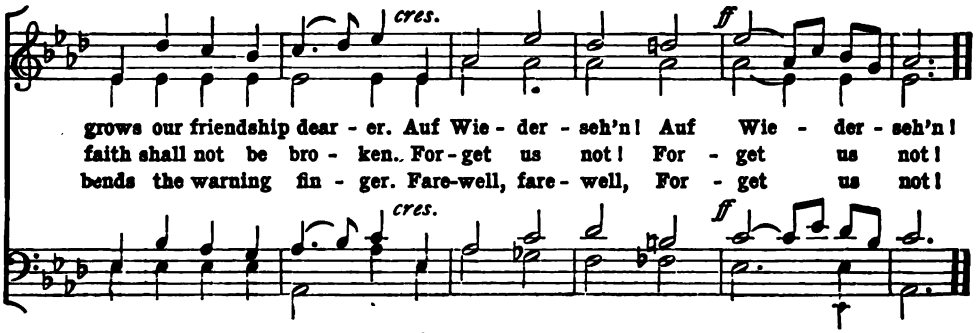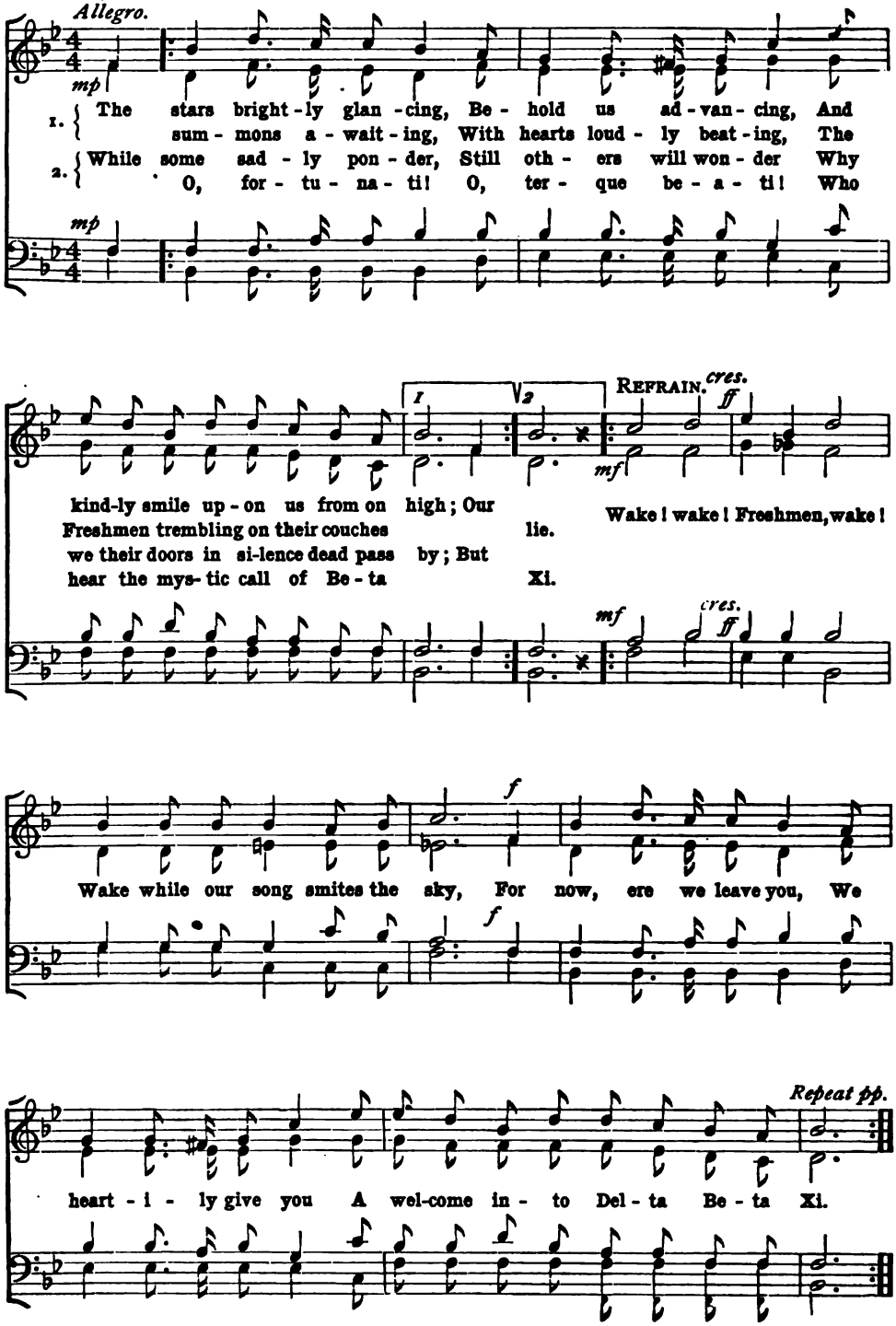




No. 40. FAREWELL SONG

From the GERMAN, by H. ZICK





No. 41. WAKE, FRESHMEN, WAKE



No. 42. SOURCE OF SONG
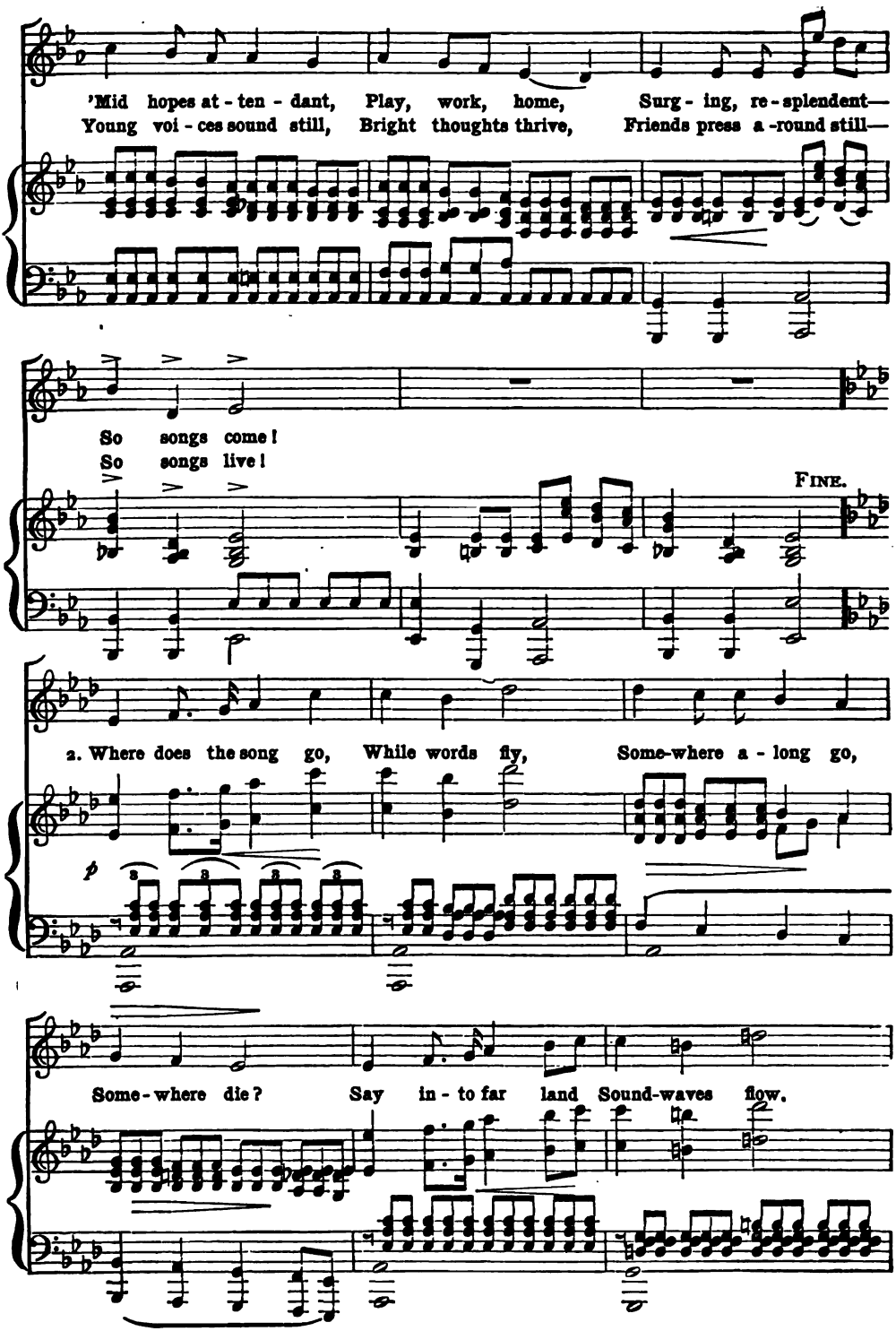
E. E. B. (HARROW SCHOOL SONG) J. F.
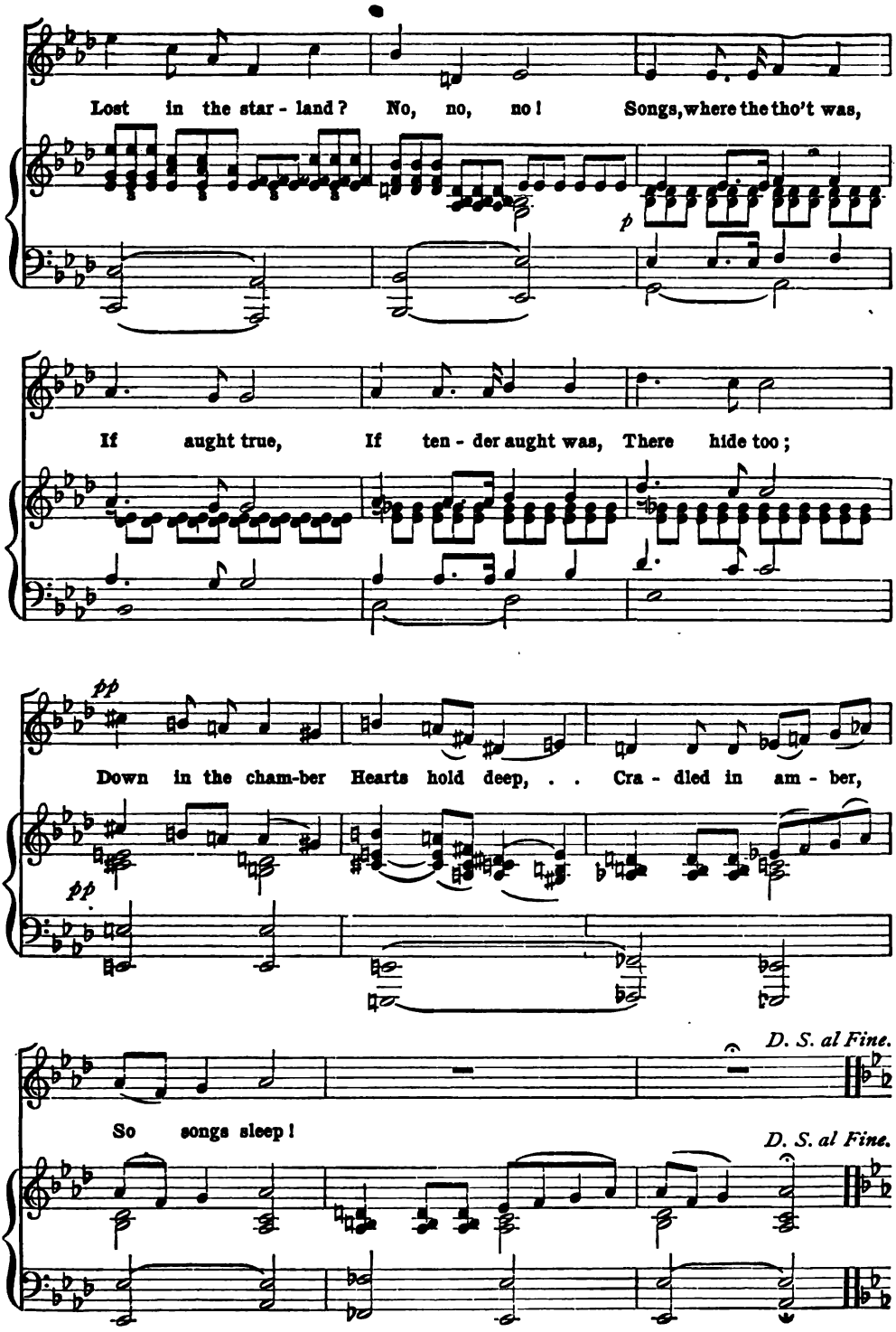
1. How does the song come,
3. Can yet the song live,

Whence up - swell, Whence on the tongue come, playmates, tell! Say, from the waste time,
Once more come, Voice -ful and strong-live, Now all dumb? Say, will it slum - ber

Chance sounds grow, Throats' idle pastime? No, no, no! While 'mid the breez - es,
Faint, thin, low, Years not to number? No, no, no! When droops the bold - est,
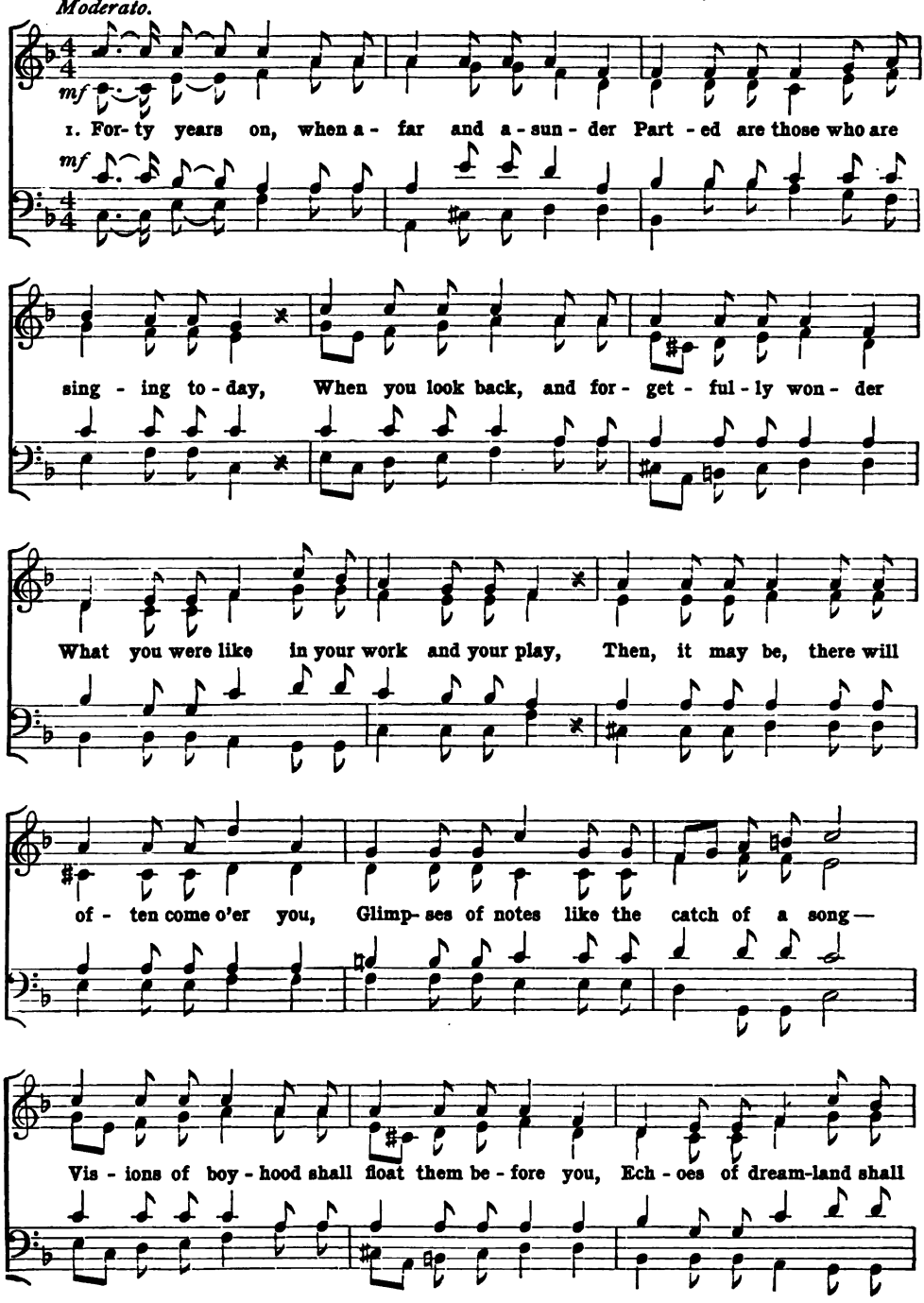
Life breathes free, Ere trou-ble freez - es, Youth's blue sea,
When hope flies, When hearts are cold - est Dead songs rise,
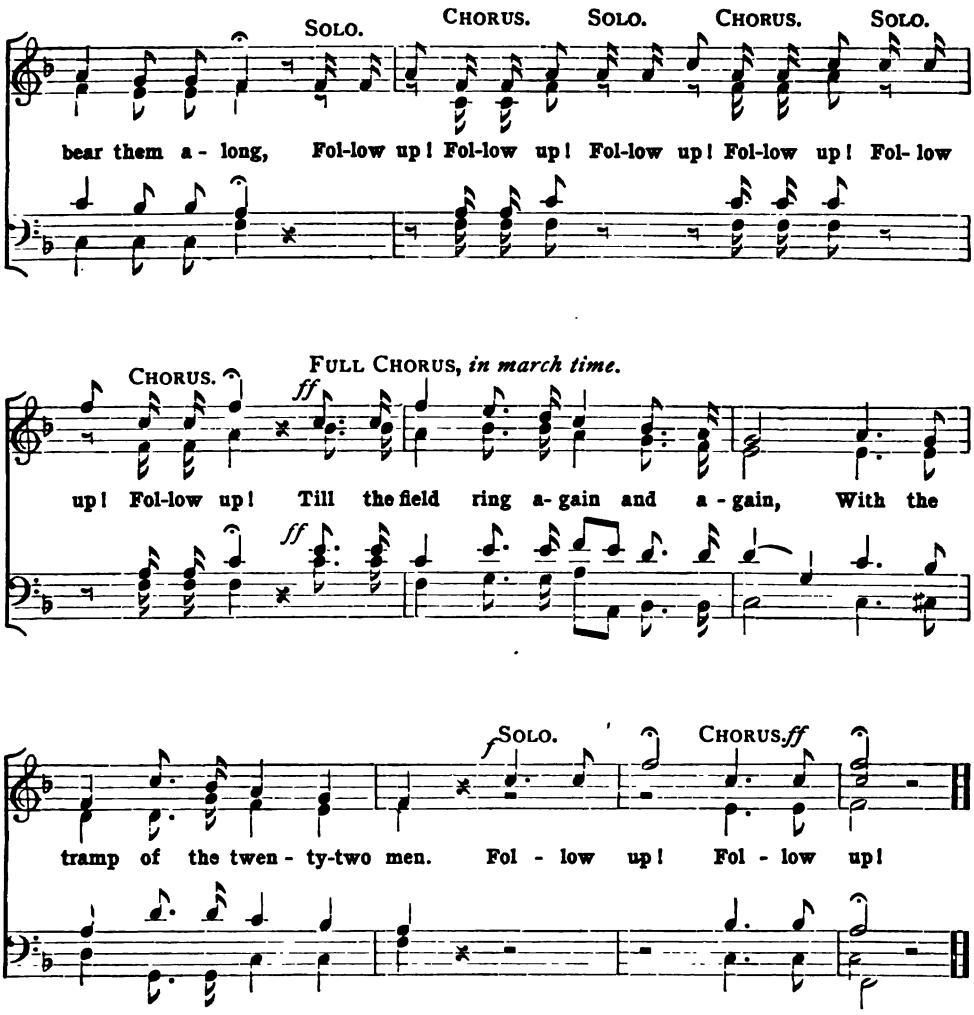

'Mid hopes at - ten - dant, Play, work, home, Surg - ing, re - splendent—
Young voi - ces sound still, Bright thoughts thrive, Friends press a - round still—
So songs come!
So songs live!
FINE.
2. Where does the song go, While words fly, Some-where a - long go,
Some - where die? Say in - to far land Sound-waves flow.


Lost in the star - land? No, no, no! Songs, where the tho't was,
p
If aught true, If ten - der aught was, There hide too;
pp
Down in the cham-ber Hearts hold deep, . . Cra - dled in am - ber,
pp
D. S. al Fine.
So songs sleep!
D. S. al Fine.

No. 43. FOOTBALL SONG

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG: "FORTY YEARS ON")





2 Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Touch-downs attempted, resisted, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,
How will it seem to you, forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it, [knee,
Neither the last nor the faintest, were we!
Follow up! etc.
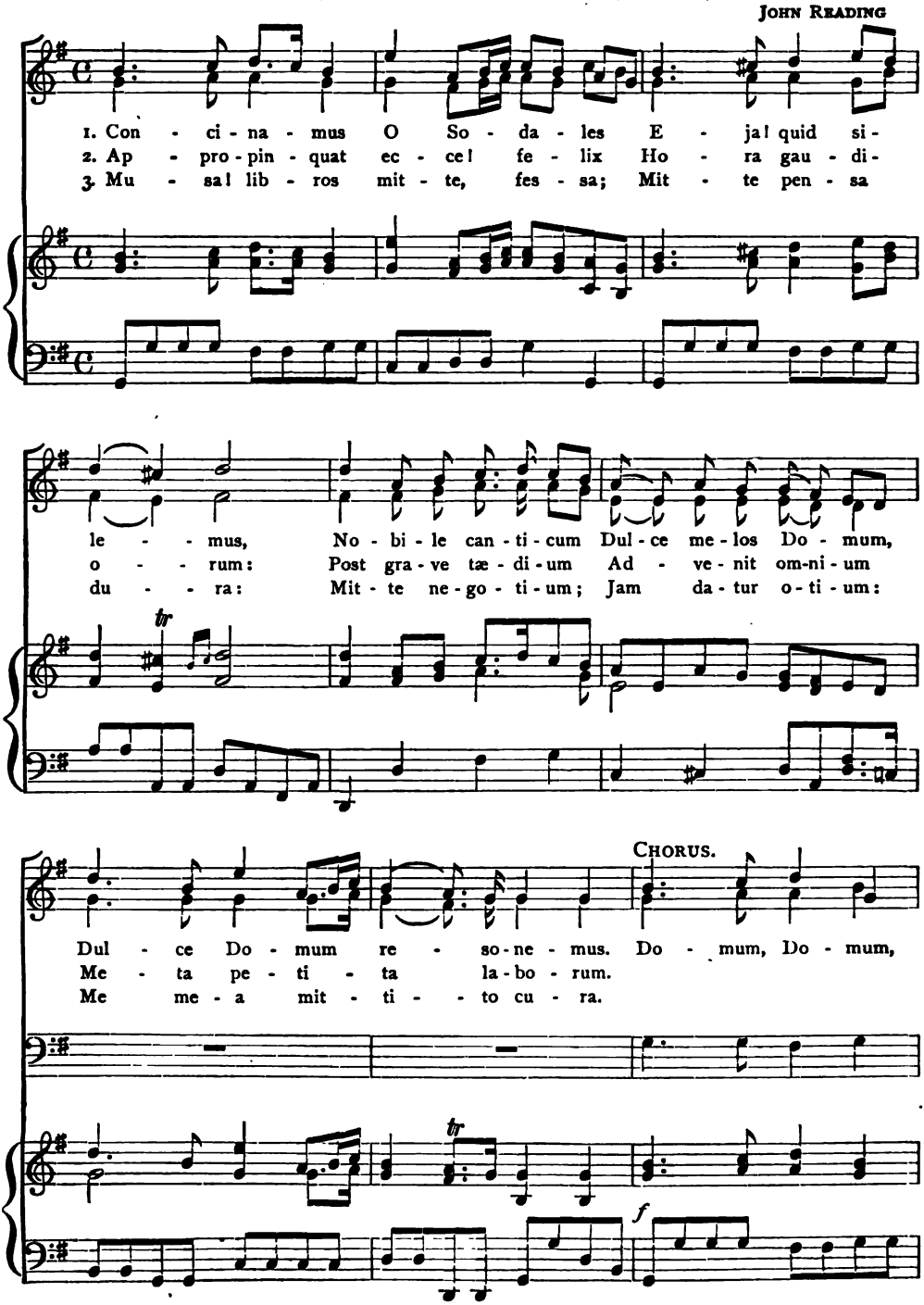
3 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! etc.
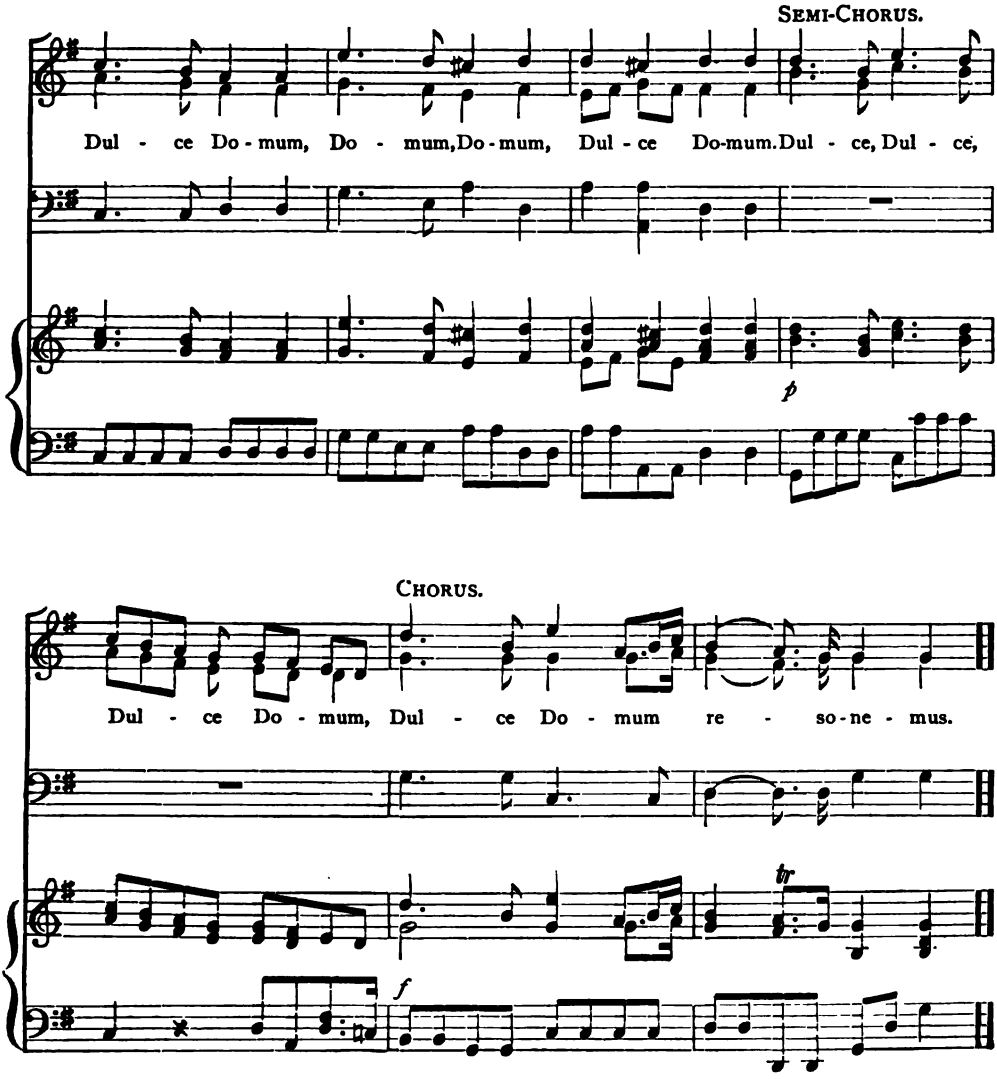
4 Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder, [strong?
What will it help you that once you were
God give us goals then to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! etc.

No. 44. DULCE DOMUM

(WINCHESTER SCHOOL SONG)

JOHN READING





4 Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena:
Nosque Domum repetamus.
CHO.—Domum, Domum, etc.

5 Heus! Rogere! fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
CHO.—Domum, Domum, etc.

6 Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
CHO.—Domum, Domum, etc.

No. 45. WANDERLIED

Translated from the German by F. W. F. GERMAN MELODY
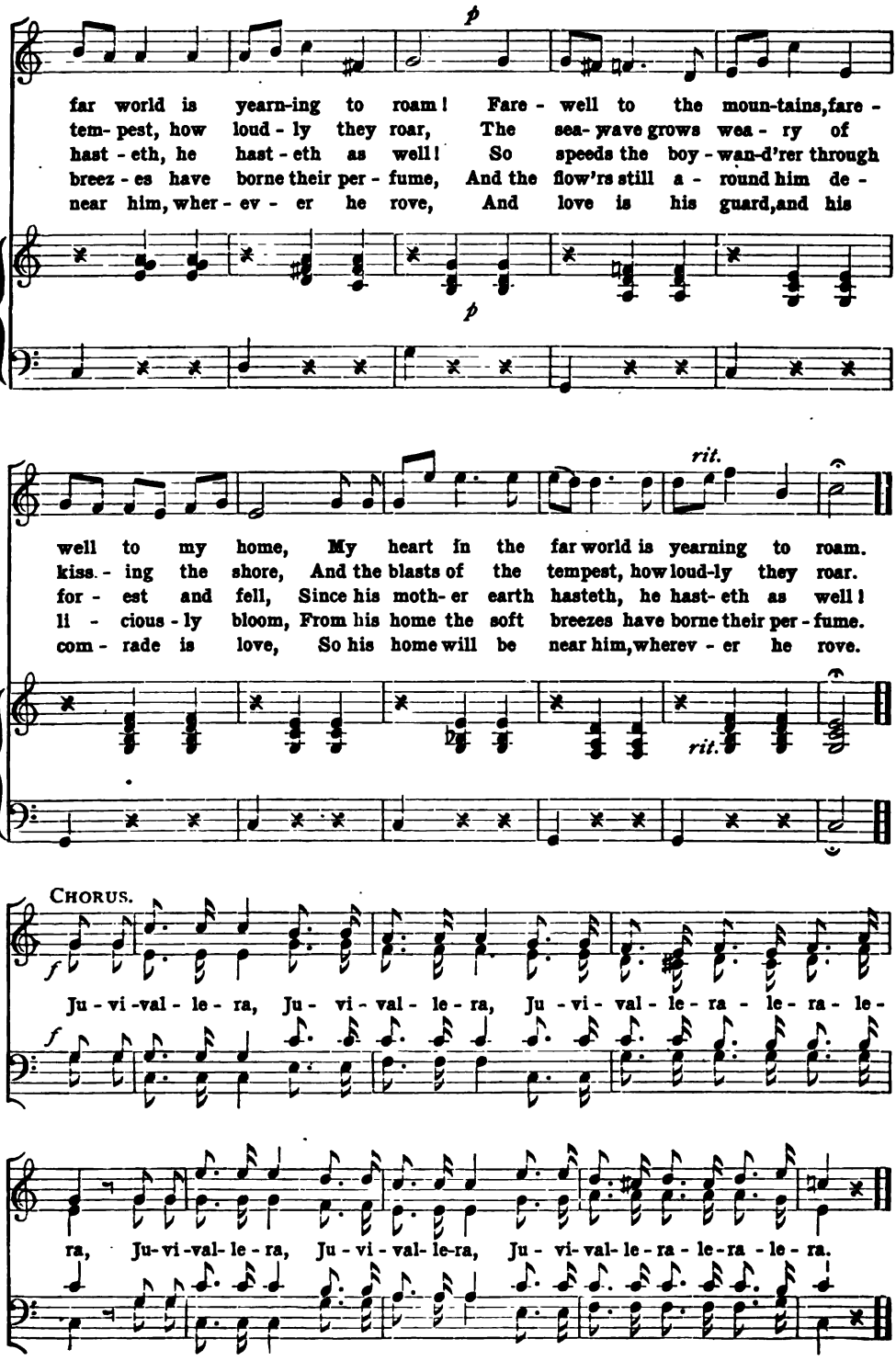
Allegretto.

1. Ho! drain the bright wine cup, ho! drink with good cheer, For the hour of our part - ing, my loved ones, is near; Fare - well to the
2. Not long doth the sun in his blue tent re - main, He flames o'er the o - cean, he rolls o'er the plain; The sea- wave grows
3. The bird on the swift cloud is hur - ried a - long, A - far doth it war - ble its home - lov - ing song; So speeds the boy
4. Far a - way the birds greet him with songs from the blue, From plains of his home o'er the wa - ters they flew; And the flow'rs still a -
5. O'er the roofs of his fa - thers the bird's wing hath flown, For the wreath of his dar - ling those blos - soms were sown; And love is his

p *cres.* *cres.*
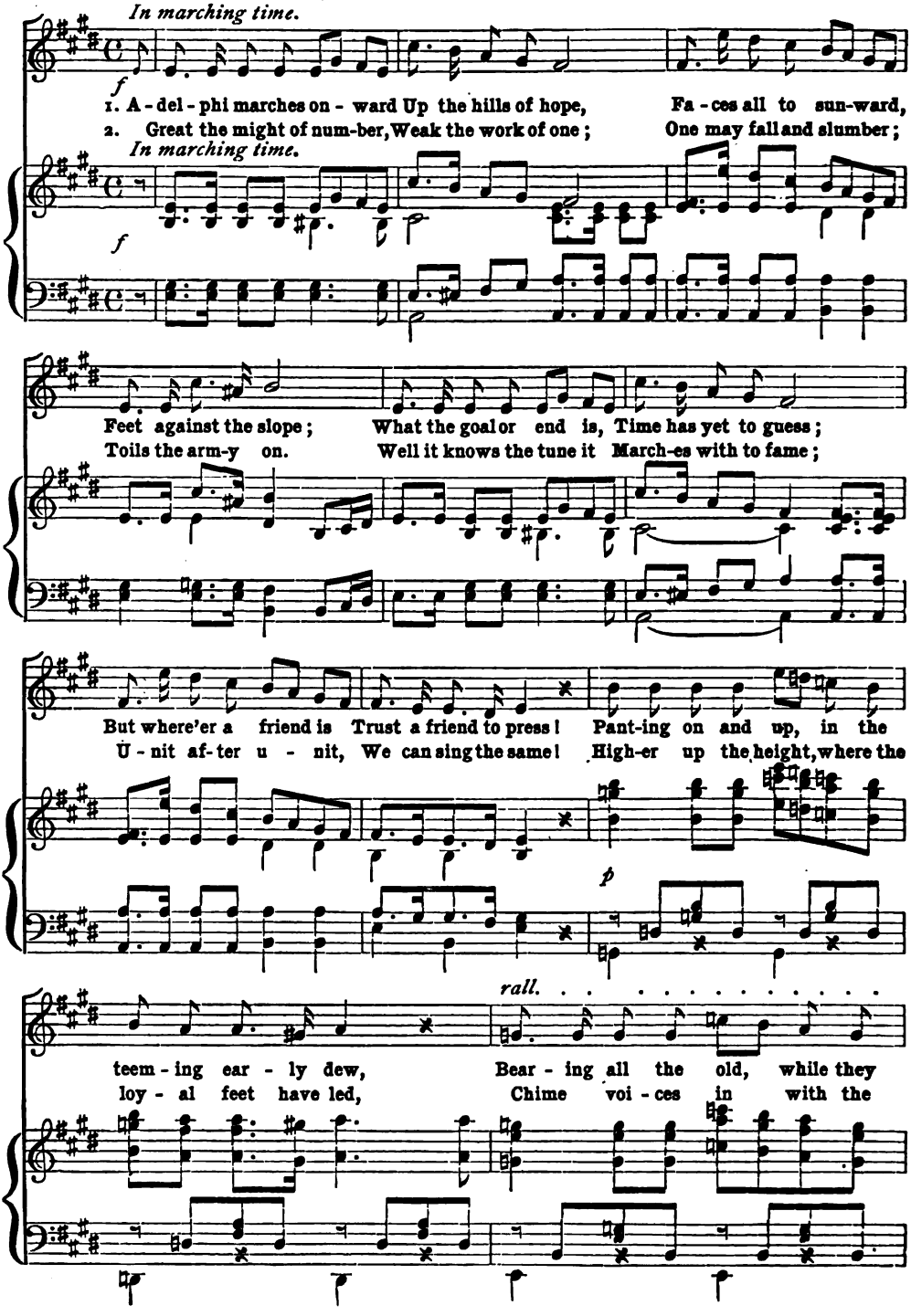
moun - tains, fare - well to my home, My heart in the
wea - ry of kiss - ing the shore, And the blasts of the
wan - d'rer through for - est and fell, Since his moth - er earth
round him de - li - cious - ly bloom, From his home the soft
guard, and his com - rade is love. So his home will be
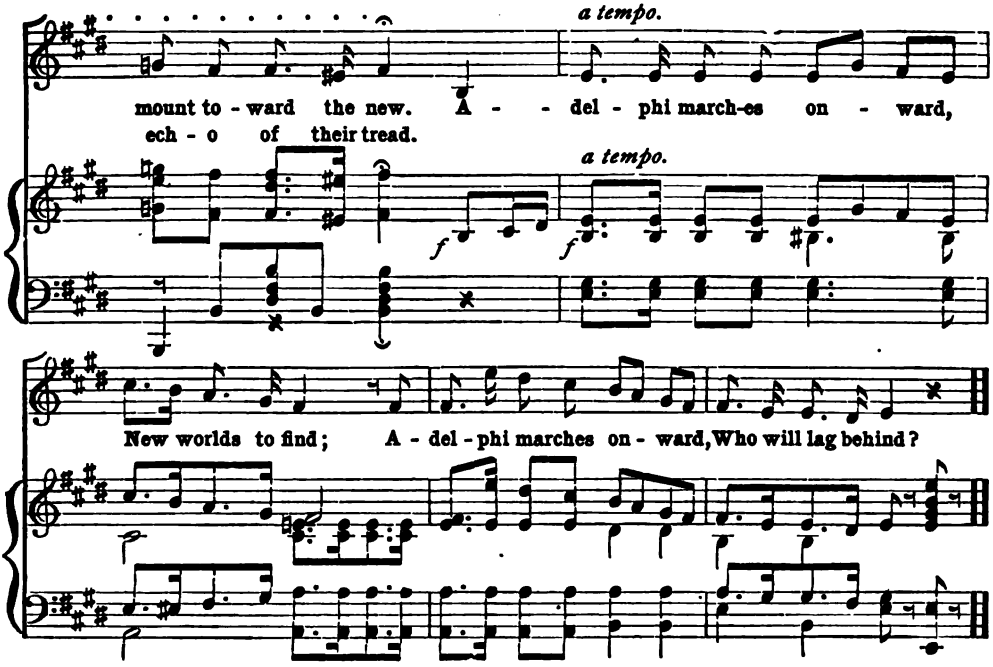
f *f*


p
far world is yearn-ing to roam! Fare - well to the moun-tains, fare -
tem- pest, how loud - ly they roar, The sea- wave grows wea - ry of
hast - eth, he hast - eth as well! So speeds the boy - wan-d'rer through
breez - es have borne their per - fume, And the flow'rs still a - round him de -
near him, wher - ev - er he rove, And love is his guard, and his
p
rit.
well to my home, My heart in the far world is yearning to roam.
kiss. - ing the shore, And the blasts of the tempest, how loud-ly they roar.
for - est and fell, Since his moth- er earth hasteth, he hast- eth as well!
li - cious - ly bloom, From his home the soft breezes have borne their per - fume.
com - rade is love, So his home will be near him, wherev - er he rove.
rit.
CHORUS.
f
Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra - le - ra - le -
f
ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le-ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra - le - ra - le - ra.

No. 46. ADELPHI MARCHES ONWARD

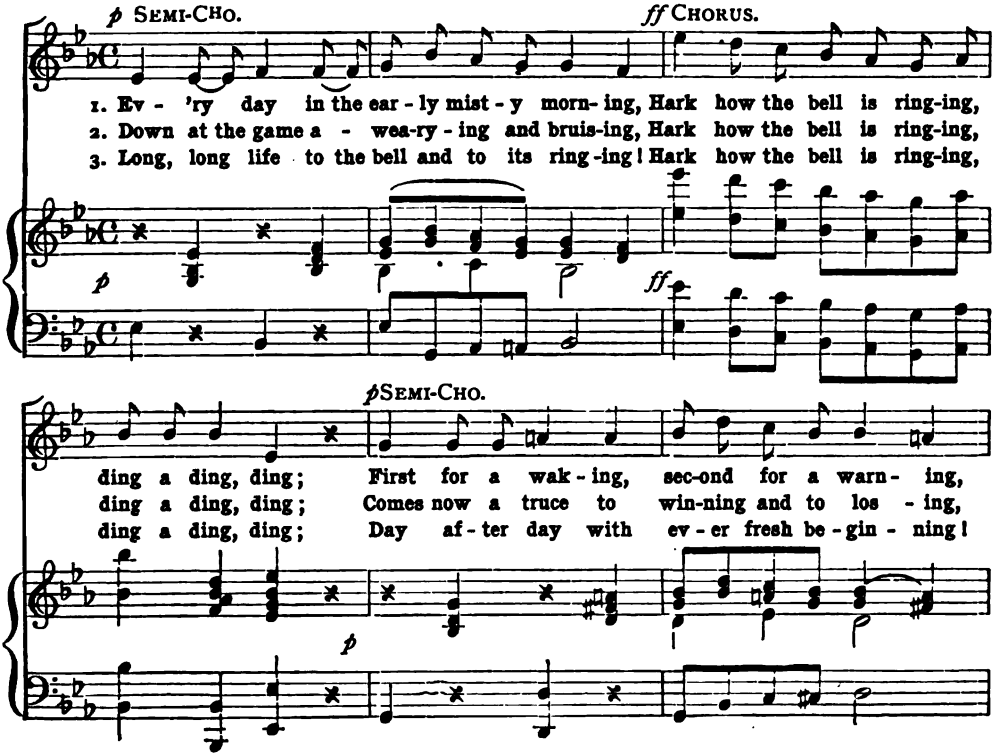
(Adapted from HARROW SCHOOL SONG)
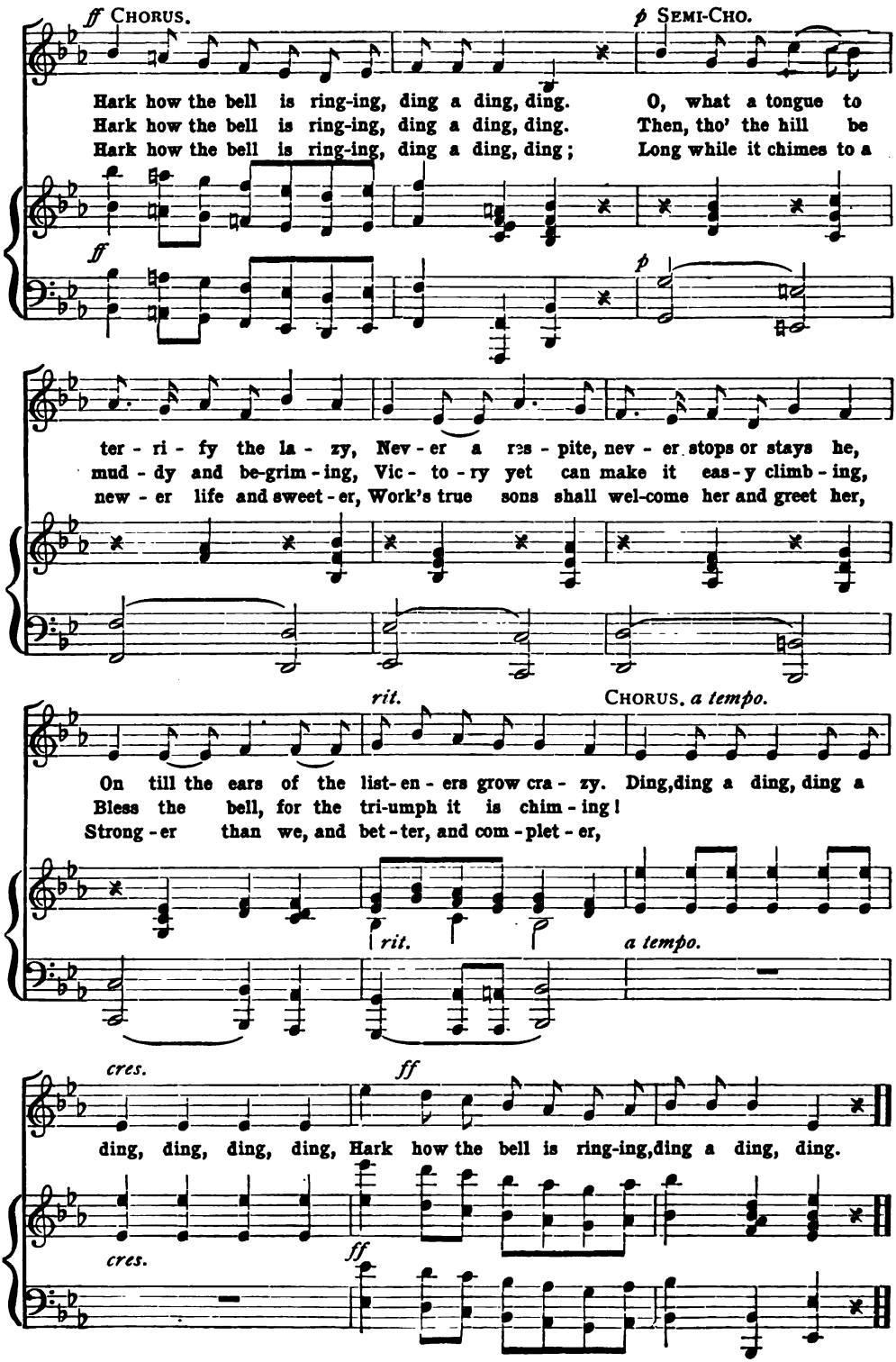




No. 47. THE VOICE OF THE BELL
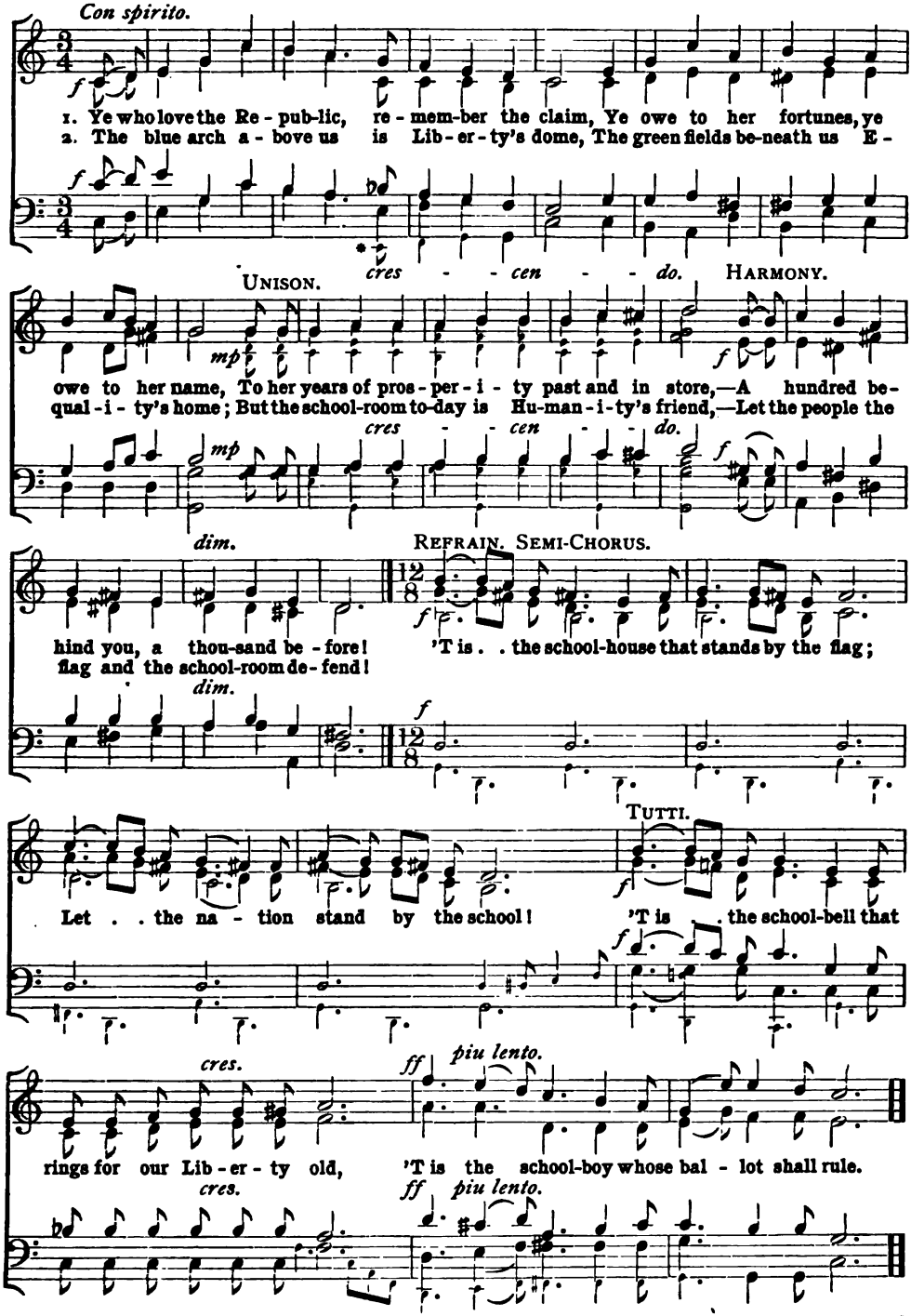
(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)




ff CHORUS.
p SEMI-CHO.
Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding.
Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding.
Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding;
O, what a tongue to
Then, tho' the hill be
Long while it chimes to a
ter - ri - fy the la - zy, Nev - er a res - pite, nev - er stops or stays he,
mud - dy and be-grim - ing, Vic - to - ry yet can make it eas - y climb - ing,
new - er life and sweet - er, Work's true sons shall wel-come her and greet her,
rit.
CHORUS. a tempo.
On till the ears of the list-en - ers grow cra - zy. Ding, ding a ding, ding a
Bless the bell, for the tri-umph it is chim - ing!
Strong - er than we, and bet - ter, and com - plet - er,
rit.
a tempo.
cres.
ff
ding, ding, ding, ding, Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding.
cres.
ff

No. 48. THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND THE FLAG
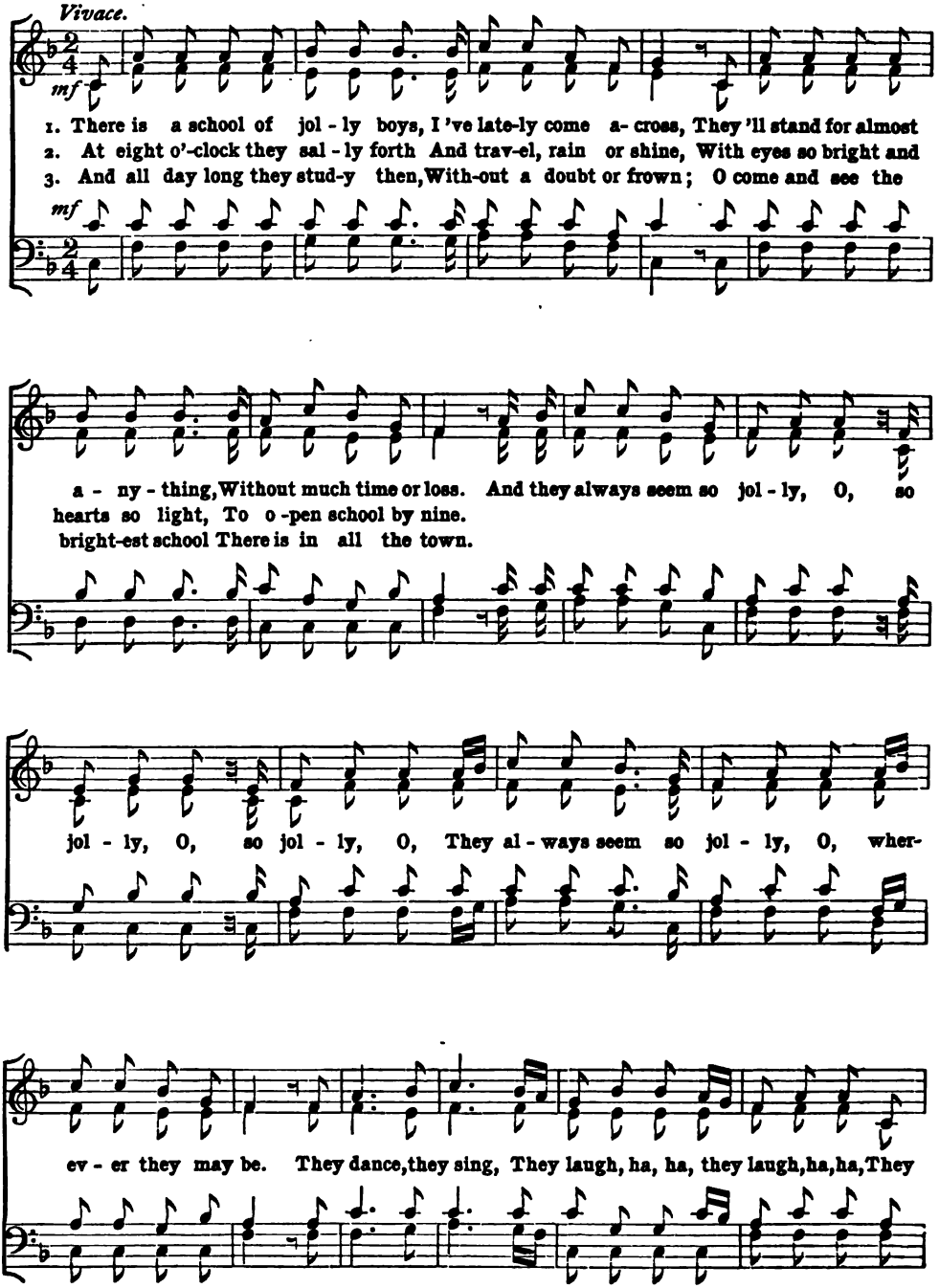
H. BUTTERWORTH FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK
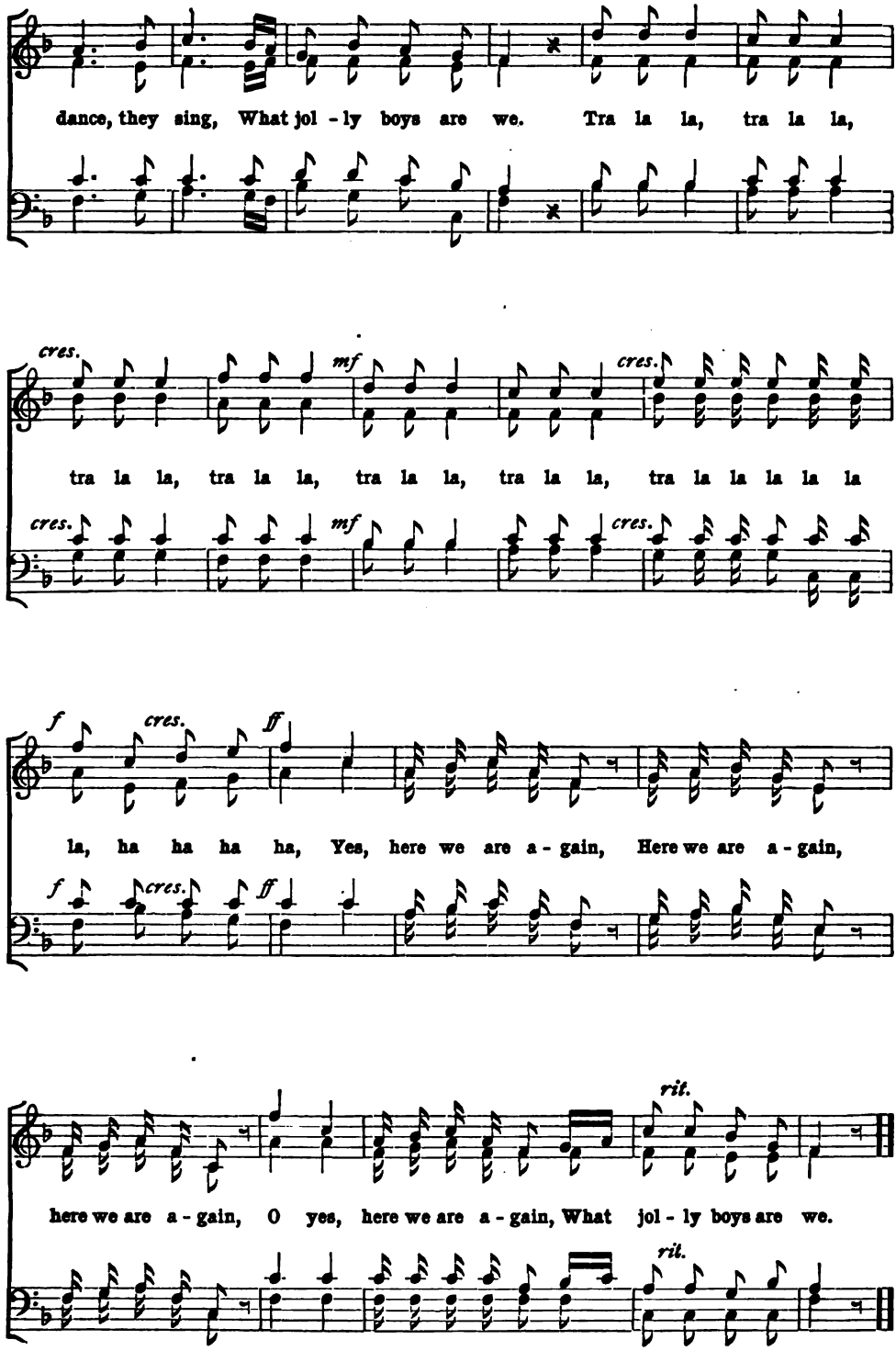


*Small notes for instrument only.
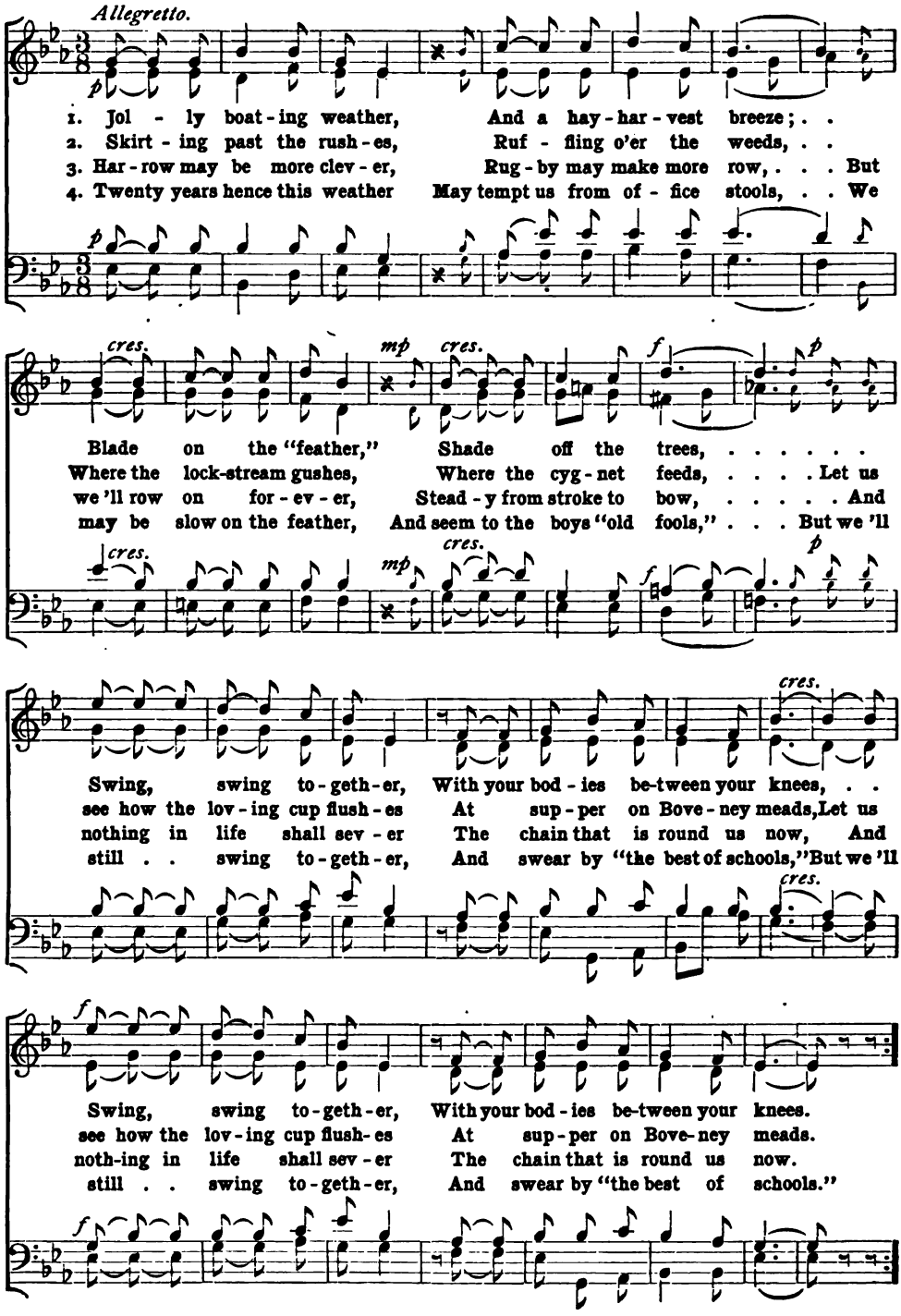
No. 49. THE SCHOOL OF JOLLY BOYS
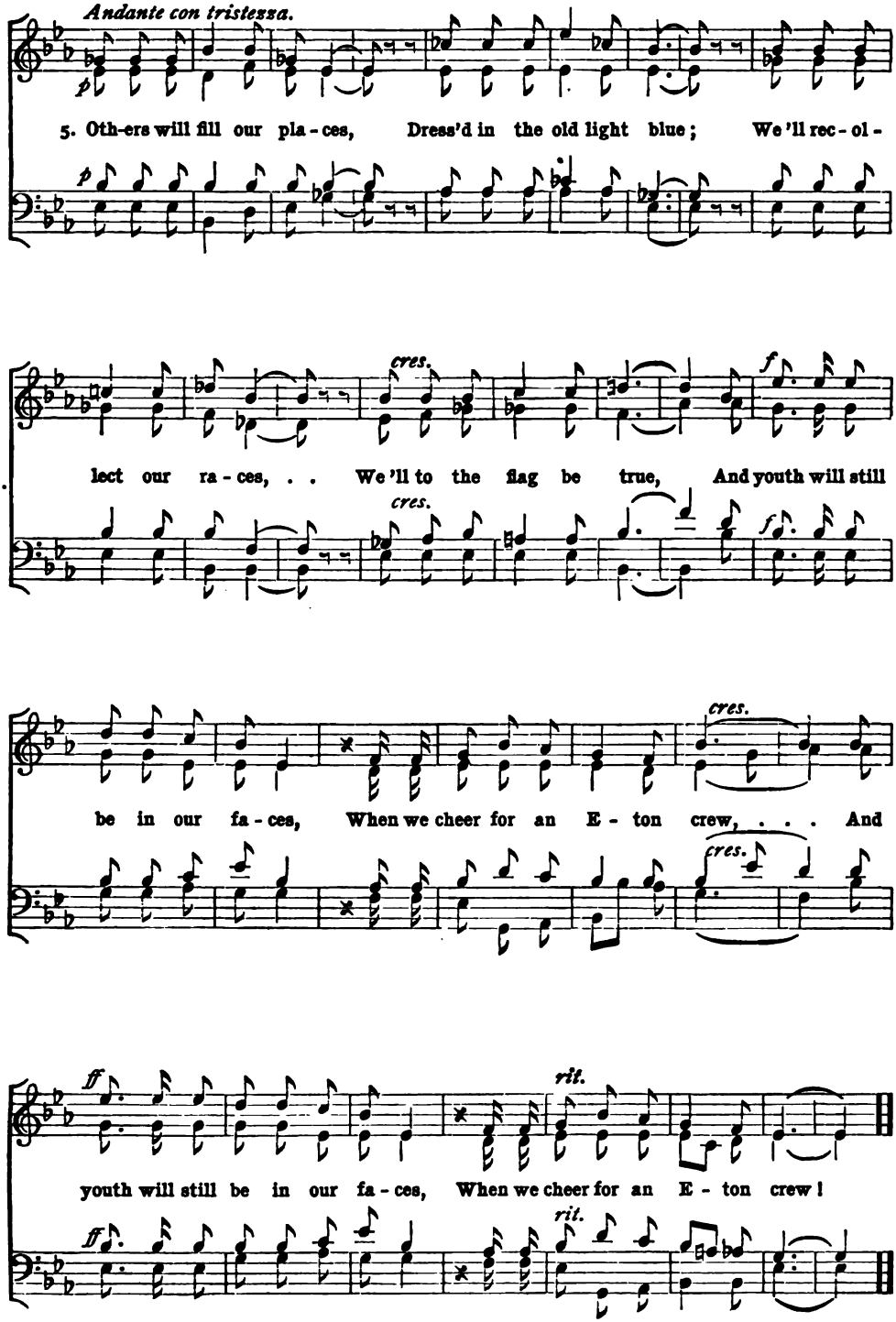
OLD MELODY




dance, they sing, What jol - ly boys are we. Tra la la, tra la la,
cres.
mf
cres.
tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la
cres.
mf
cres.
f
cres.
ff
la, ha ha ha ha, Yes, here we are a - gain, Here we are a - gain,
f
cres.
ff
rit.
here we are a - gain, O yes, here we are a - gain, What jol - ly boys are we.
rit.

No. 50. ETON BOATING SONG
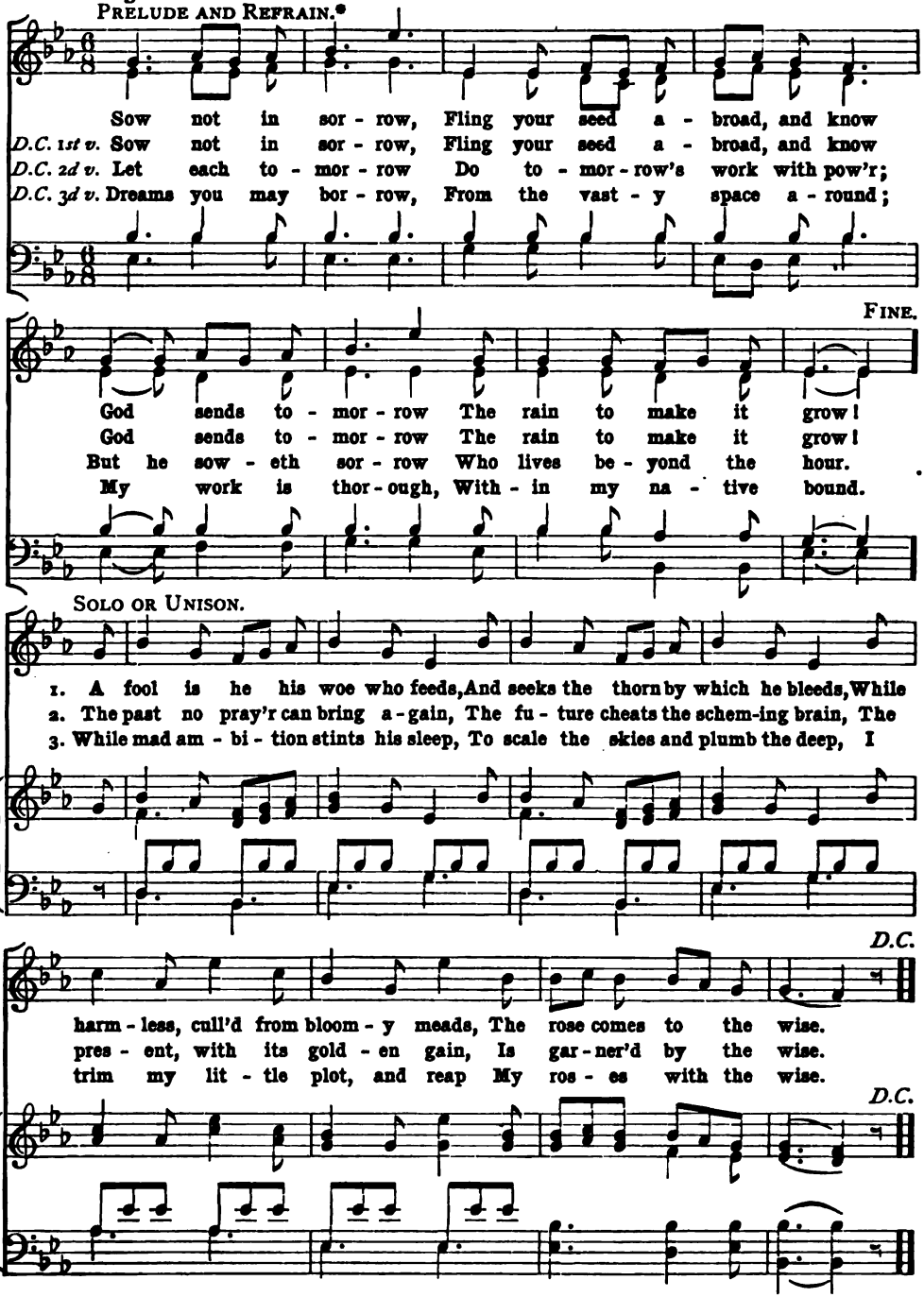



Andante con tristezza.
p
5. Oth-ers will fill our pla - ces, Dress'd in the old light blue; We 'll rec - ol -
cres.
f
lect our ra - ces, . . We 'll to the flag be true, And youth will still
cres.
f
be in our fa - ces, When we cheer for an E - ton crew, . . . And
cres.
cres.
ff
rit.
youth will still be in our fa - ces, When we cheer for an E - ton crew!
ff
rit.

No. 51. SOW NOT IN SORROW

NÄGELI

Allegretto.

PRELUDE AND REFRAIN.*



* Let the prelude be a solo or unison, with accompaniment of piano; the refrain, a chorus.

4 The Phrygian Midas prayed of old,
That all he touched might turn to gold,
But thus his dinner, we are told,
Was lost to him unwise!

REFRAIN.

He found a sorrow
Where he hoped a golden joy;
From Midas borrow,
And be a wiser boy!
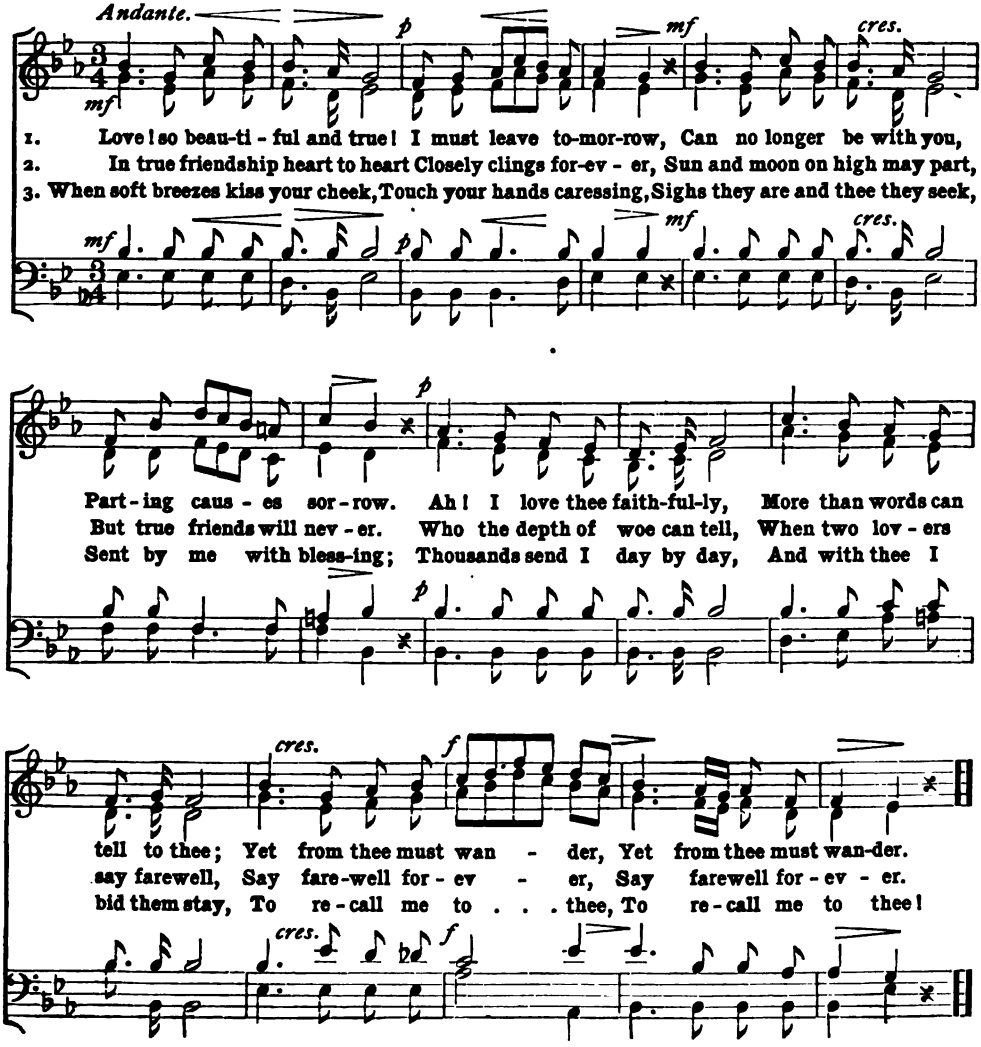
5 When storms with wintry bluster come
And Jove beats loud his thunder drum,
I sit beside the fire and hum
The song that cheers the wise.

REFRAIN.

Fear bringeth sorrow;
'Mid the world's confounding din,
Peace you may borrow
From faith that 's strong within!

No. 52. FAREWELL

From the German, by H. ZICK — SILCHER



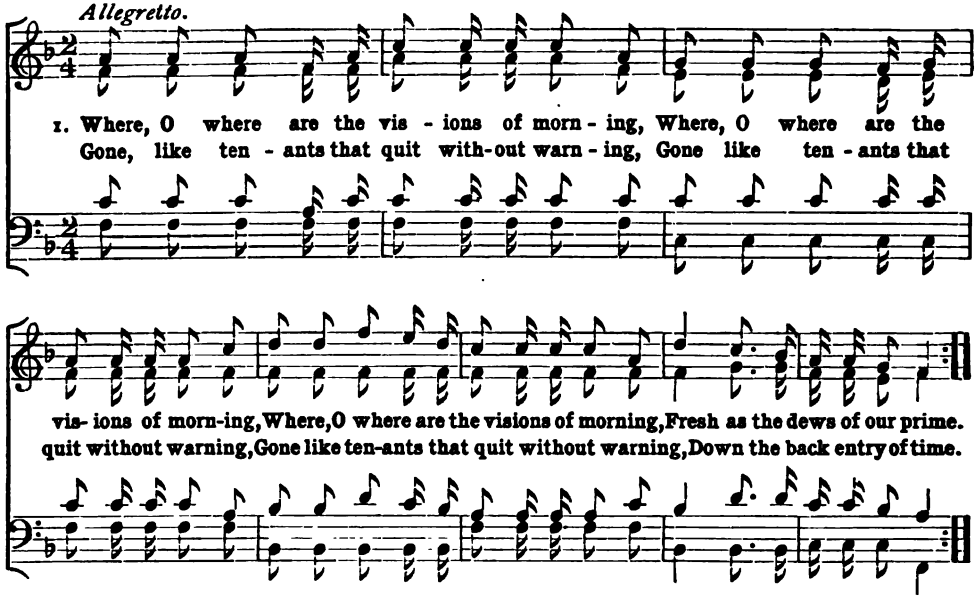
No. 53. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(HARVARD)

A SONG FOR THE CLASS OF '29

O. W. HOLMES

Allegretto.



2 Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.
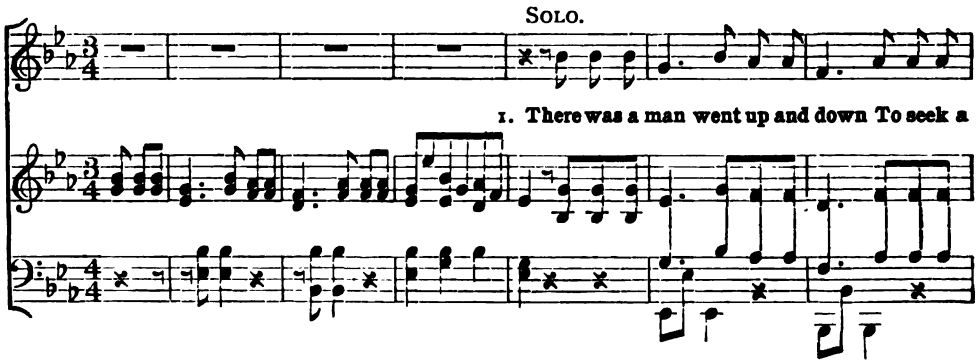
3 Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
Loving and lovely of yore?
Look in the columns of old Advertisers,
Married and dead by the score.

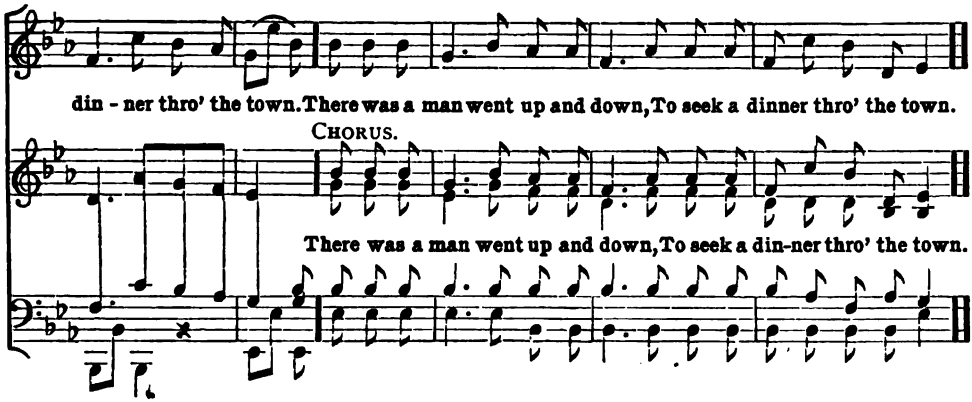
4 Where the grey colts and the ten-year-old fillies,
Saturday's triumph and joy?
Gone like our friend, swift-footed Achilles,
Homer's ferocious old boy.

5 Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
Hopes like young eagles at play,
Vows of unheard of and endless devotion,
How ye have faded away.

6 Yet, though the ebbing of time's mighty river
Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
Till the last pebble is dry.

No. 54. THE LONE FISH-BALL





2 What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jam and waffles makes?

3 He feels his cash to know his pence,
And finds he has but just six cents

4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls.

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers,—"one Fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball!"

9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please,"

10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

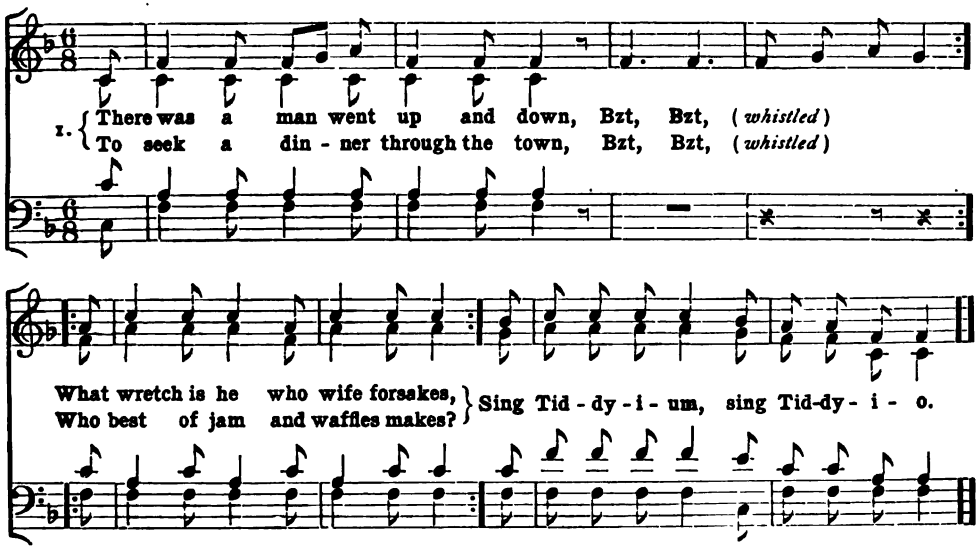
MORAL

11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

12 Who would Fish-ball with fixins eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

No. 55. THE LONE FISH-BALL
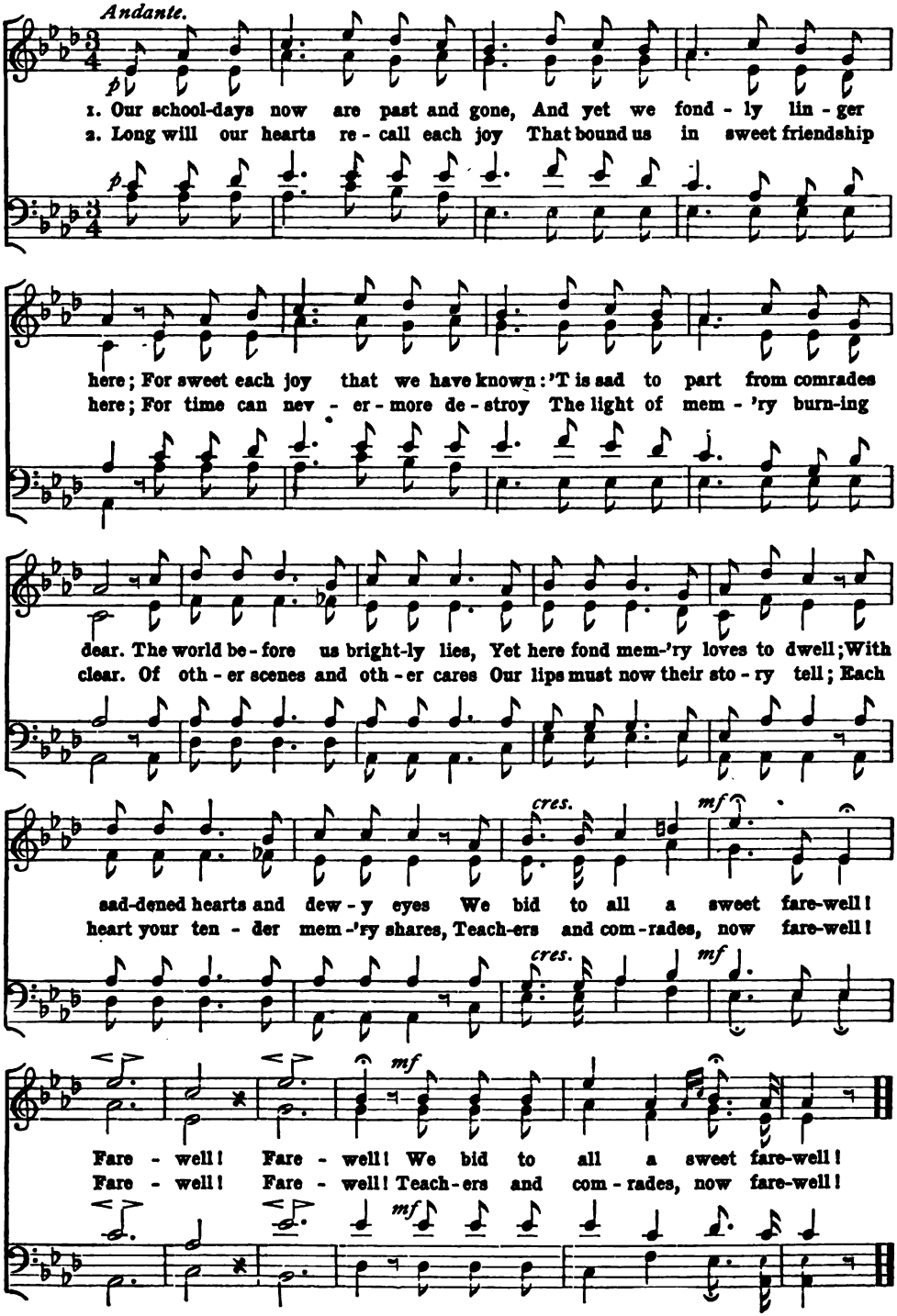
SECOND VERSION



FOOTNOTE. For remaining verses see previous version.

No. 56. GRADUATION SONG

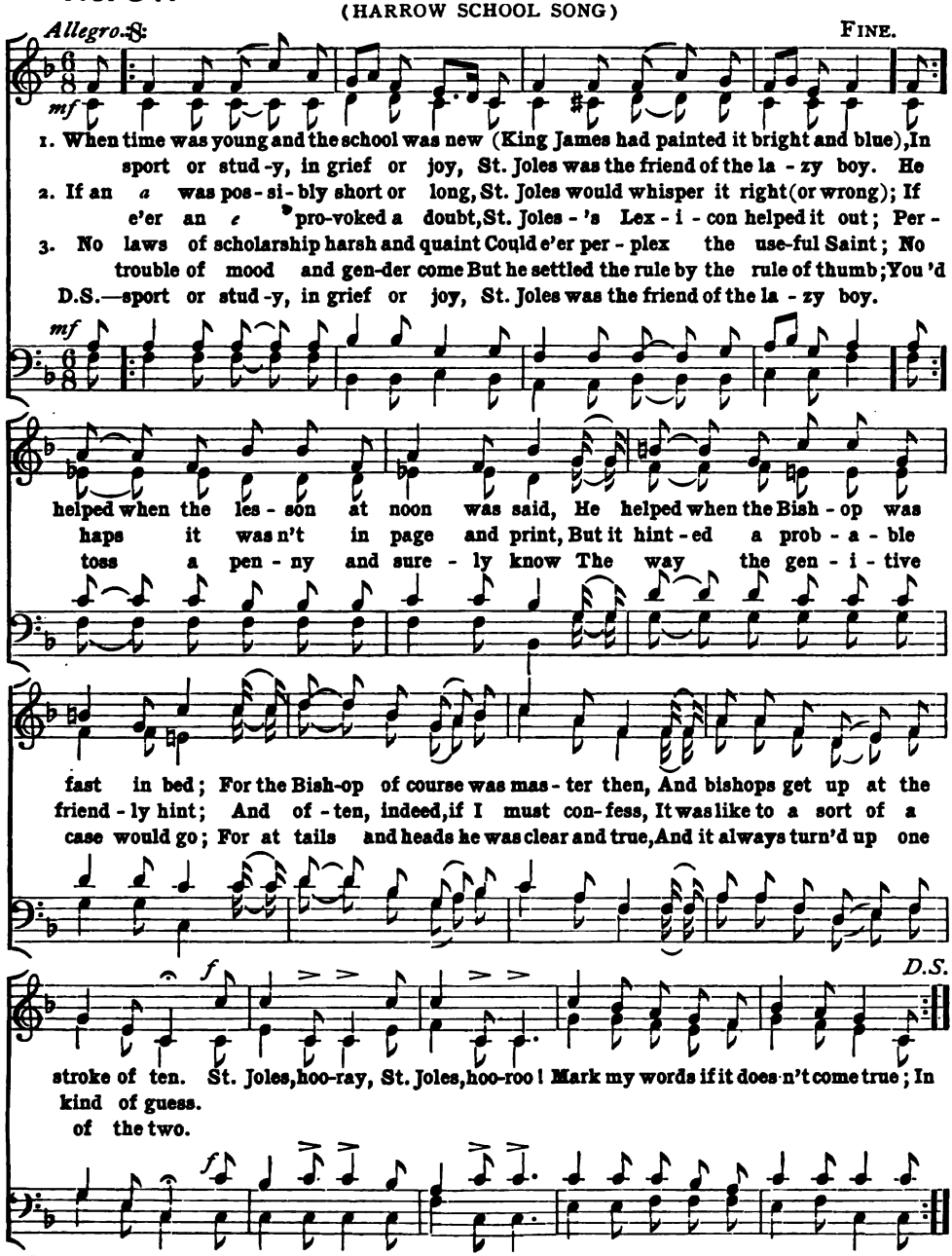
GEORGE COOPER — ANCIENT MELODY



No. 57.

SAINT JOLES

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)



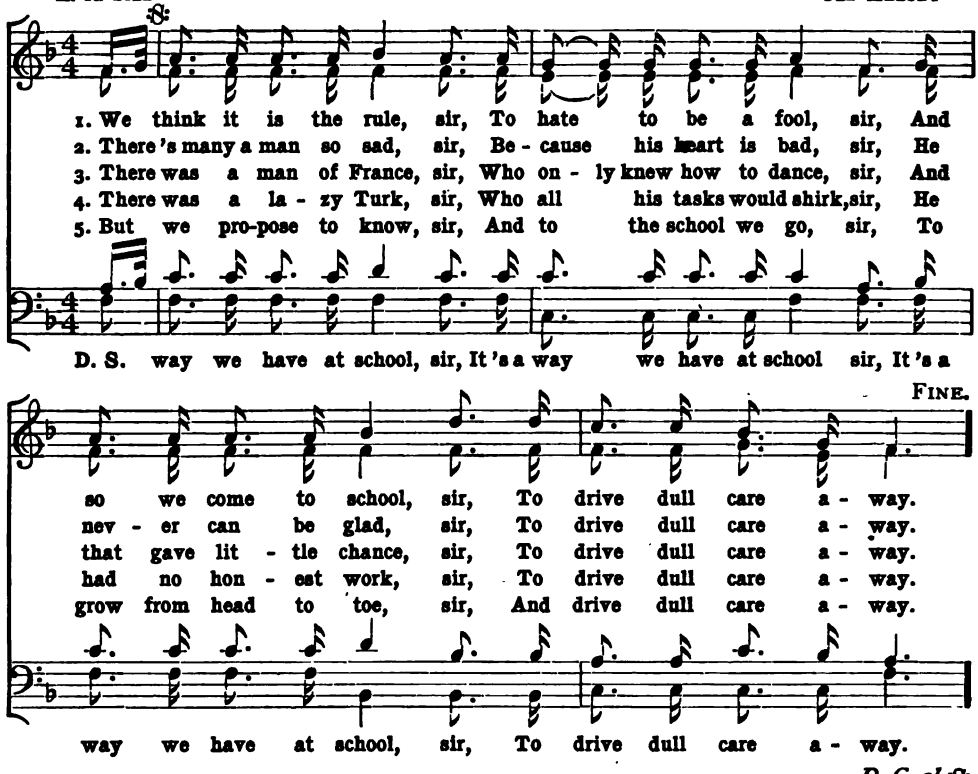
4 But there came a morning of fear and dread,
When the Bishop was up, and the Saint in bed;
And all the boys, from bottom to top,
Instead of bishop, pronounced bishóp!—
—However the guilty class might try,
They lengthened *o* and they shortened *i*;
And the Bishop with righteous anger flames;
And off he went, and he told King James.
St. Joles, hooray, etc.

5 O then King James, in his wrath and ire,
Degraded St. Joles to Joles Esquire;
And now to punish the awful crime
They get up at seven in winter time;
And oft the vowels in prose and song
St. Joles's Lexicon tells you wrong;
And if you believe me, down at play,
There 's always fog on St. Joles's Day.
St. Joles, hooray, etc.

No. 58. STUDENTS' WAY

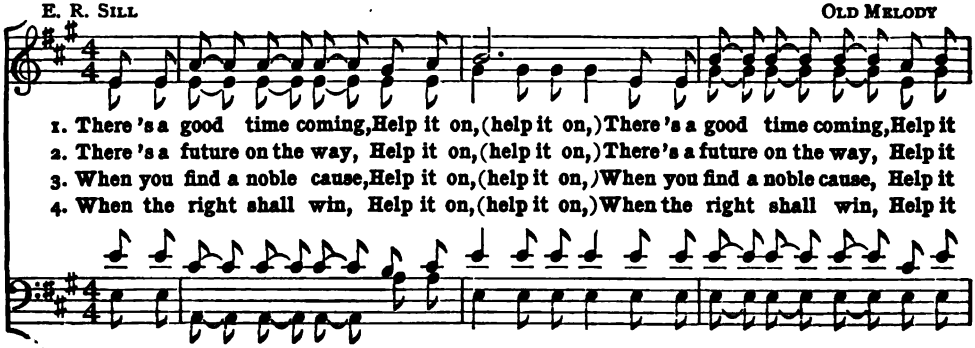
(IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT SCHOOL)

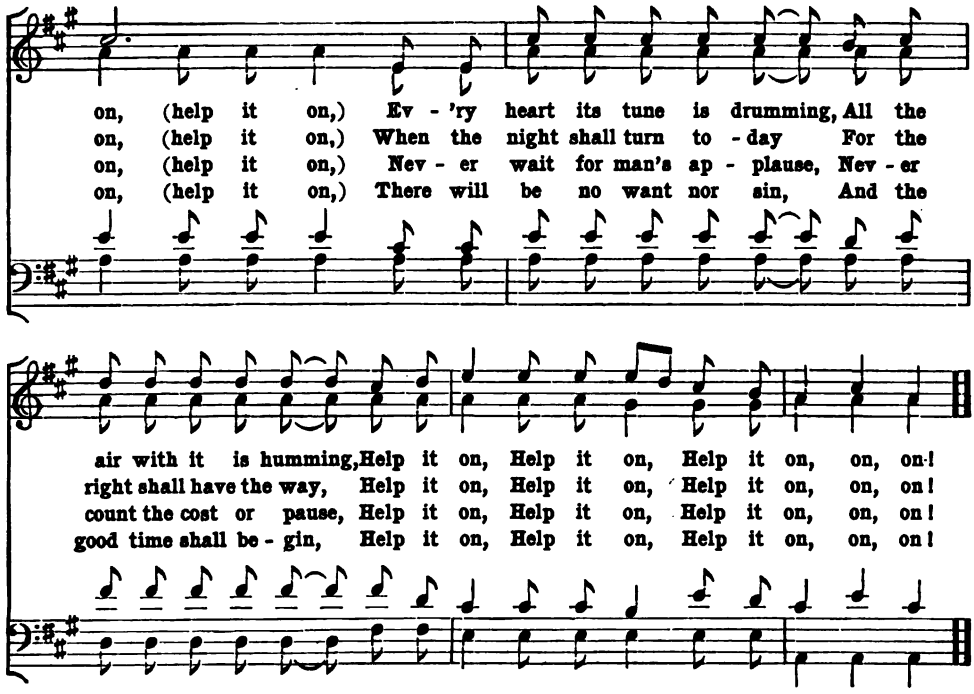
E. R. SILL — OLD MELODY



No. 59. HELP IT ON

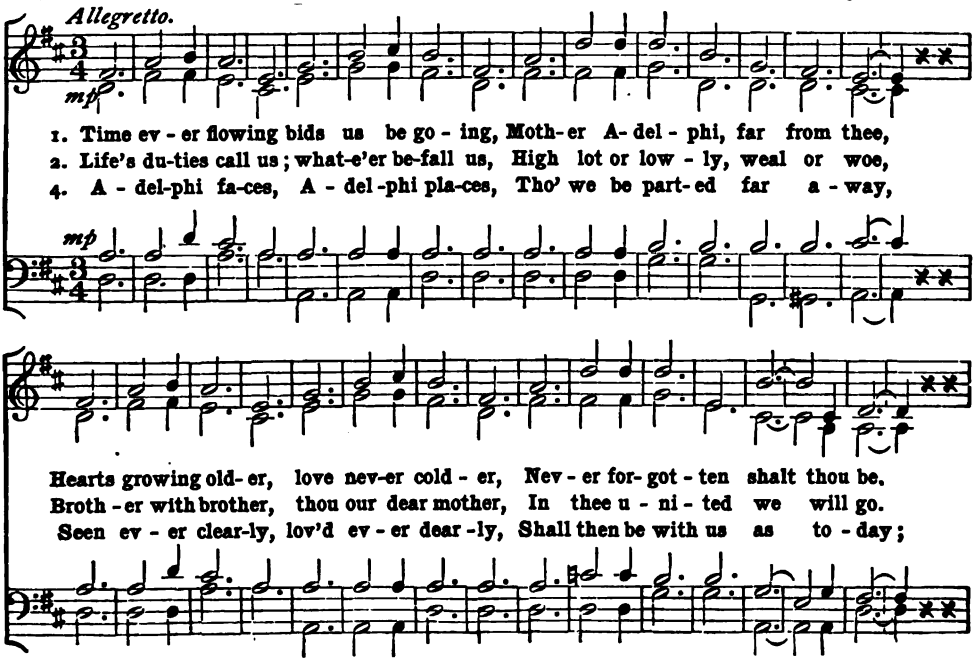
E. R. SILL — OLD MELODY
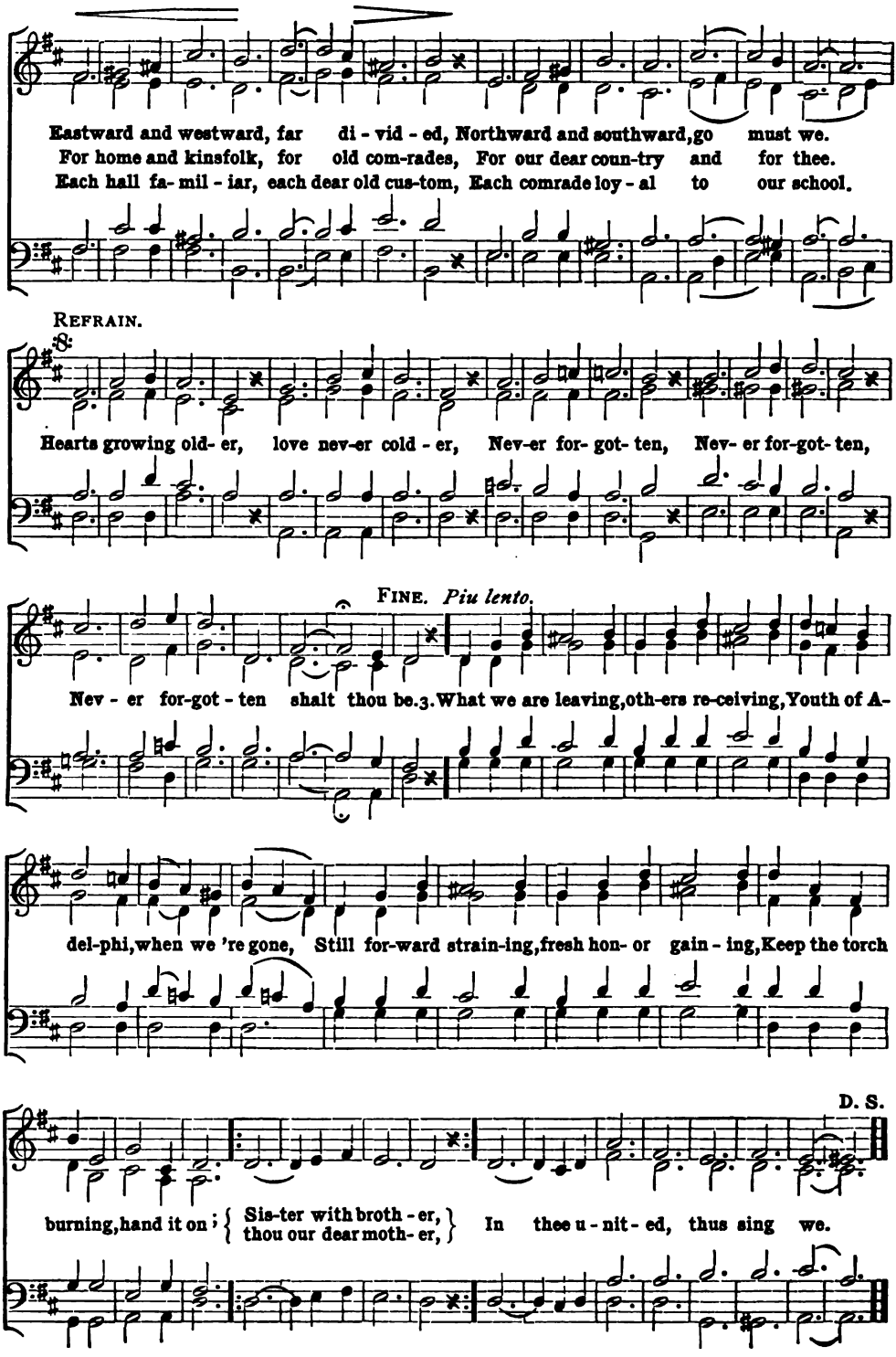




No. 60. VALE

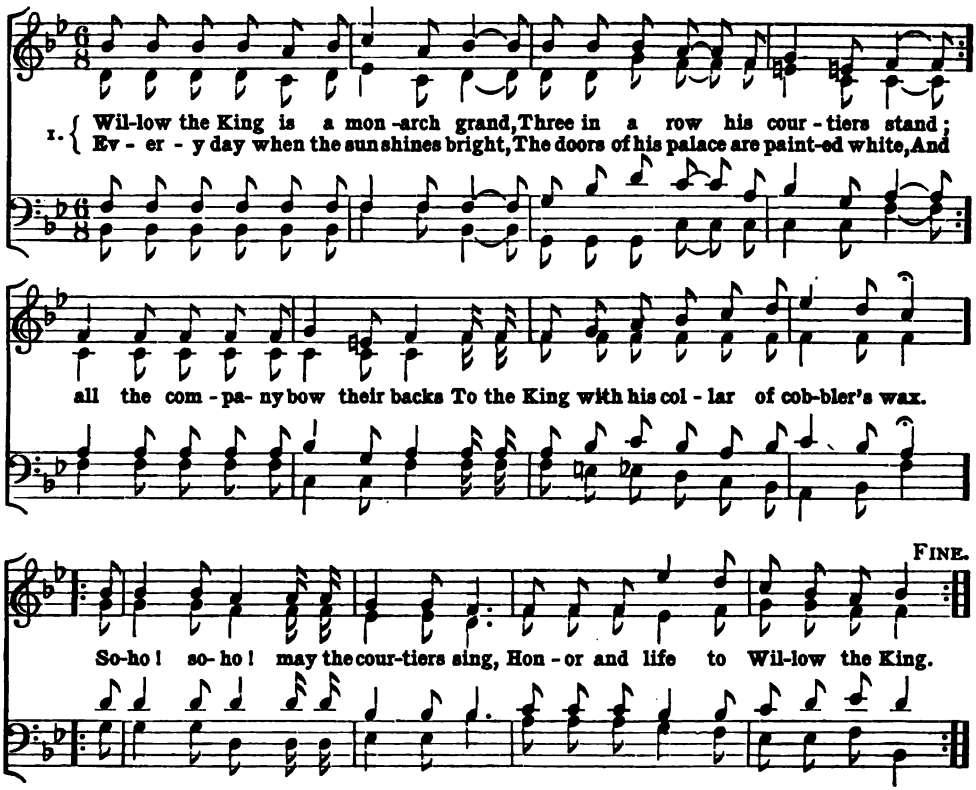
A. C. AINGER (ETON SONG, adapted) J. BARNBY Harmonized by C. H. L.




Eastward and westward, far di - vid - ed, Northward and southward, go must we.
For home and kinsfolk, for old com-rades, For our dear coun-try and for thee.
Each hall fa- mil - iar, each dear old cus-tom, Each comrade loy - al to our school.
REFRAIN.
Hearts growing old- er, love nev-er cold - er, Nev-er for- got- ten, Nev- er for-got- ten,
FINE. Piu lento.
Nev - er for-got - ten shalt thou be. 3. What we are leaving, oth-ers re-ceiving, Youth of A-
del-phi, when we 're gone, Still for-ward strain-ing, fresh hon- or gain - ing, Keep the torch
D. S.
burning, hand it on; { Sis-ter with broth - er, thou our dear moth- er, } In thee u - nit - ed, thus sing we.

No. 61. WILLOW THE KING

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)



2 Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight;
Trouble is coming before the night:
Hopping and galloping, short and strong,
Comes the Leathery Duke along;
And down the palaces tumble fast
When once the Leathery Duke gets past.
So-ho! etc.

3 "Who is this," King Willow he swore,
"Hops like that to a gentleman's door?
"Who 's afraid of a Duke like him?
"Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim:
"What do you say, my courtiers three?"
And the courtiers all said, "Fiddlededee!"
So-ho! etc.

4 Willow the King stepped forward bold
Three good feet from his castle hold;
Willow the King stepped back so light,
Skirmished gay to the left and right:
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a fling.
"Bless my soul!" says Willow the King.
So-ho! etc.

5 Crash the palaces, sad to see;
Crash and tumble the courtiers three!
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
Down on the grass his respected head;
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
Up in the air his respected toes.
So-ho! etc.

6 But the Leathery Duke he jumped so high,
Jumped till he almost touched the sky;
"A fig for King Willow," he boasting said,
"Carry this gentleman off to bed!"
So they carried him off with the courtiers three,
And put him to bed in the green baize tree.
So-ho! etc.

7 "What of the Duke?" you ask anon,
"Where has his Leathery Highness gone?"
O, he is filled with air inside —
Either it 's air, or else it 's pride —
And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,
And they kick him about till Christmas come.
So-ho! ho! ho! may his courtiers sing.
Honor and life to Willow the King.

No. 62. BYRON LAY DREAMING

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

E. E. B. J. F.

Allegretto.

p

1. By - ron lay, laz - i - ly lay, Hid from les - son and game a - way,
2. Peel stood, stead - i - ly stood, Just by the name in the car - ven wood,
3. Peel could nev - er, you needs must own, Rhyme one rhyme on the Peach-ey Stone;

p

Dream-ing po - e - try, all a - lone, Up - a - top of the Peach-ey Stone.
Read-ing rap - id - ly, all at ease, Pa - ges out of De - mos - the-nes.
By - ron nev - er his task have said Under the pan-el where Peel is read.

f *f*

All in a fu - ry en - ters Dru - ry, Sets him grammar and Vir - gil due;
"Where has he got to? Tell him not to!" All the schol-ars who hear him, cry;
"E - ven a goose-'s brain has us - es"—Cricket-ing com - rades ar - gued thus—

f *f*

CHORUS.

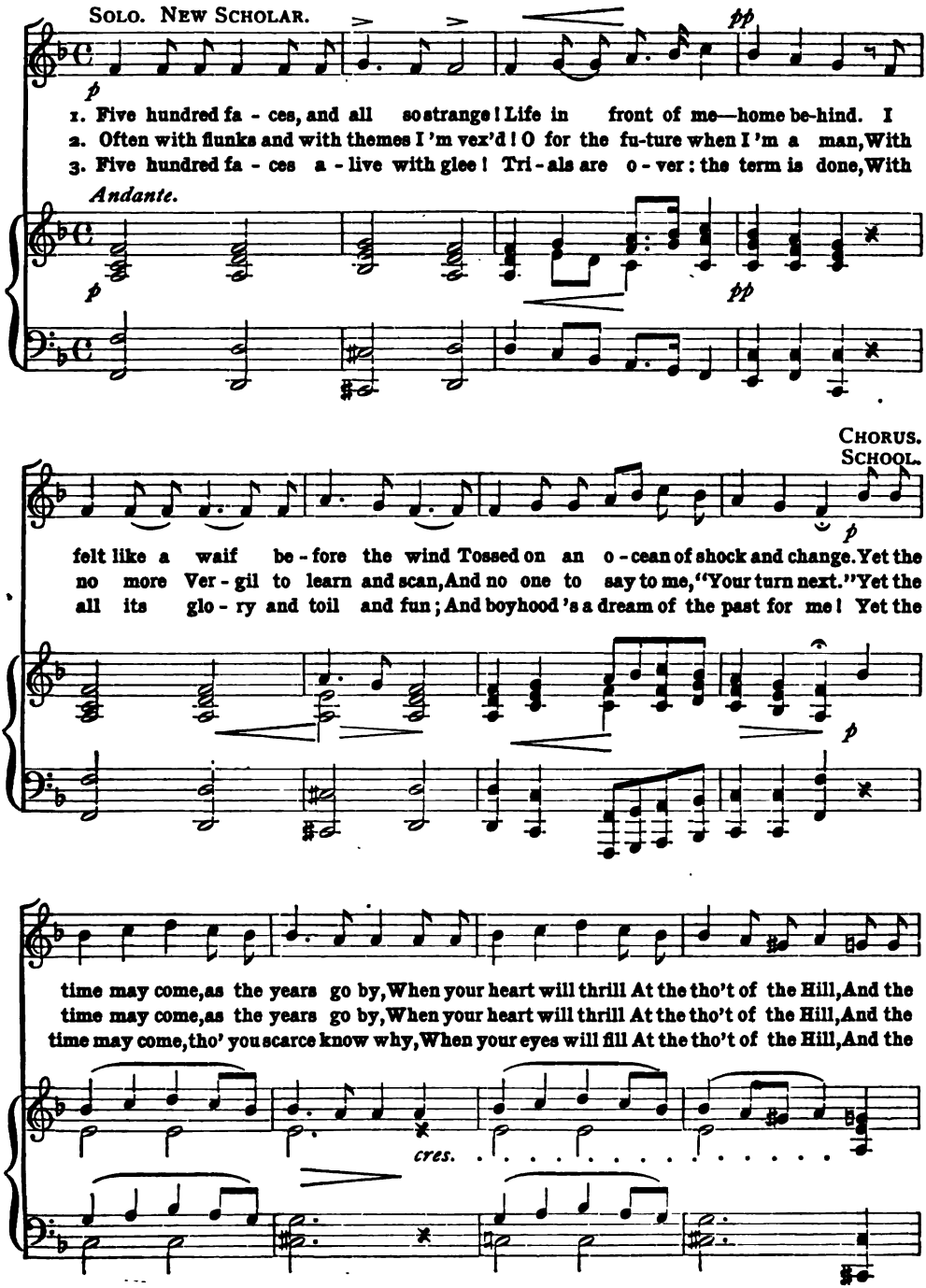
pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

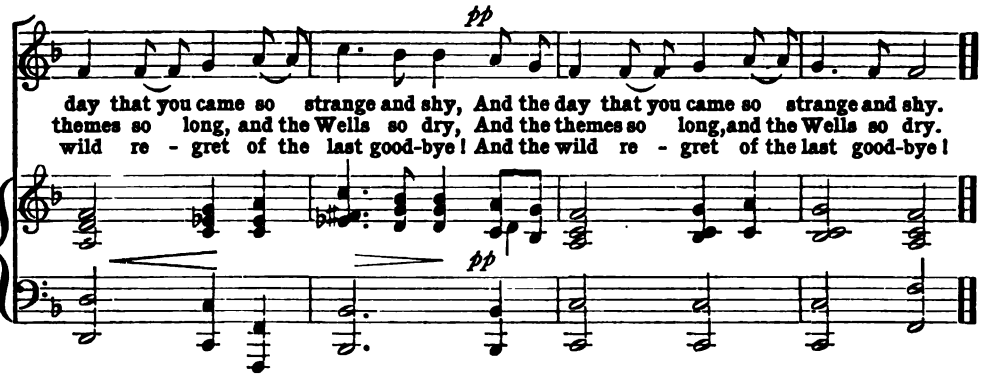
Poets should n't have, should n't have, should n't have, Po-ets should n't have work to do.
"That 's the les-son for, les-son for, les-son for, That 's the les-son for next Ju - ly."
"Will they ev-er be, ev-er be, ev-er be, Will they ev-er be boys like us?"

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

No. 63. FIVE HUNDRED FACES
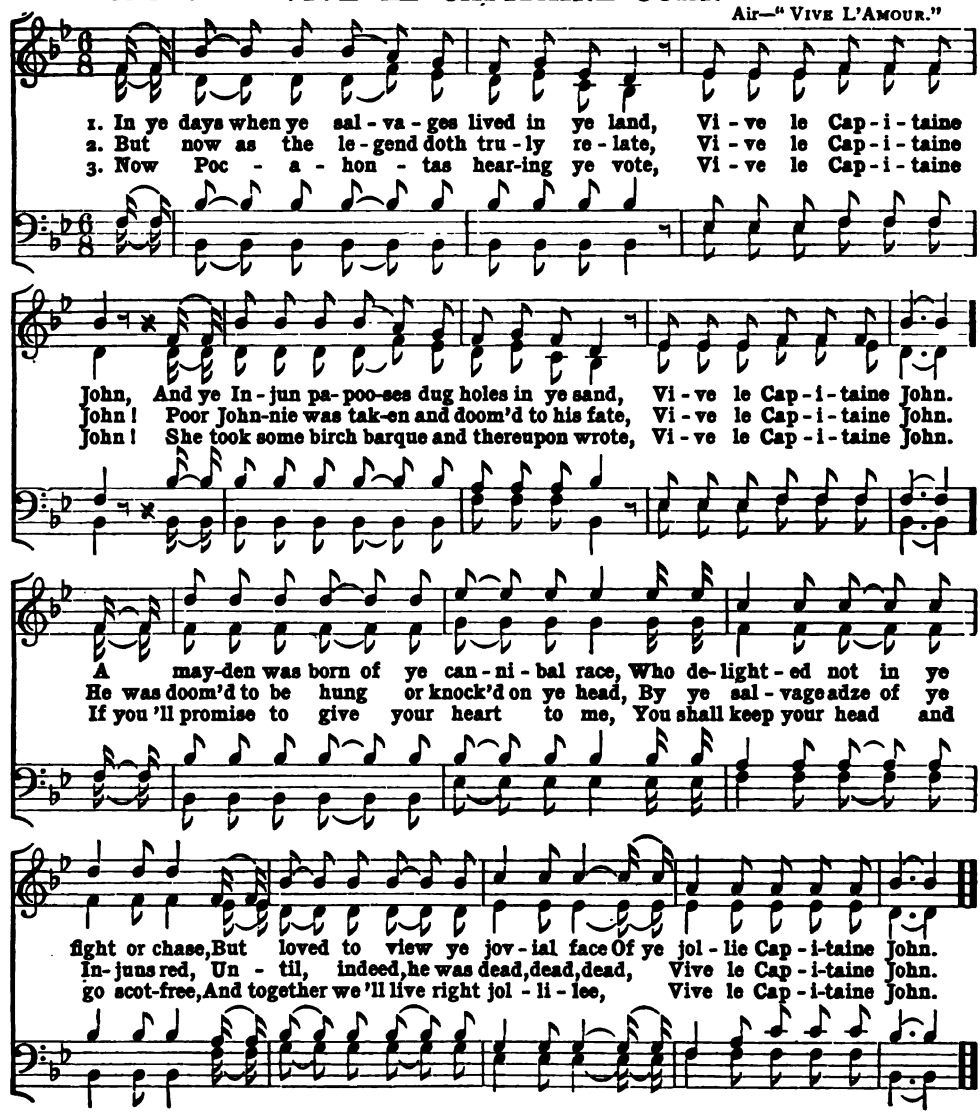
(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)





No. 64. VIVE LE CAPITAINE JOHN

Air—"VIVE L'AMOUR."



No. 65. IN THE DAYS OF OLD

J. R. (HARROW SONG) Tune, "TRELAWNY"

Alla marcia.

mf

1. In the days of old, ere the world grew cold, When the U-ni- ver-si -ties To
2. What merry, merry noise of mon - key boys, Rang thro' our wooded hill! The
3. And then, and then, there was no steel pen, No lines for play-ing the fool, And we
4. And the way that we did our his - to - ry Was bet-ter by far for the head, We

mf

D.S. some- times still, try as hard as I will, I dream of van- ished joy; When the

FINE.

Wimble - don sent their man - drills bold, And learn - ed chim - pan - zees;—
co - coa-nuts brown were our on - ly toys, But there was-n't a sin - gle Bill.
lay in the leaves un - til half - past ten, For there was no first school.
had- n't to learn our dates B. C., But we ate them all in - stead.

palms grew green on the top of the hill, And I was a mon - key boy.

Then stern pa - pas were gor - il - las, And all the naught-y pets That
For foot - ball these were too small to please, For crick- et far too big; But we
We had ri - fle-men grand to fight for the land, But be - ing short of rifles, They
And all the boys then, whether monkeys or men, Were as they will al -ways be; There

D.S.

f

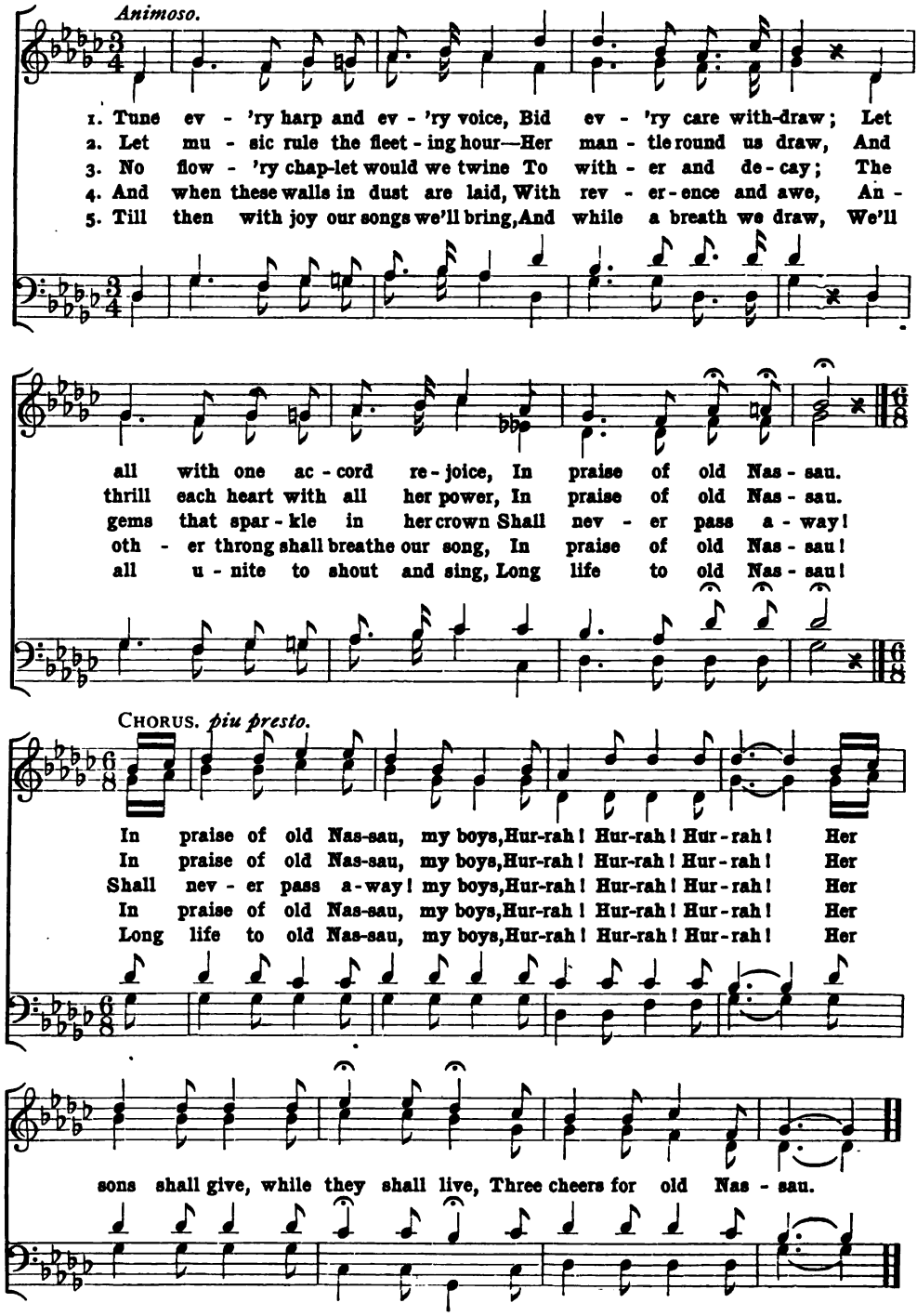
now tor ment their fond mammas, Were good little mar - mo - sets. And
played with them anyhow un- der the trees, And we did not care a fig.
pelt - ed the nuts as they came to hand, Or oth - er lit - tle tri-fles.
was - n't a doubt that nine out of ten Would be found at the top of the tree.

f

No. 66. OLD NASSAU

(PRINCETON SONG)

H. P. PECK — CARL LANGLOTZ, ARR.



Part III

FAMILIAR SONGS

No. 1. HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — H. R. BISHOP

With expression.

1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, O, give me my

cres.

hum-ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
low -ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing- ing gai - ly, that came at my

cres.

With expression.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home! home!
call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dear-er than all. Home! home!

cres.

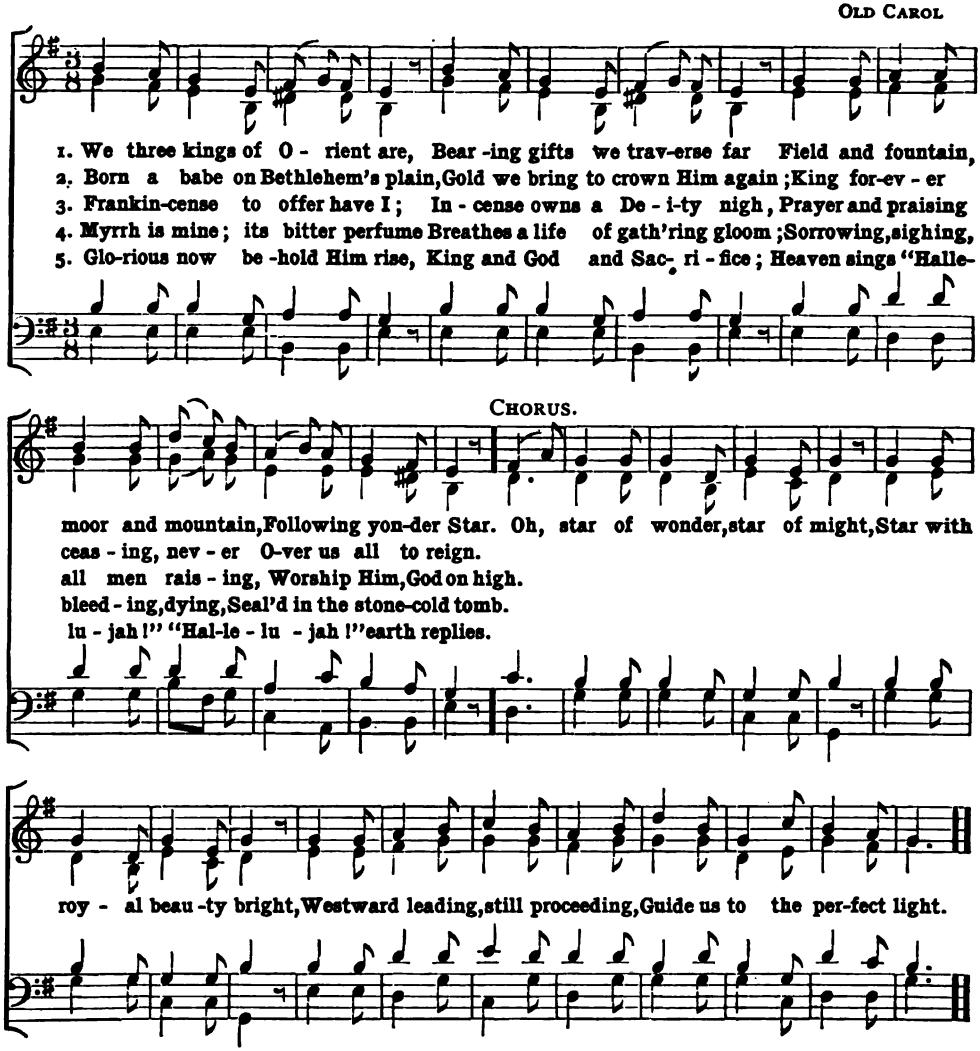
calando.

sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

cres.

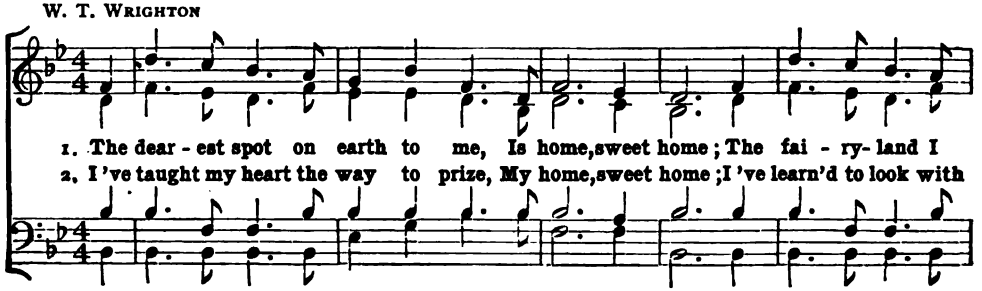
No. 2. THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

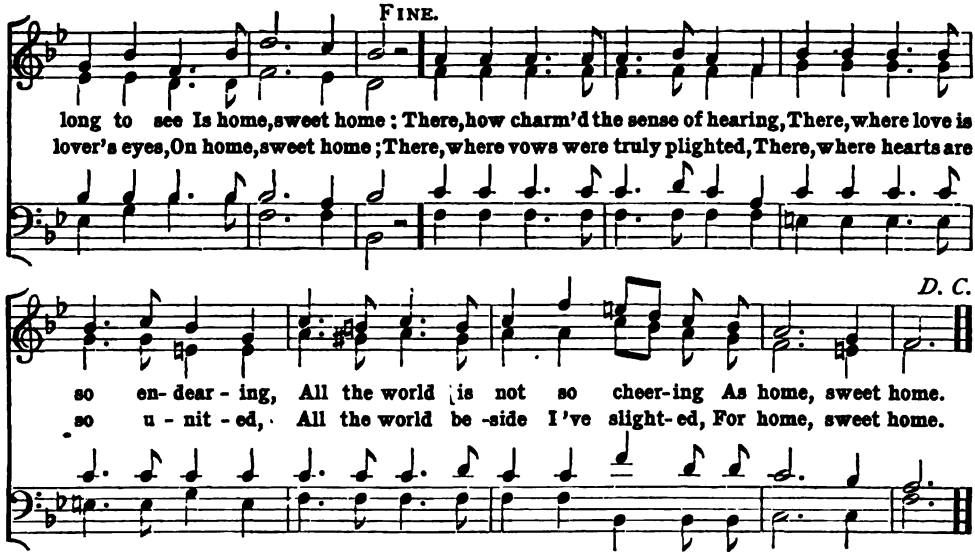
OLD CAROL



No. 3. THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME

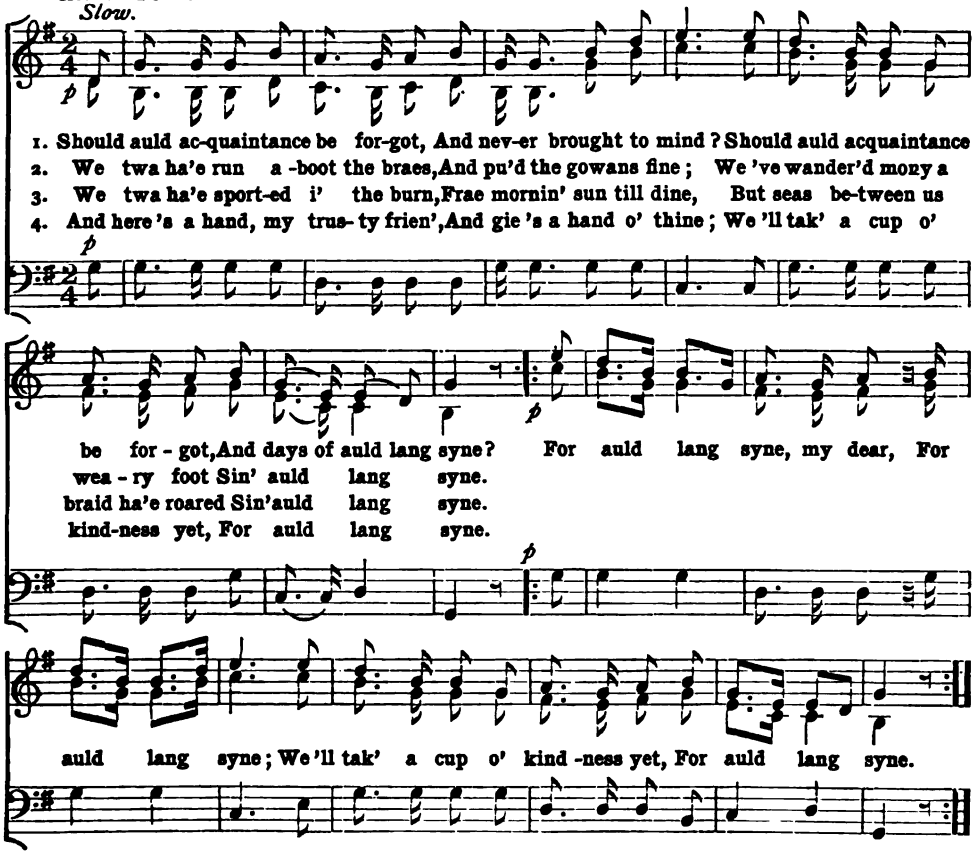
W. T. WRIGHTON
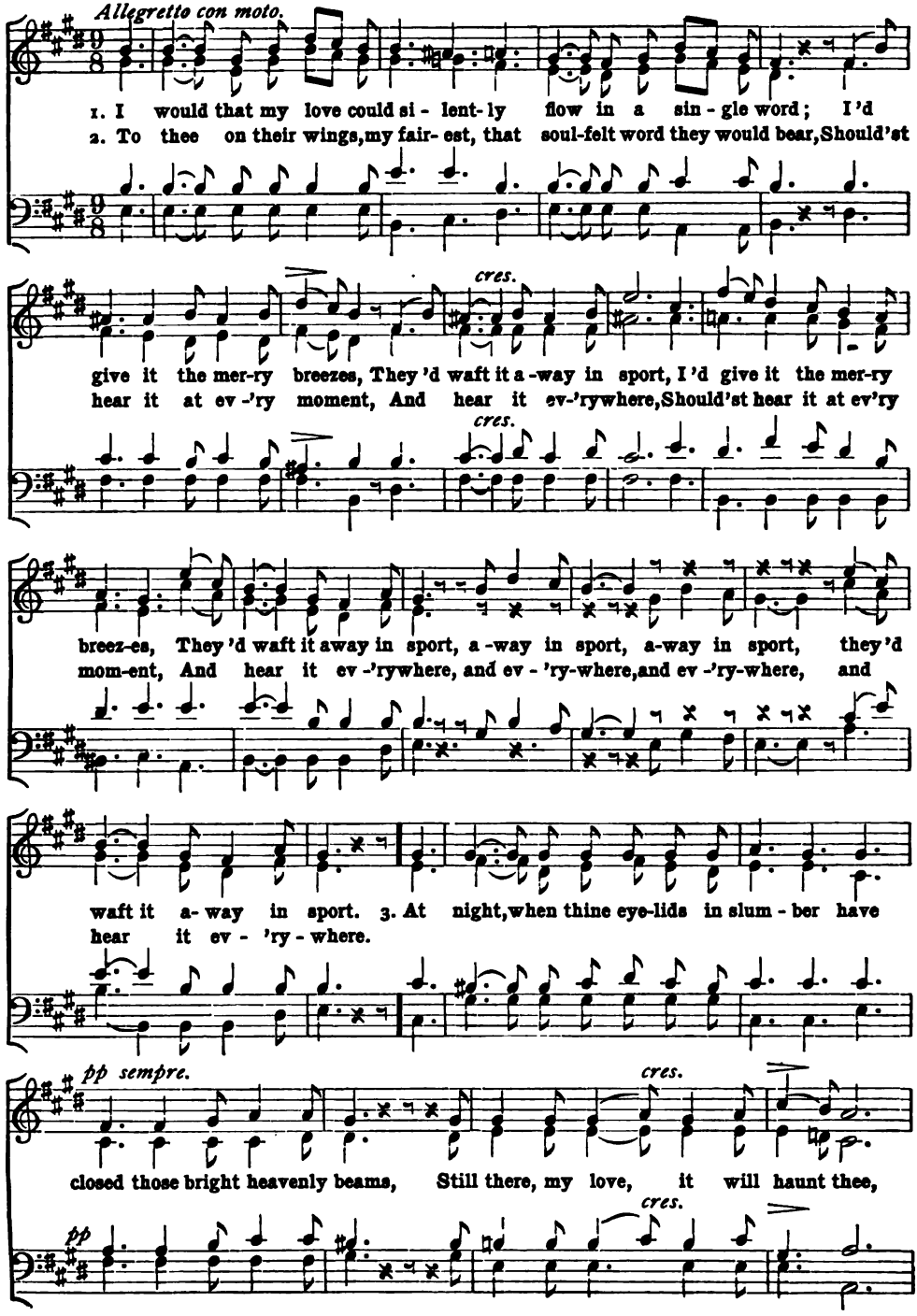




No. 4. AULD LANG SYNE
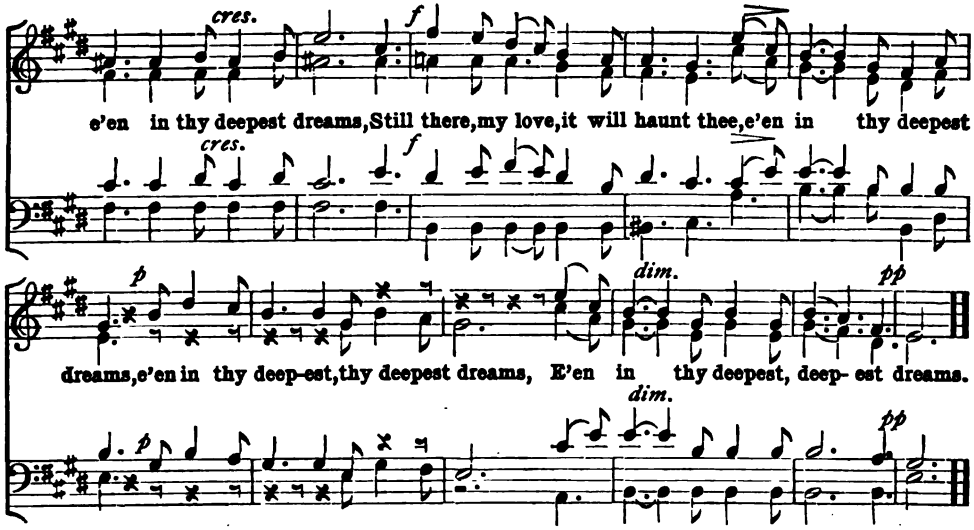
ROBERT BURNS



No. 5. I WOULD THAT MY LOVE

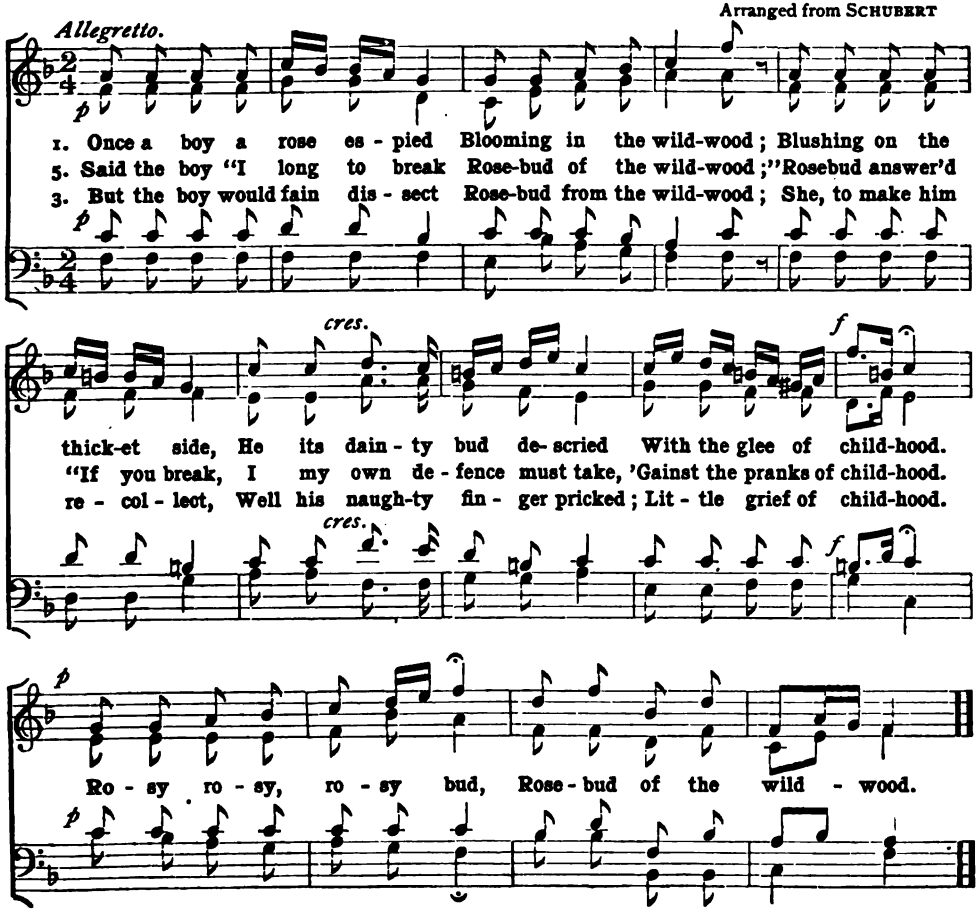
MENDELSSOHN





No. 6. THE WILD ROSEBUD

Arranged from SCHUBERT



No. 7. THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE

Moderato. C. W. GLOVER

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of
2. We may sail o'er ev-'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find A-ny spot so dear to
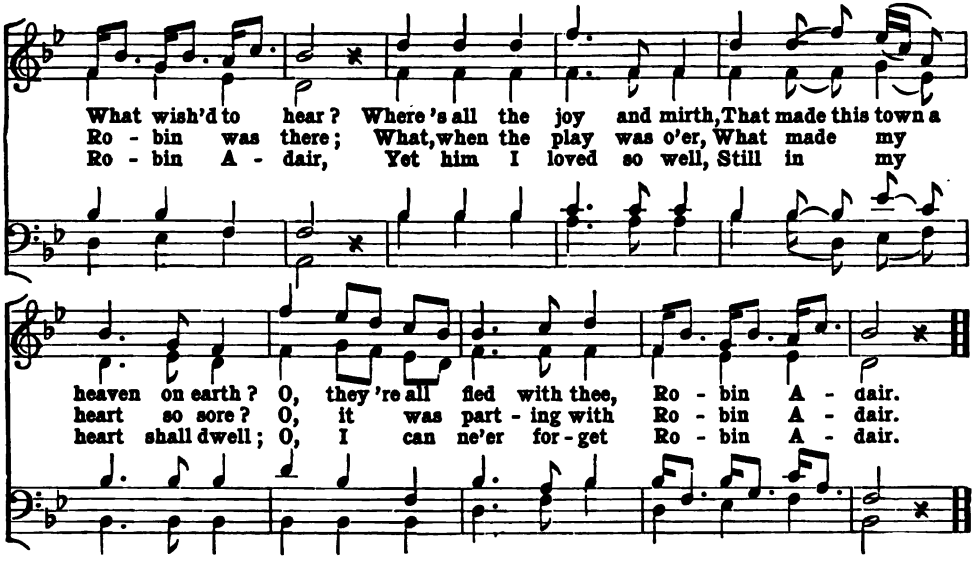
yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place; Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien
be As the one we left be-hind; Words of comfort we may hear, But they can-not touch the

skies, Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, lov-ing eyes. Home is home, of this be-
heart, Like the tones to mem'ry dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home; the wand'rer

reft, Mem'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-iar place.
longs All the scenes of youth to trace And to hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-iar place.
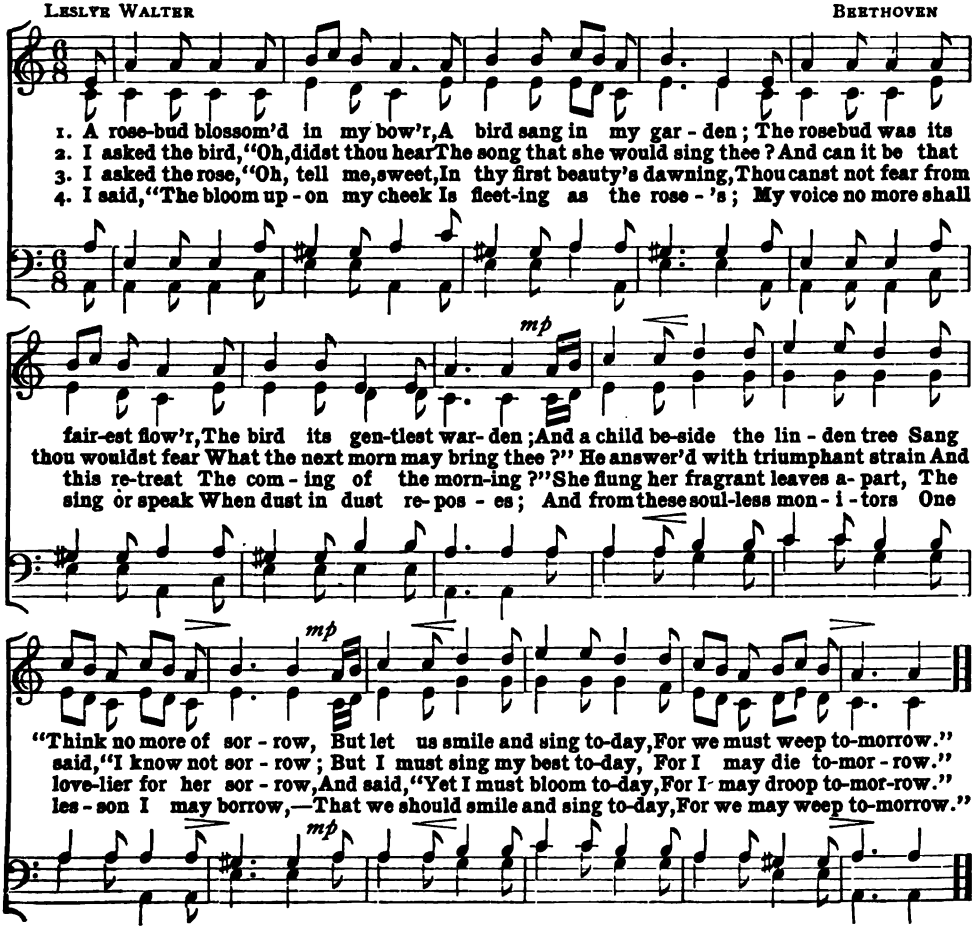
No. 8. ROBIN ADAIR

1. What 's this dull town to me? Ro-bin 's not near. What was 't I wished to see,
2. What made th' assembly shine? Ro-bin A-dair. What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou 'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A-dair. But now thou 'rt cold to me,



No. 9. TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

LESLYE WALTER BEETHOVEN



No. 10. HYMN OF THE FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN

CHARLES J. ROWE — From HEROLD'S "ZAMPA"

Andante.

p

1. When fair Lu - na fills the skies With her pure and sil - v'ry light, Then the children's
2. "Guard our fa-thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and stormy night; Spare our mothers,

rit.

voi - ces rise, Blend-ing with the shades of night: "Hear, O hear the chil - dren, O
on their knees, Watching for the morn-ing light. "Hear, O hear the chil - dren, O

rit.

Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord . . of earth and
Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord . . of earth and

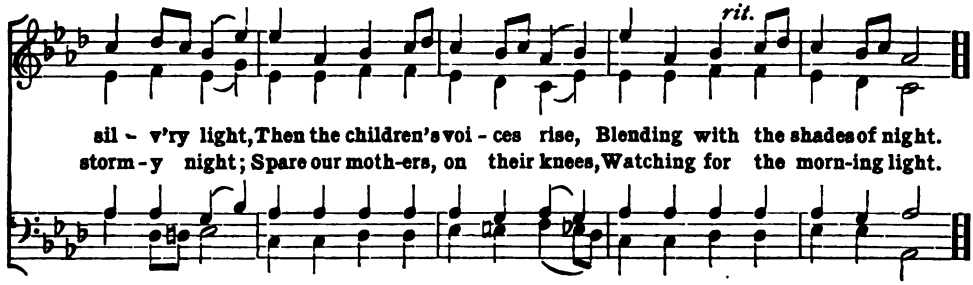
Thou who rul'st on high! O Lord of earth and

mf

sky! Hear! O hear the chil-dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim - ple
sky! Hear! O hear the chil-dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim - ple
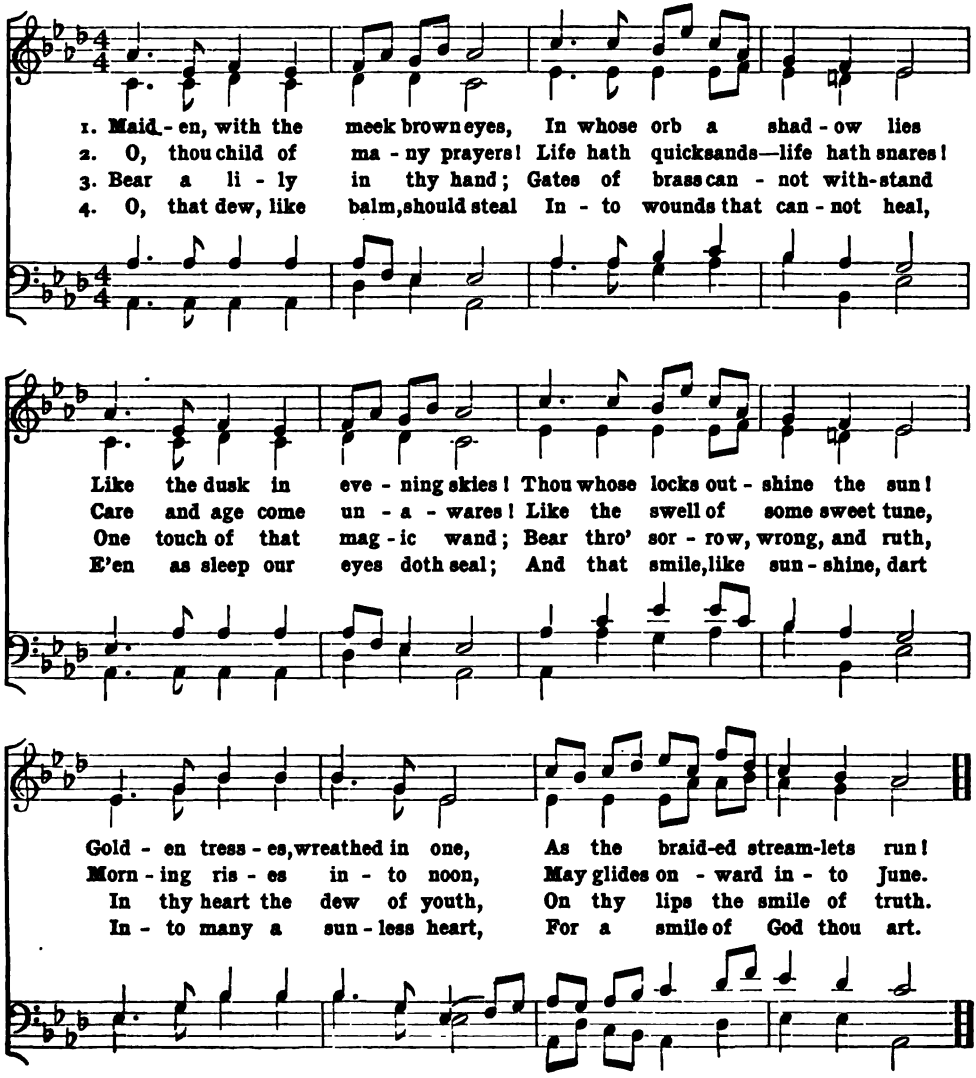
p

voi - ces, O Lord of earth and sky!" When fair Lu - na fills the skies With her pure and
voi - ces, O Lord of earth and sky! Guard our fa-thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and
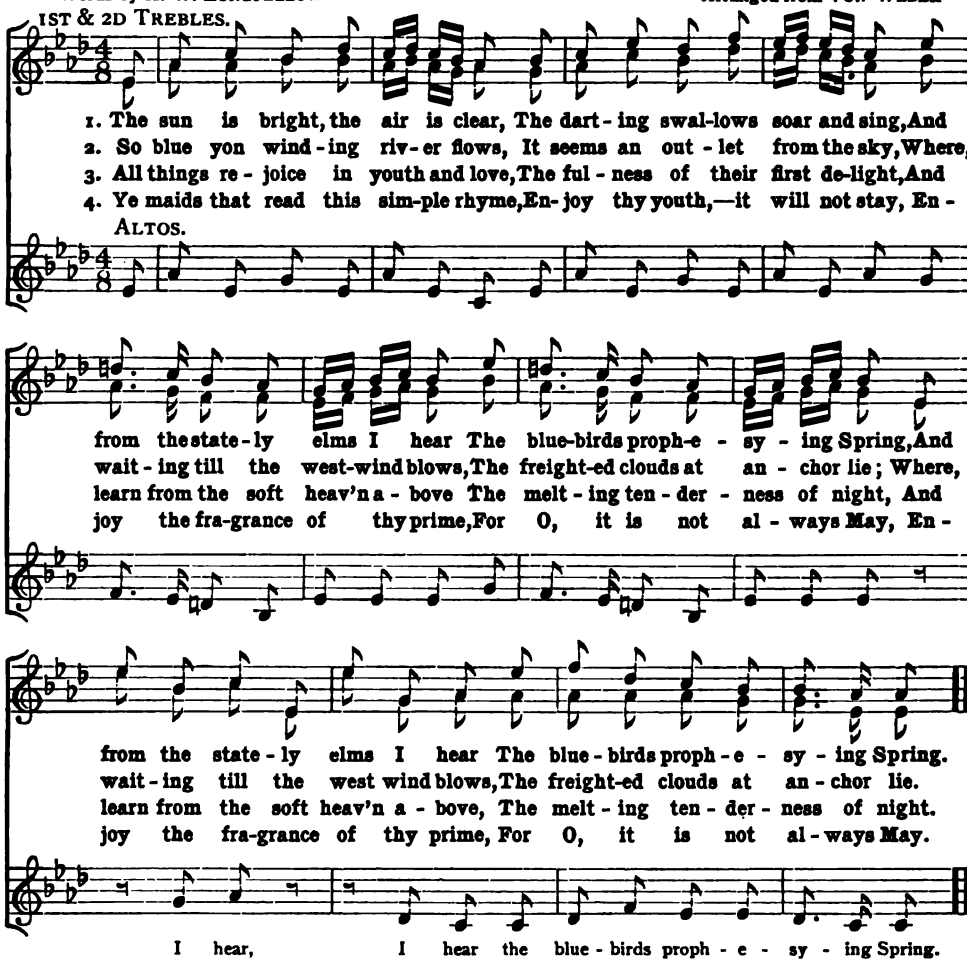


No. 11. BEAR A LILY IN THY HAND

H. W. LONGFELLOW



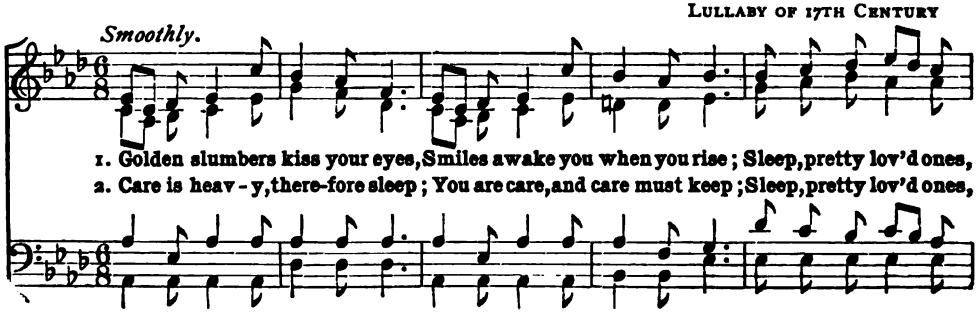
No. 12. THE SUN IS BRIGHT
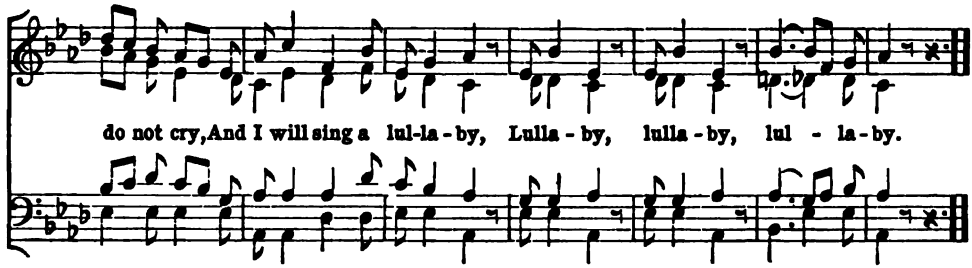
Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW — Arranged from VON WEBER



No. 13. GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

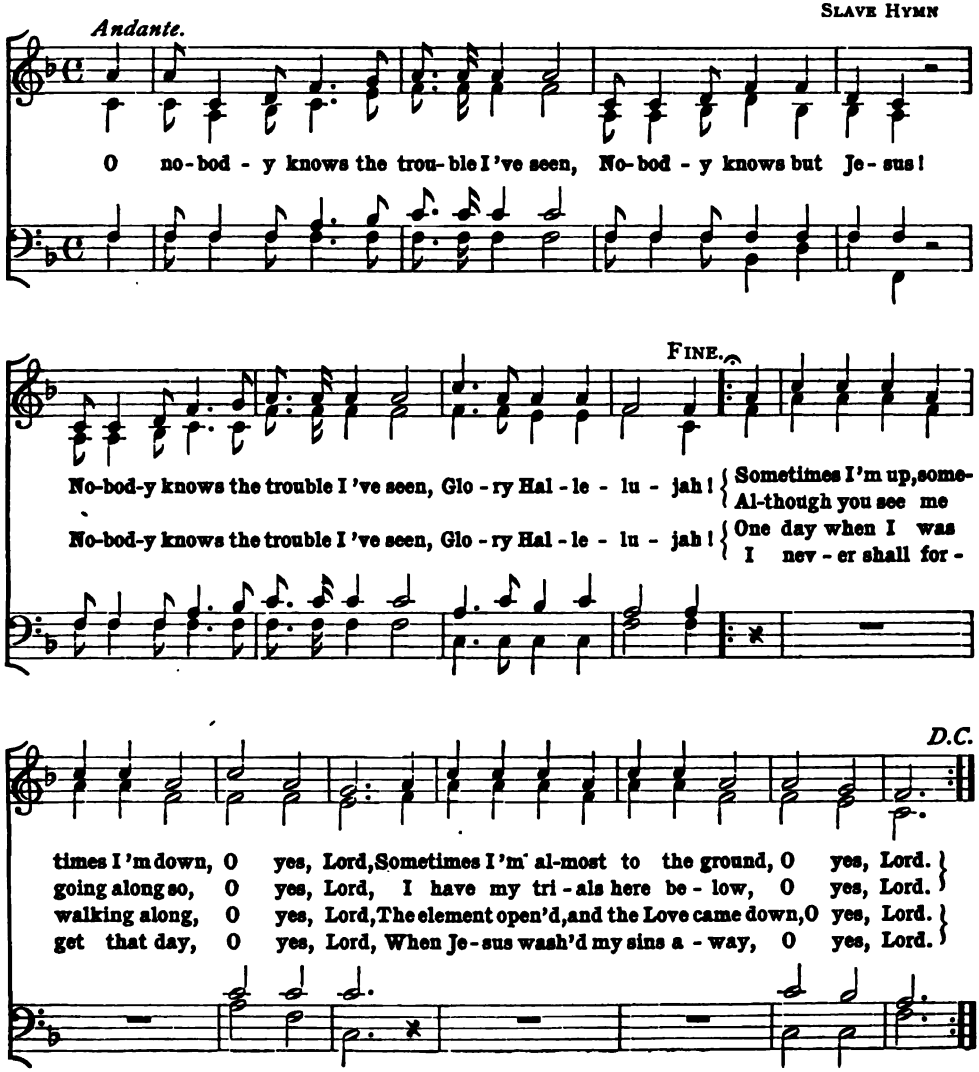
LULLABY OF 17TH CENTURY
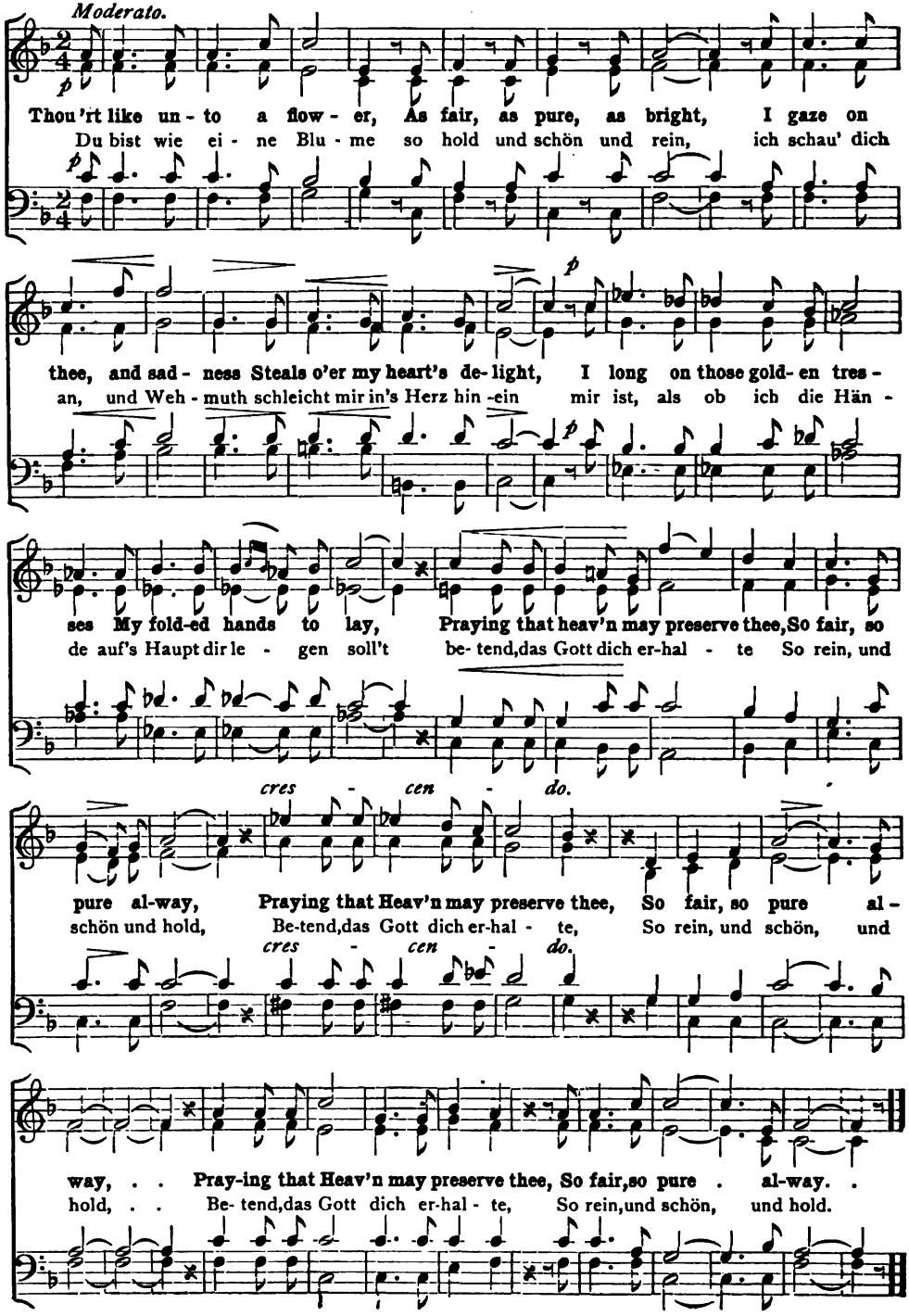




No. 14. NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

SLAVE HYMN

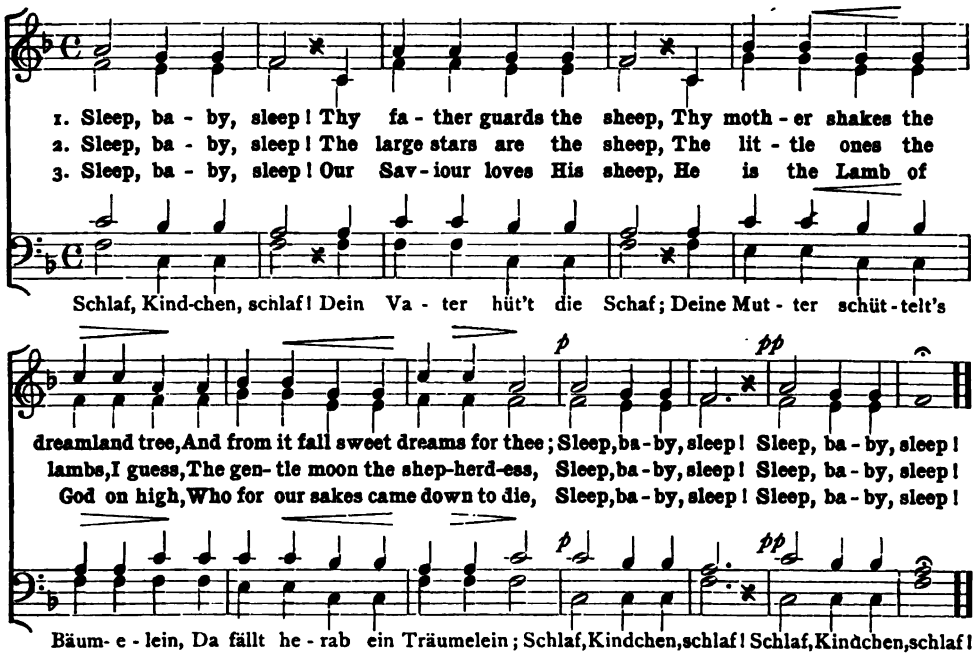


No. 15. THOU 'RT LIKE UNTO A FLOWER
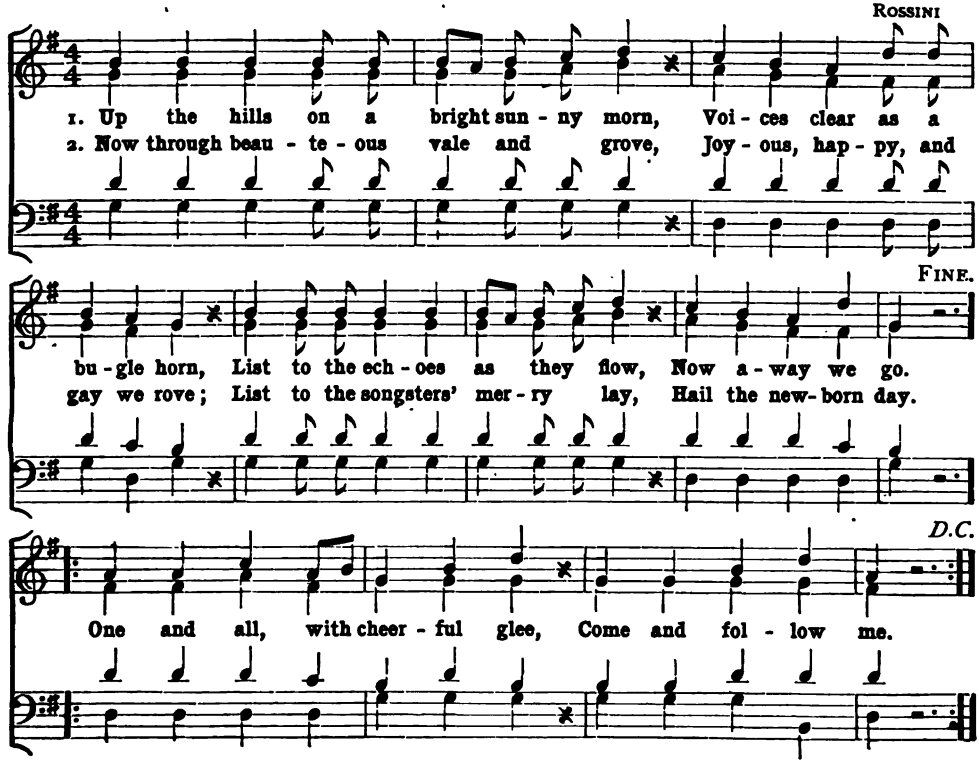
H. HEINE ANTON RUBINSTEIN



No. 16. NORTH GERMAN CRADLE SONG
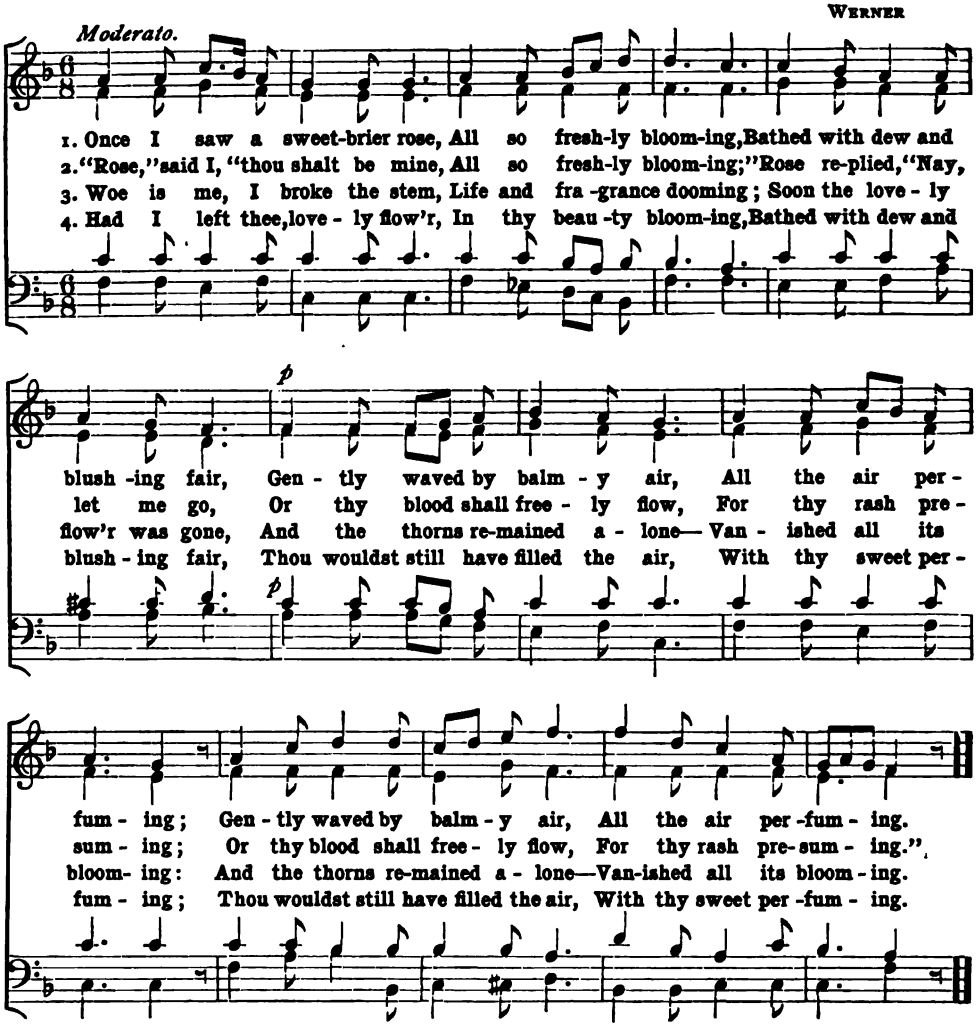


No. 17. UP THE HILLS



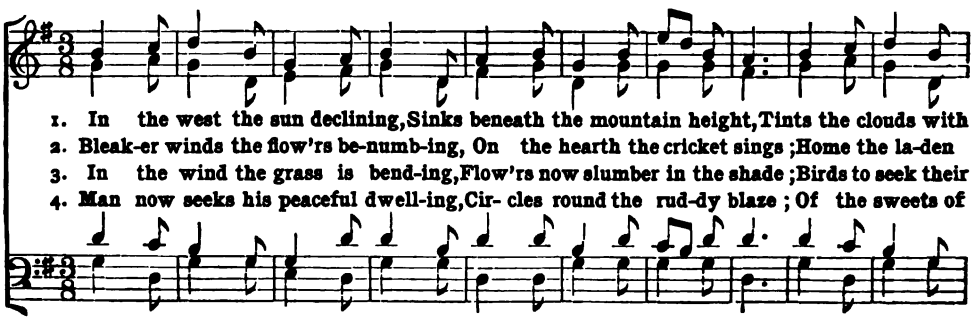
No. 18. THE WILD ROSE

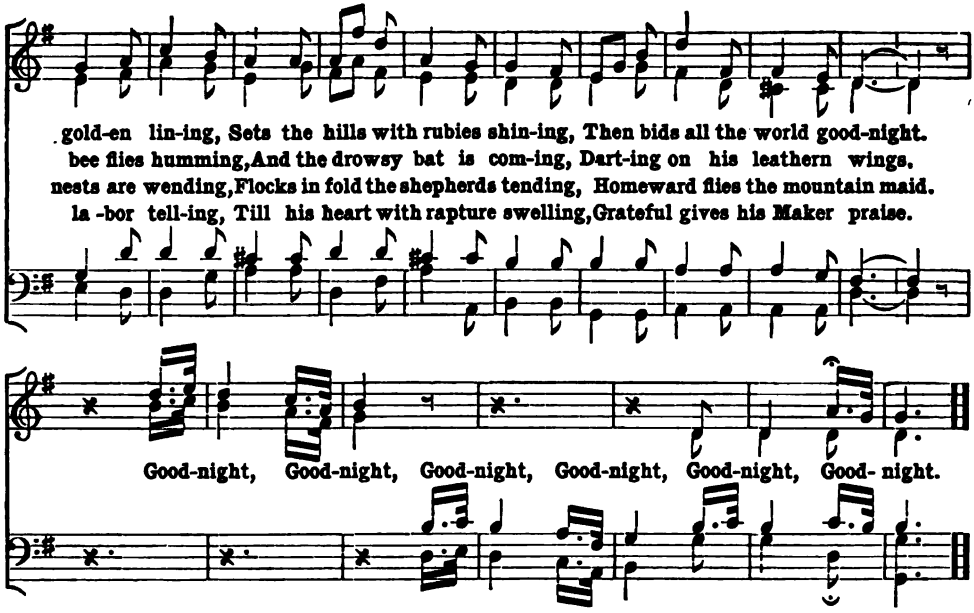
WERNER



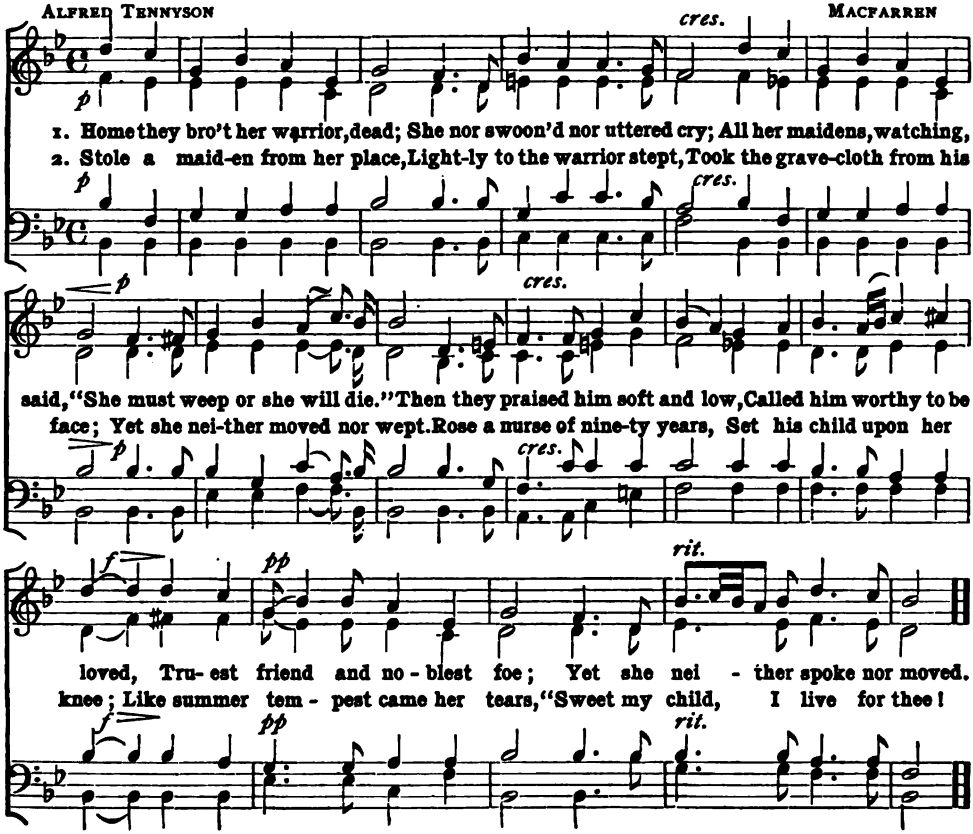
No. 19. GOOD-NIGHT

FRANZ ABT





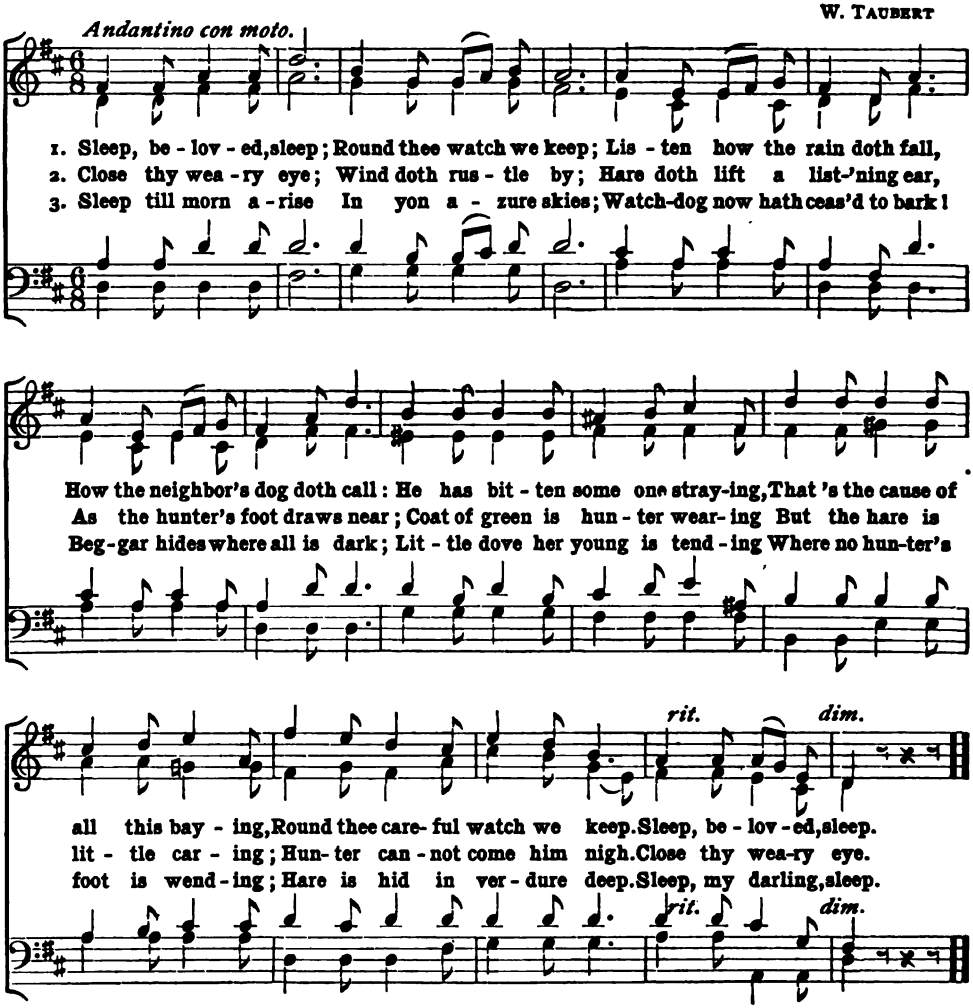
No. 20. HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR



No. 21. CRADLE SONG

W. TAUBERT

Andantino con moto.

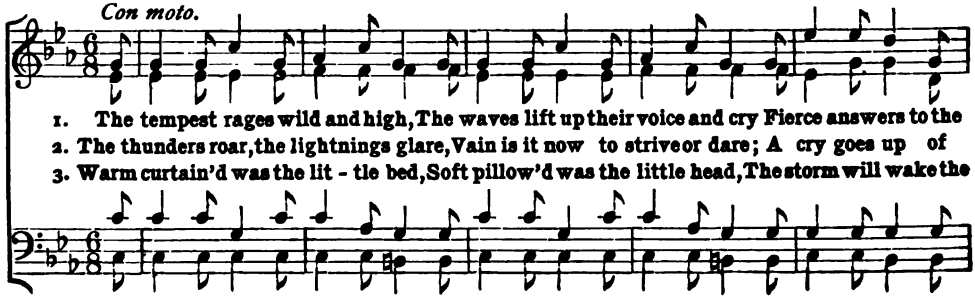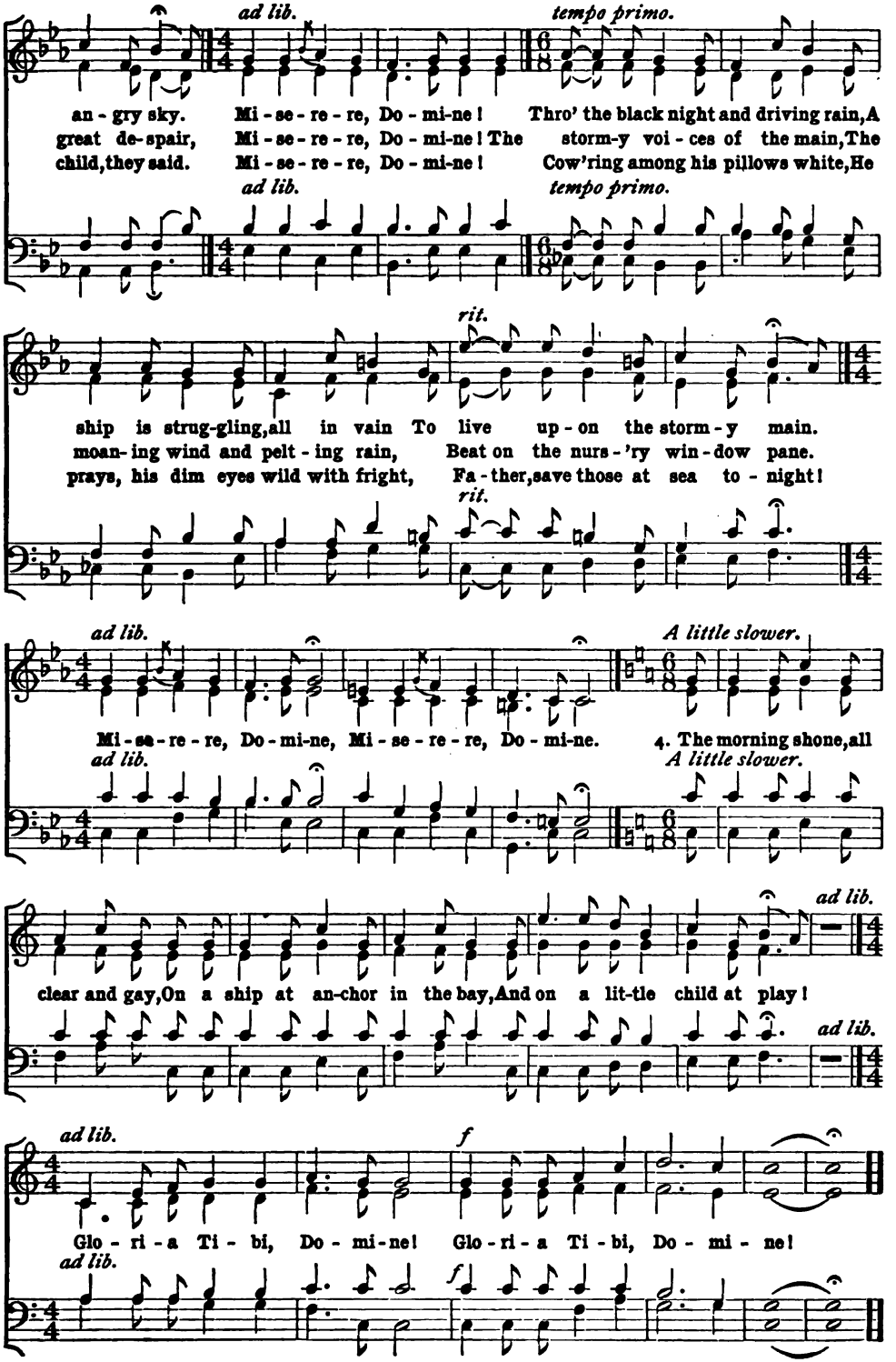


No. 22. THE STORM

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

JOHN HULLAH

Con moto.




ad lib.
tempo primo.
an - gry sky. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! Thro' the black night and driving rain, A
great de-spair, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! The storm-y voi - ces of the main, The
child, they said. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! Cow'ring among his pillows white, He
ad lib.
tempo primo.
rit.
ship is strug-gling, all in vain To live up - on the storm - y main.
moan- ing wind and pelt - ing rain, Beat on the nurs - 'ry win - dow pane.
prays, his dim eyes wild with fright, Fa - ther, save those at sea to - night!
rit.
ad lib.
A little slower.
Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne.
4. The morning shone, all
ad lib.
A little slower.
ad lib.
clear and gay, On a ship at an-chor in the bay, And on a lit-tle child at play!
ad lib.
ad lib.
f
Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi-ne! Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne!
ad lib.
f

No. 23. THE KING'S HIGHWAY

F. E. WEATHERLY J. L. MOLLOY

Allegro.

mf

1. Who rides yonder, proud and gay, Spurning the dust on the King's Highway, Lord of thousand
2. Hug thy-self in wealth of state, Empty purse has a careless gait; Thou must watch thy

mf

poco rit - ar - dan - do. a tempo.

a - cres wide, While I, the beggar, must stand a-side? Go thy way, let me go mine,
chest and bags, But none would steal the beg - gar's rags, Wine for thee, for me a crust,

poco rit - ar - dan - do. a tempo.

I to beg and thou to dine; Scat-ter the dust on the King's Highway, But
King and beg-gar they both are dust, and Dust to dust will be borne one day,
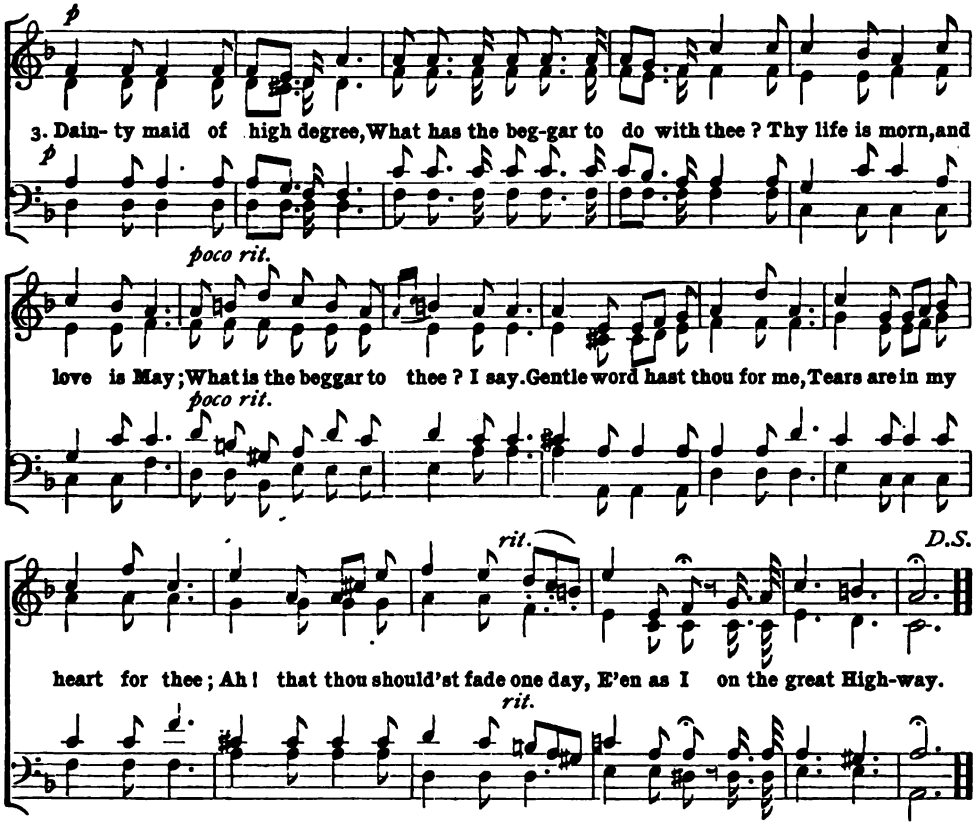
rit. *con spirito.*

room for the beg-gar, room I say! Fair and free, night and day, Fair and free is the
High and low on the King's Highway.

con spirito.

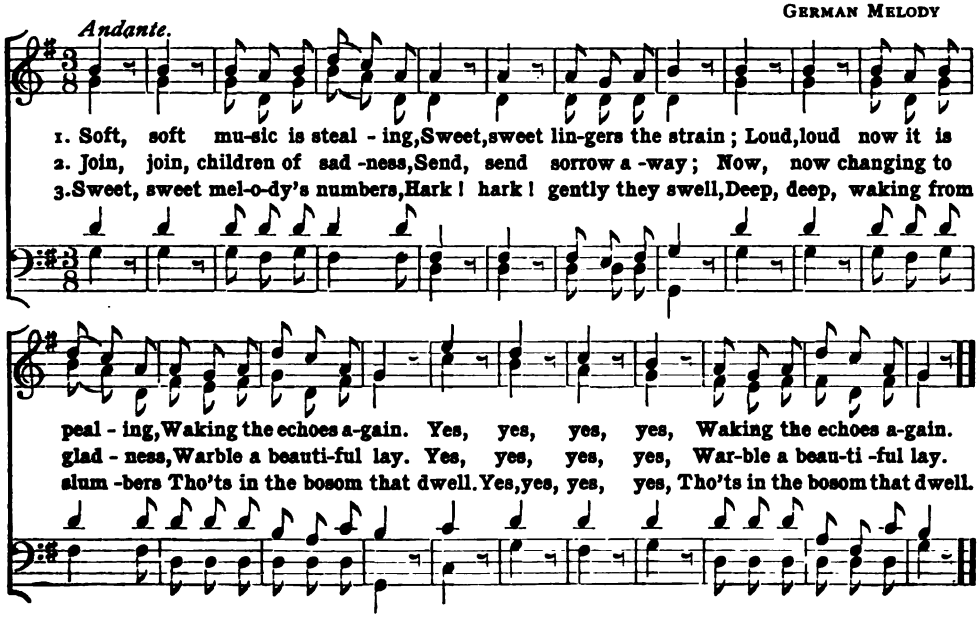
FINE.

King's Highway! Fair and free, Night and day, Fair and free is the King's Highway.



No. 24. SOFT, SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING

GERMAN MELODY



No. 25. ONWARD

F. W. F. J. FARMER

Spiritoso.

f

1. On-ward, ev - er on- ward, Front the no - ble fray: Turn your fa - ces on- ward,
2. While we face the bat - tle, While we tread the path, 'Mid the war-drum's rat-tle,

a tempo. *cres.*

p

All the burning day, Fierce the foe a - round us, Loud the bat- tle roar,
'Mid the tempest's wrath, Let high tho'ts of du - ty, That no foe can tame,

cres.

D.S. On -ward, ev - er on- ward, Front the no - ble fray;

f *rit.* FINE. *p* *Slower.*

Gleams the wild waste 'round us, Gloom the hills be - fore. Aye, but calm and
Throng our minds with beau -ty, Thrill our souls with flame. Aye, but calm and

f *rit.* *p*

Turn our fa - ces sun - ward, All the burn -ing day.

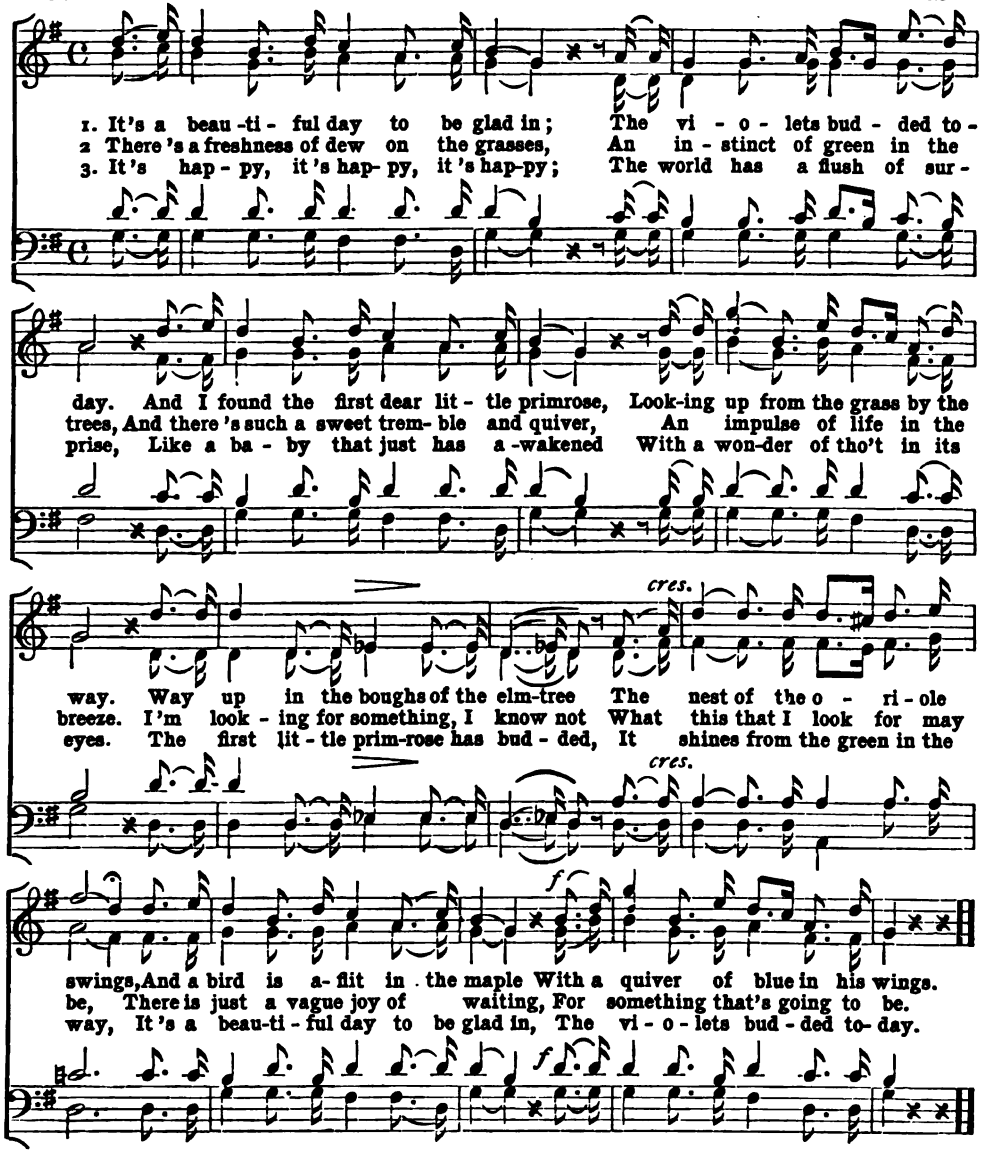
f *p* *f* *rit.* *D. S.*

cheer-y, Aye, but firm and strong, Tho' the way be wea- ry, Tho' the fight be long.

f *p* *f* *rit.*

No. 26. THE FIRST VIOLETS

A. H. BRANCH BELLINI



No. 27. ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1 When I was a beggar boy,
And lived in cellar damp,
I had not a friend, nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain.

2 Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power, a good store,
But I 'd give all my lamps silver bright,
For one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave and may snatch it again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

No. 28. HYMN TO MUSIC

AIR, "GLORIOUS APOLLO"

Maestoso.

1. Full and har-mo-nious, let the joy-ous cho-rus, Burst from our lips in one glad
2. Join-ing the notes of a-ges long be-fore us, Hymn-ing the praise of heav'nly
Mu-sic's the meas-ure of the plan-ets' mo-tion, Heart-beat and rhythm of all the
Fugue-like the streams roll, and the cho-ral o-cean, Heaves in o-bedience to its
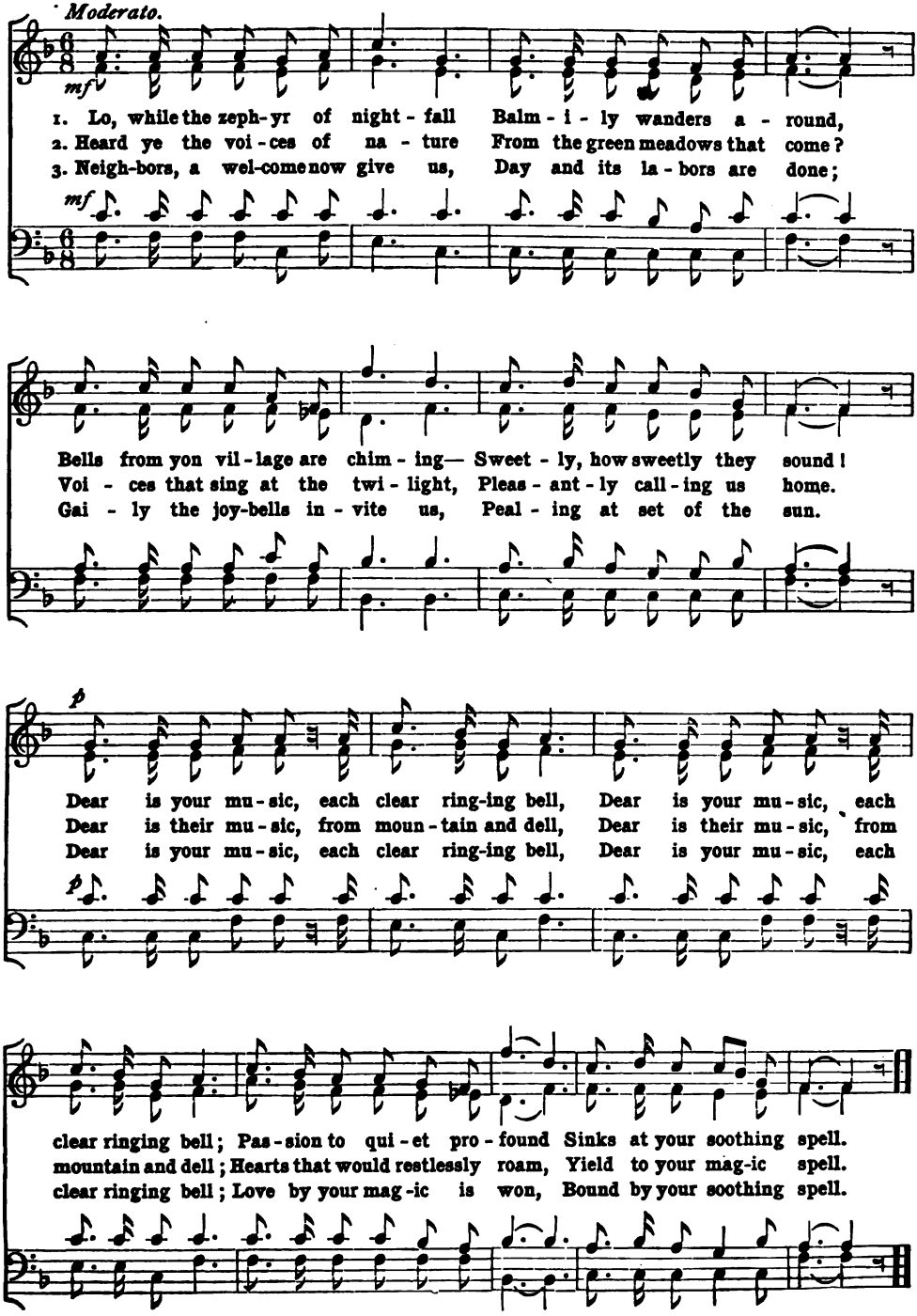
song of mirth; Bright from the heav'ns it long a-go de-scend-ed,
mu-sic's birth.
glo-rious whole; Thrills thro' all hearts the u-ni-form vi-bra-tion,
high con-trol,

Loud to these heav'ns our voi-ces we'll raise, Ev-'ry young heart in
Start-ing from God, and felt from sun to sun; God' gives the key-note,

one full cho-rus blend-ed, Sing-ing in mel-o-dy sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet
Love to all cre-a-tion; Join, O my soul! and let all souls be one! all

mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise.
souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one.
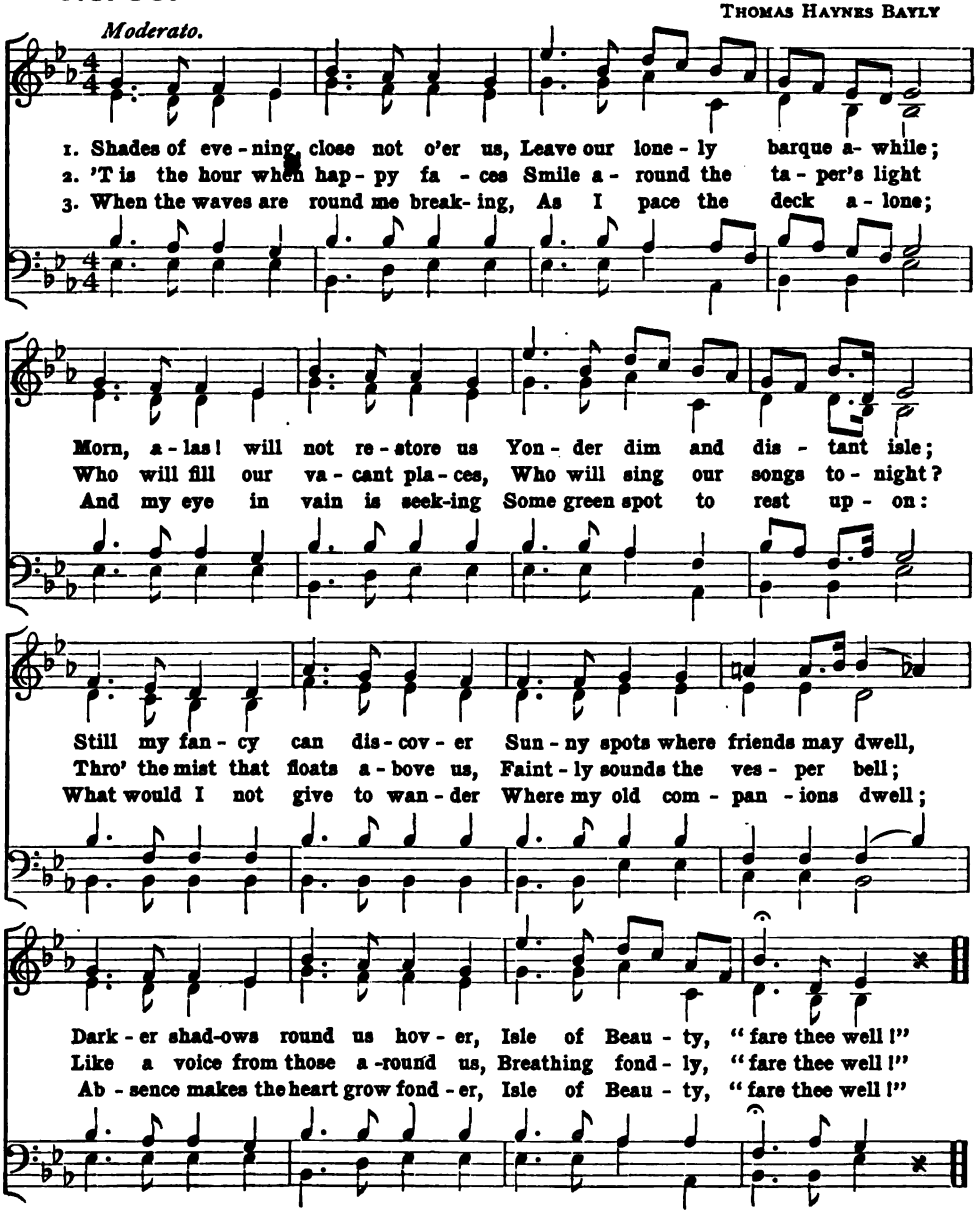
No. 29. ZEPHYR OF NIGHTFALL



No. 30. ISLE OF BEAUTY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Moderato.



No. 31. PRAYER

1 Saviour, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing Thy boundless love.

2 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to shield my soul from danger,
Bore Thyself affliction's rod.
By Thy hand redeemed, defended,
Safe through life thus far I 've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

No. 32. FAREWELL, O JOYOUS, SUNNY GROVE

H. Esser

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too
2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare -
3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare - well, fare - well! And

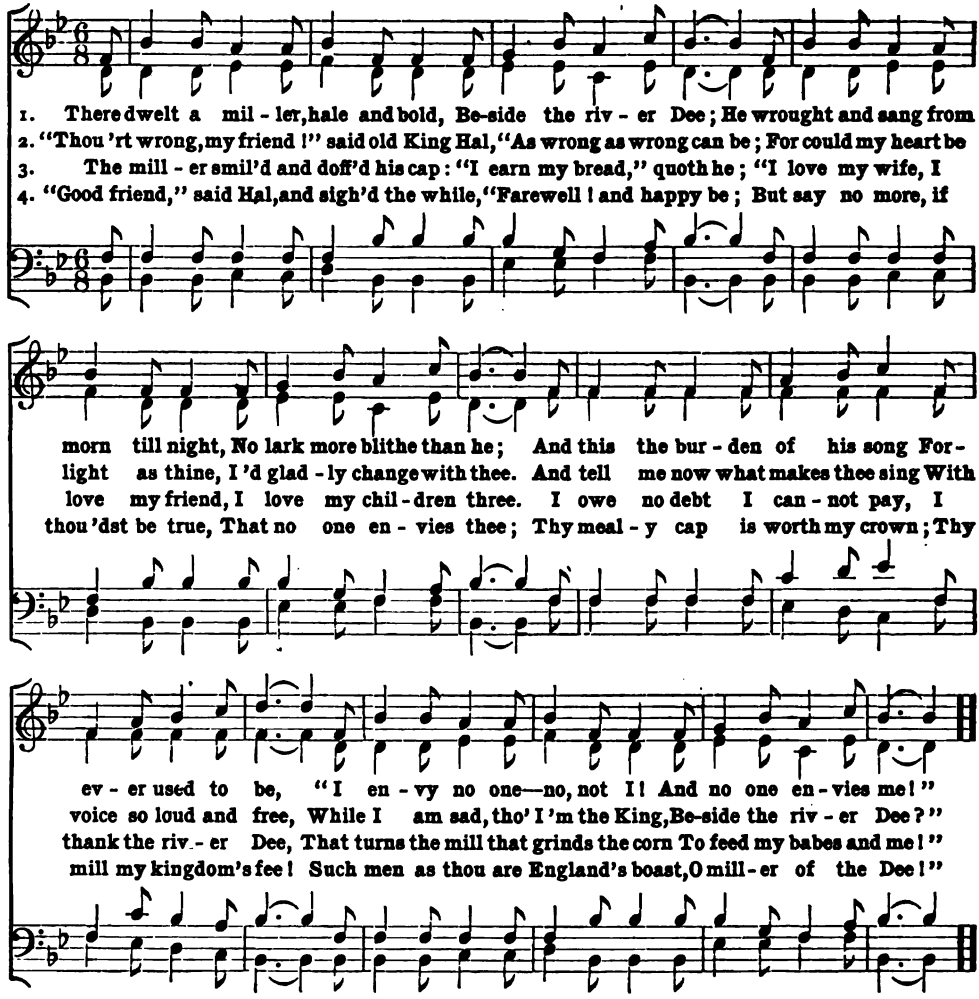
soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -
well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And
I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well! Yet

on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie, Fare-
may your per - fume, strangely sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wan - d'rer greet, Fare-
shall this mem - 'ry ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me: Fare-

well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

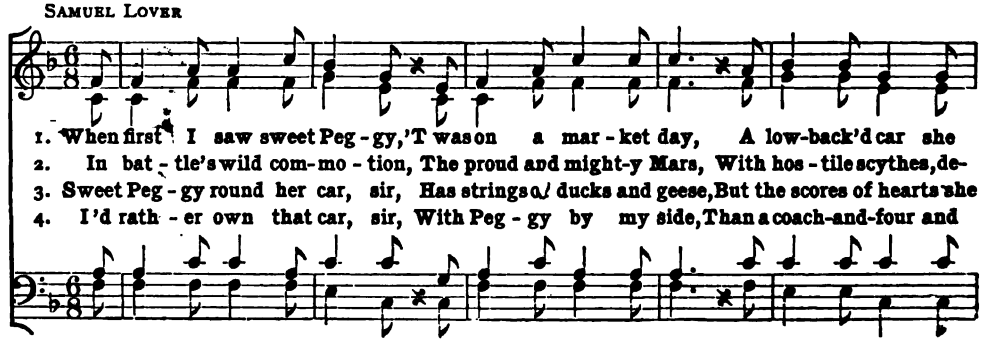
No. 33. THE MILLER OF THE DEE
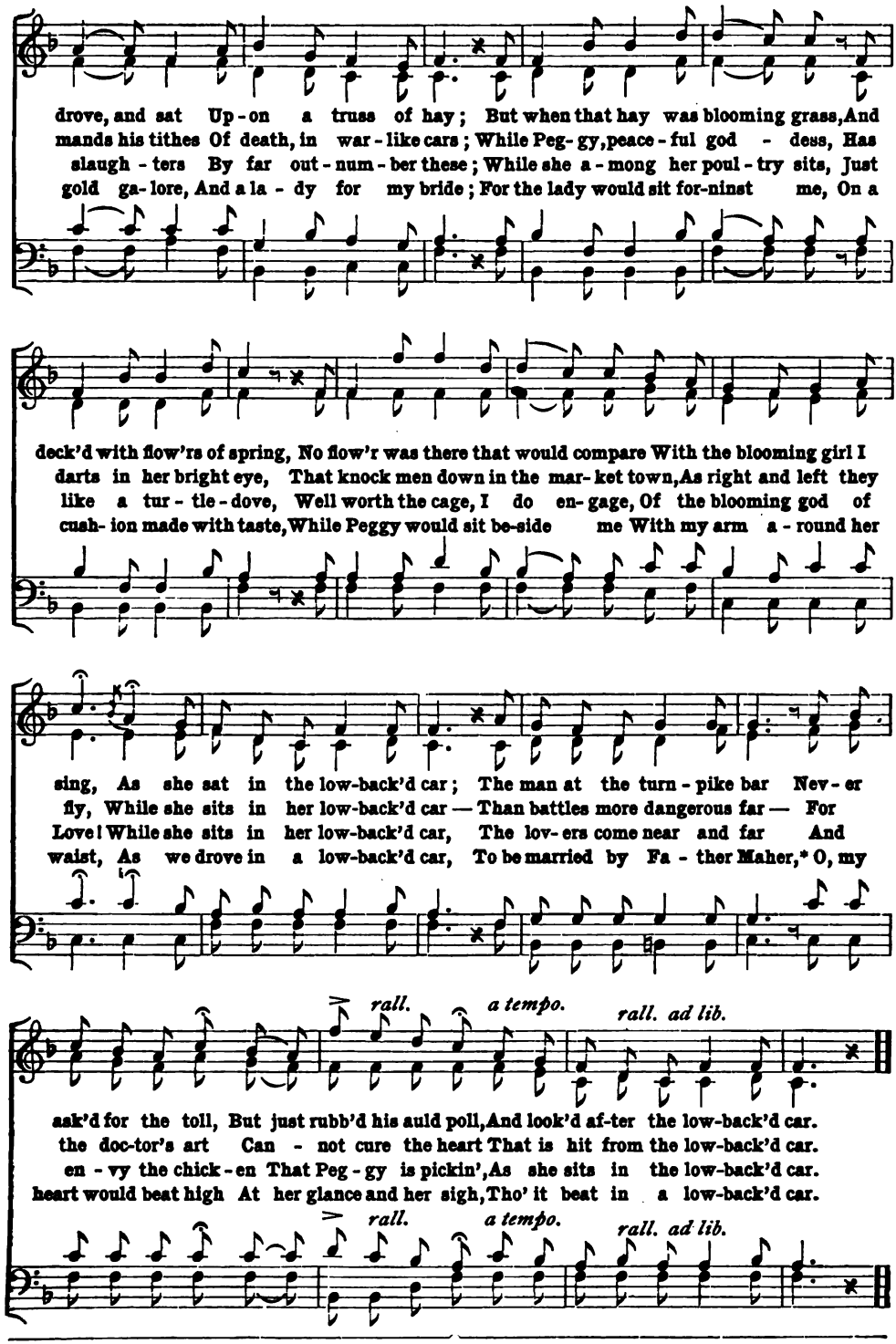
CHARLES MACKAY



No. 34. THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER




drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful god-dess, Has
slaugh-ters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga-lore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a
deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket town, As right and left they
like a tur-tle-dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the blooming god of
cush-ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm a-round her
sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car — Than battles more dangerous far — For
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far And
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher,* O, my
rall. a tempo. rall. ad lib.
ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
the doc-tor's art Can-not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
en-vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.
rall. a tempo. rall. ad lib.

* Pr. Mahr.

No. 35. WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

CHARLES KINGSLEY — MRS. CHAS. BARNARD

Allegretto.

mf

1. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And ev - 'ry goose a
2. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is

swan, lad, And ev - 'ry lass a queen; Then hey for boot and sad-dle, lad! And
stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home, and take your place there, The

round the world a - way; Young blood must have its course, lad, And ev'ry dog his day. Young
spent and maimed a-mong; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young. God

1st verse. *2d verse.*

blood must have its course, lad, And ev - 'ry dog his day.
grant you find one face there You loved when all was young.

rit. *rit.*
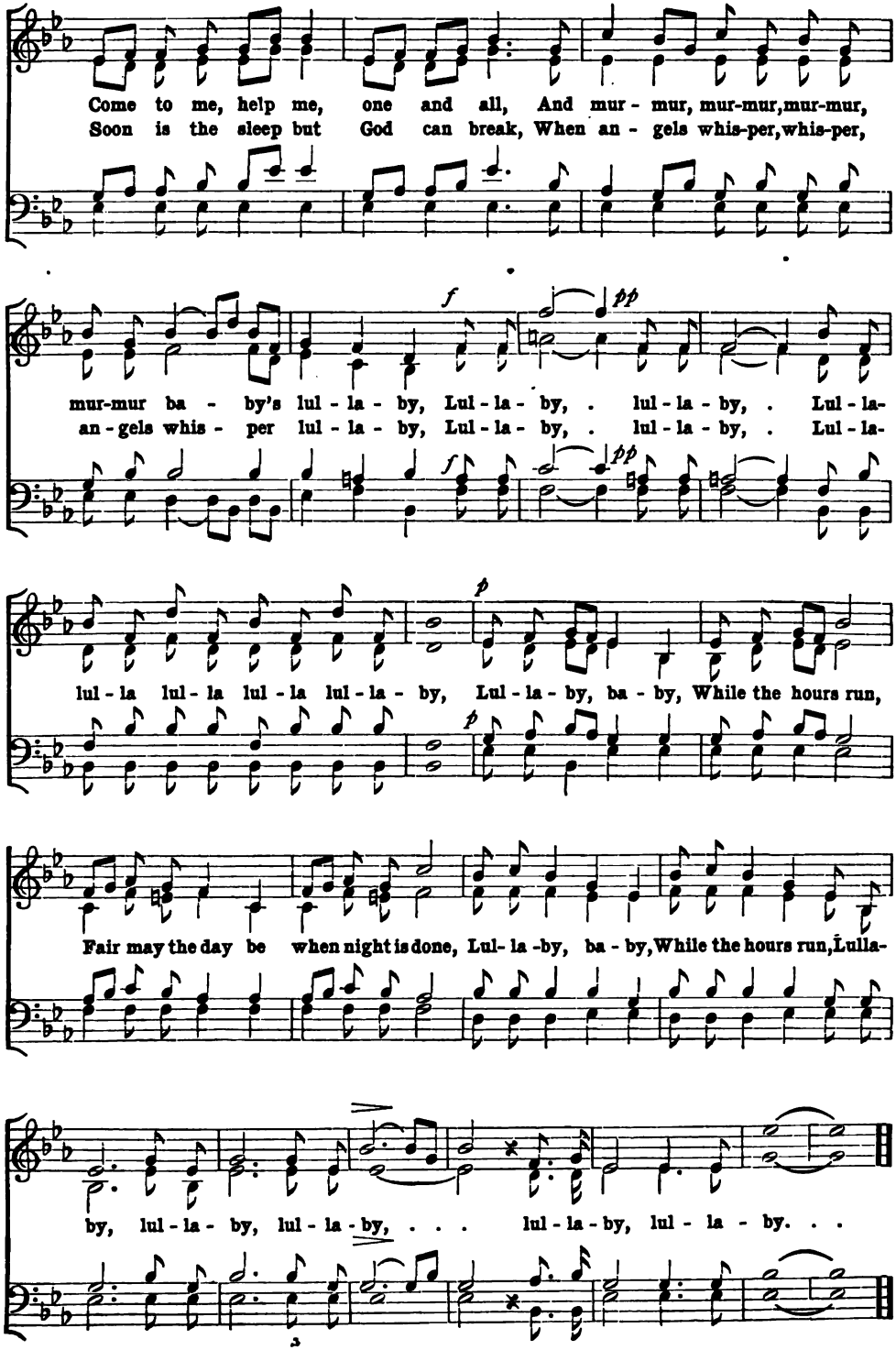
No. 36. A LULLABY

Dolce. — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

p

1. Birds in the night that soft-ly call, Winds in the night that strange-ly sigh,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why;

p


Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur - mur, mur-mur, mur-mur,
Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis-per, whis-per,
mur-mur ba - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . lul - la - by, . Lul - la-
an - gels whis - per lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . lul - la - by, . Lul - la-
lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run,
Fair may the day be when night is done, Lul- la -by, ba - by, While the hours run, Lulla-
by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, . . . lul - la - by, lul - la - by. . .

No. 37. MAY SONG

POLISH AIR

1. May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick- et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness:
3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:

Grove and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall -ing, Sad, but pleas- ant in their sad - ness.
With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.

Hap - py May, blithesome May! Win -ter's reign has passed a - way!
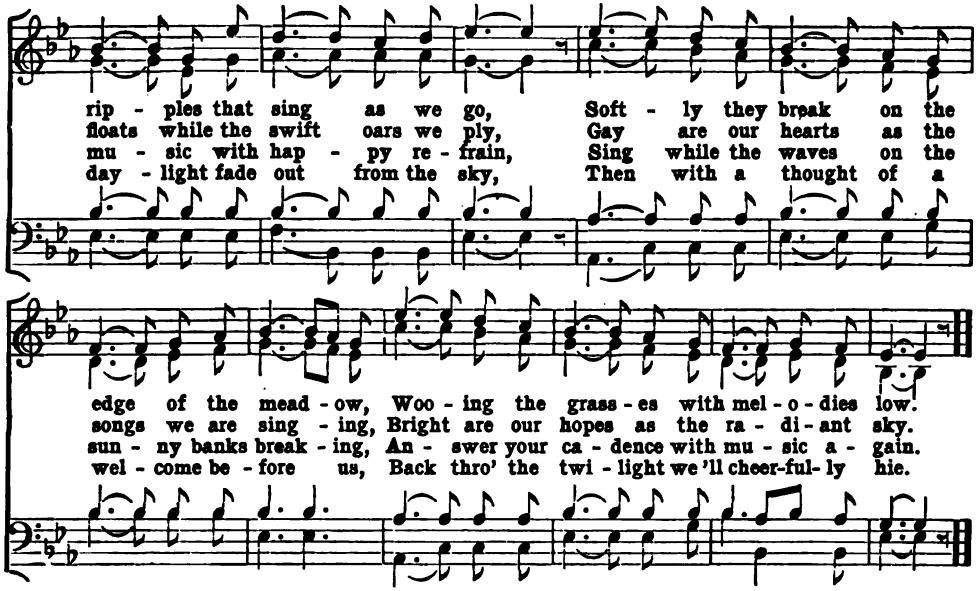
Hap - py May, blithe-some May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way.

No. 38. THE BOAT SONG

VON WEBER

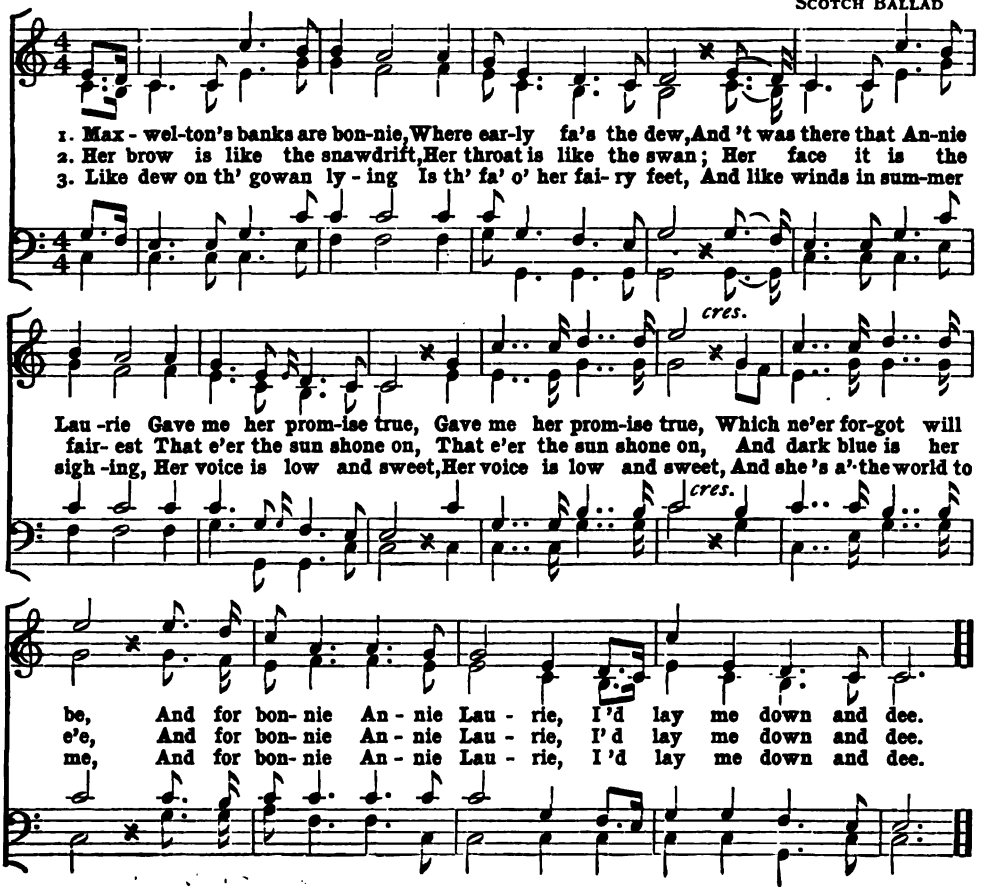
Moderato.

1. On we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow, Soft are the
2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing, On - ward she
3. Com - rades, sing on, while the ech - oes, a - wak - ing, Join in your
4. Soon will the man - tle of ev' - ning fall o'er us, Soon will the
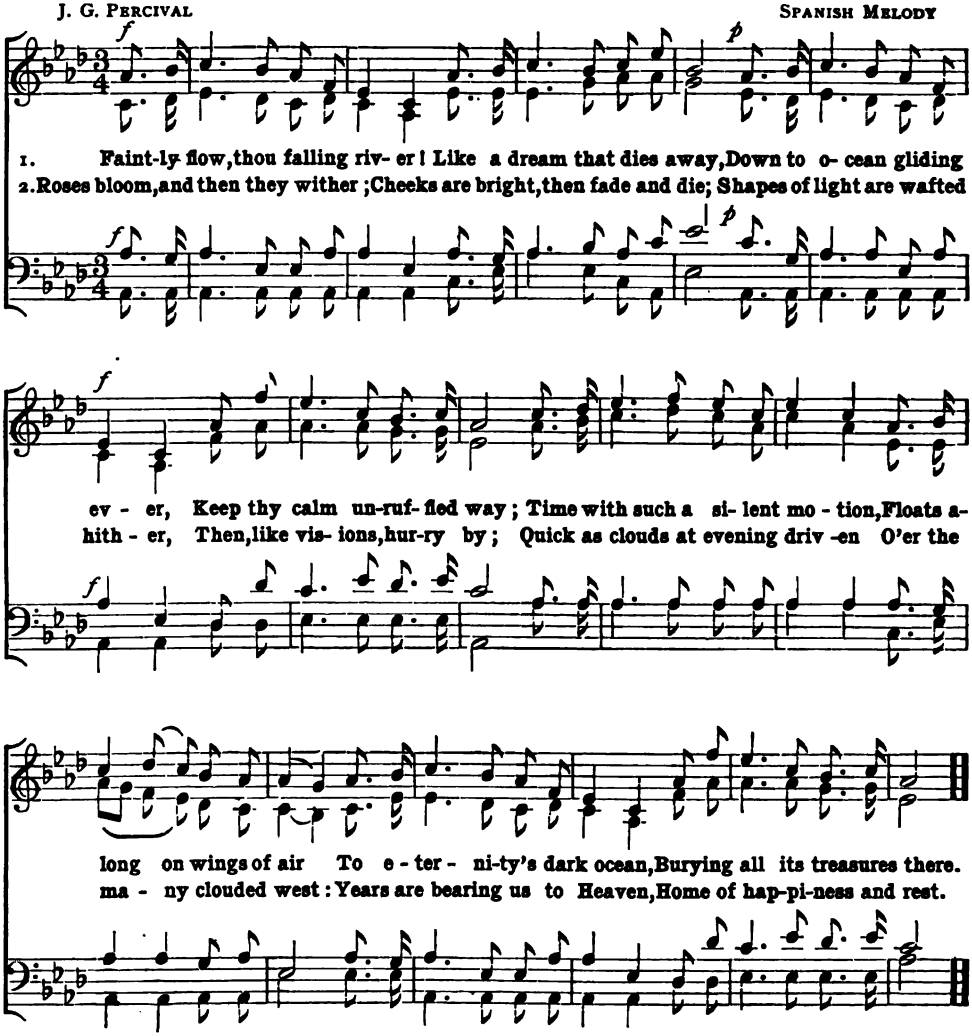


No. 39. ANNIE LAURIE

SCOTCH BALLAD



No. 40. FAINTLY FLOW, THOU FALLING RIVER

J. G. PERCIVAL — SPANISH MELODY



No. 41.
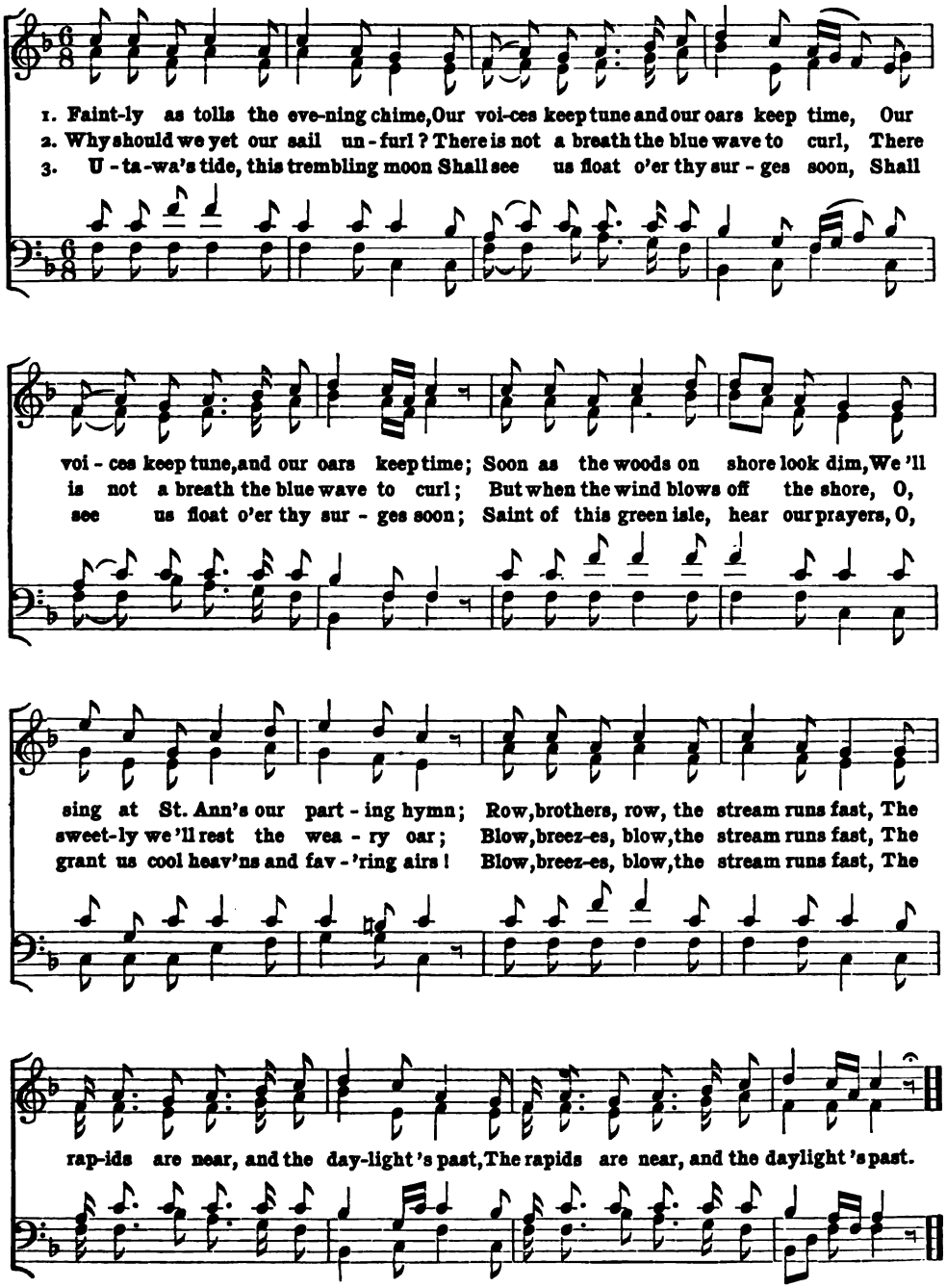
1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand,
‖: Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.:‖

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through,
‖: Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.:‖

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Cleave the flood and stay the waters,
Land me safe on Canaan's side,
‖: Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.:‖
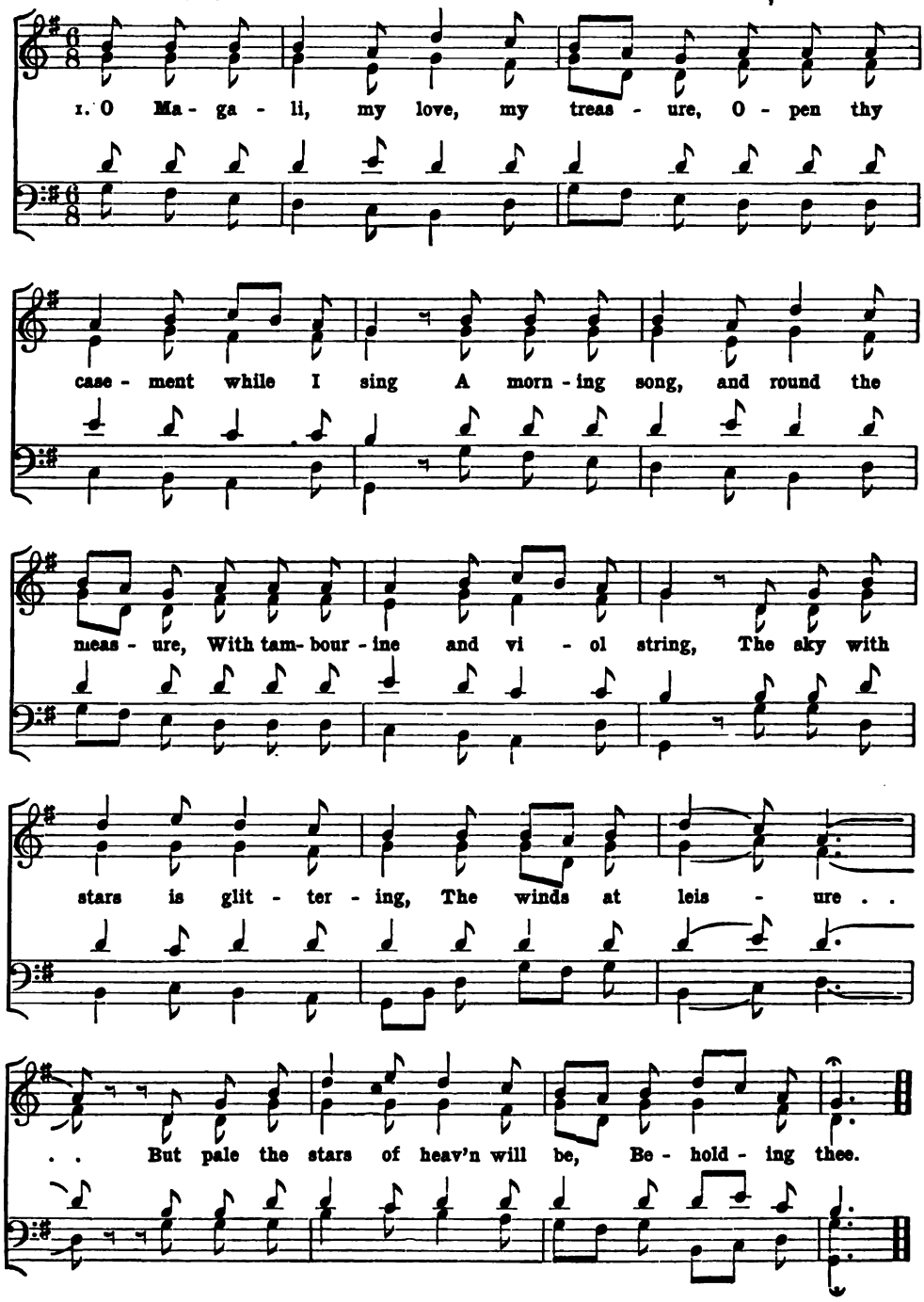
No. 42. CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE



No. 43. MAGALI

From "Mireio," by F. Mistral — Provençal Folksong



2 Thy morning song floats idly by me
As whisper of the early breeze.
I to the silver deep will hie me,
I'll be an eel! I'll haunt the seas.
O Magali, thy witcheries
In vain shall try me.
When thou art fish, I'll fisher be,
And fish for thee.

3 Wilt thou a fisher be, thou sayest?
Thy bait is flung for me in vain.
I will turn bird while thou delayest,
And wing my way across the plain.
O Magali, turn bird again,
If so thou mayest!
When thou art bird, I'll huntsman be,
Ensnaring thee.

4 Partridge and quail while thou art snaring,
With cruel traps for tiny feet,
I'll be a flower, my head uprearing,
Secure, afar in meadows sweet.
O Magali, my Marguerite!
I'm filled with daring.
When thou art flower, I stream will be,
Refreshing thee.

5 If thou become a stream, what wonder
If I turn cloud the selfsame day,
And swiftly, swiftly travel yonder,
In fleeting mist, far, far away.
O Magali, seek India,
Yet we'll not sunder!
Behold! I the sea breeze will be,
And carry thee.

6 The seabreeze wilt thou, singer daring?
I can escape thee yet, for, lo!
I'll be the sun ray blinding, glaring,
The fierce hot ray, that wastes the snow.
O Magali, and wilt thou so?
Then, earthward faring,
I will an emerald lizard be,
And swallow thee.

7 And if thou turnest salamander,
Among the water-reeds to roam,
I'll be the moon, in full orbed splendor,
Lighting the ways of witch and gnome.
O Magali! wilt thou become
That planet tender?
Then will I the white halo be,
Enfolding thee.

8 Yet though the halo hover o'er me
I shall not feel thy folding arm.
I will turn virgin rose before thee;
My thorns will keep me safe from harm.
O Magali, the rose's charm
Shall not secure thee!
For I the butterfly will be,
Aye, kissing thee.

9 Away! away! and woe betide thee!
I never, never will be thine!
I in the oak's rough bark will hide me,
In glades where sun shall never shine.
Yet, Magali, thou shalt be mine,
Who hast defied me.
I will the knotted ivy be
Fast binding thee.
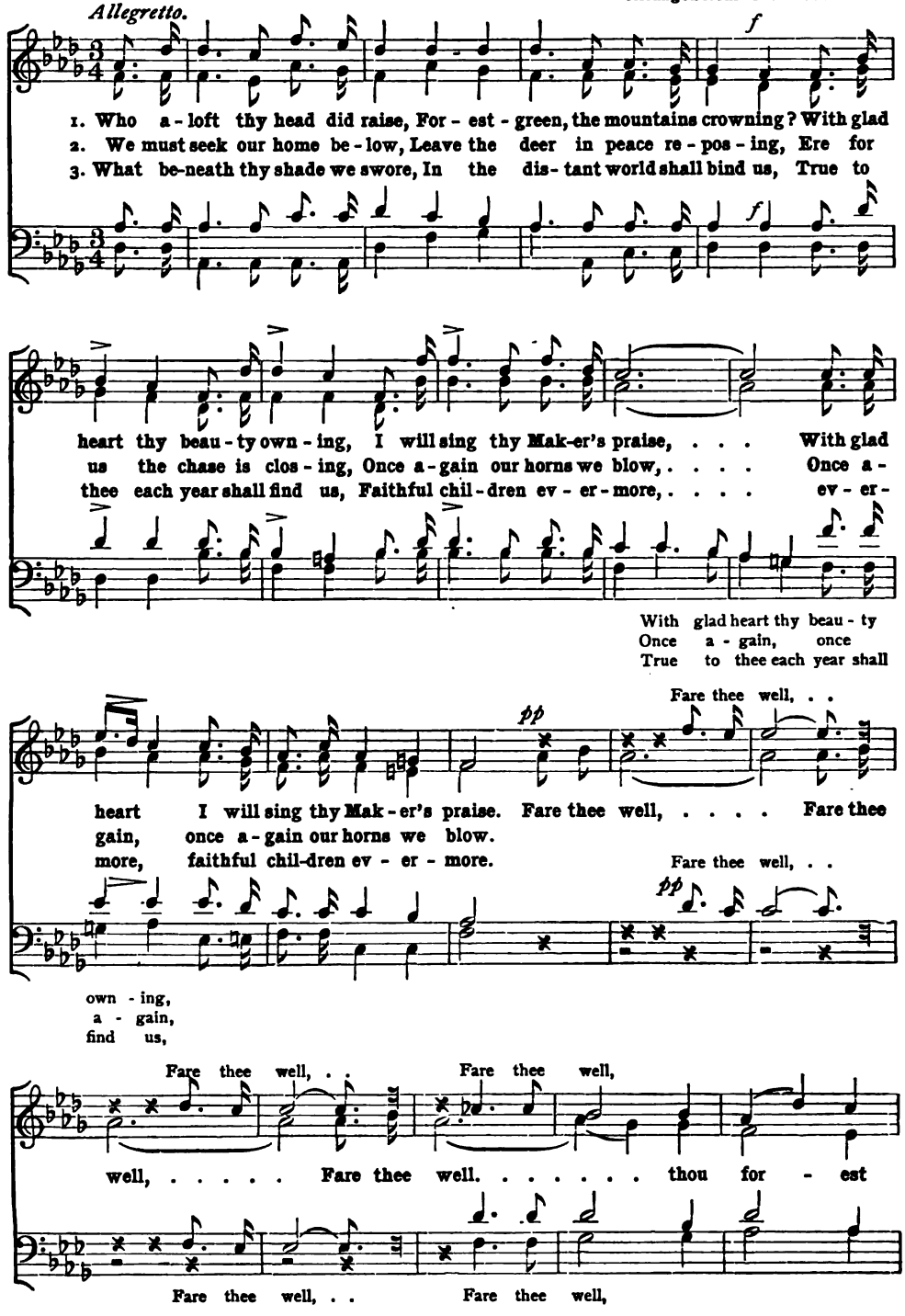
10 The hoary oak alone thou stayest,
In thy victorious embrace,
For I to Saint Blasè will hasten
With the white nuns to take my place,
O Magali, thou shalt find grace
When there thou prayest,
For I the shaven priest will be,
Absolving thee.
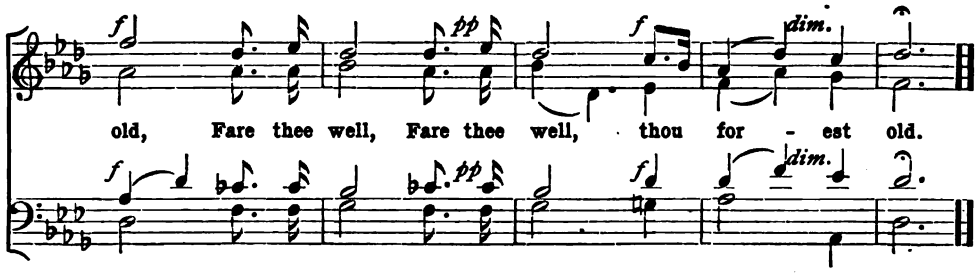
11 And if thou pass the portal holy,
A weeping train thou shalt descry,
The convent sisters moving slowly
After the coffin where I lie.
Then Magali, 't were well wert thou
That sleeper lowly,
For there would I the warm earth be
Aye clasping thee.

12 Now see'st thou a glad believer,
This is not jest, this is not art;
Take thou my ring, and keep the giver,
Fair youth, forever in thy heart.
O Magali, thou dost impart
Rapture forever;
See now the stars how pale they be,
At sight of thee.

No. 44. HUNTER'S FAREWELL
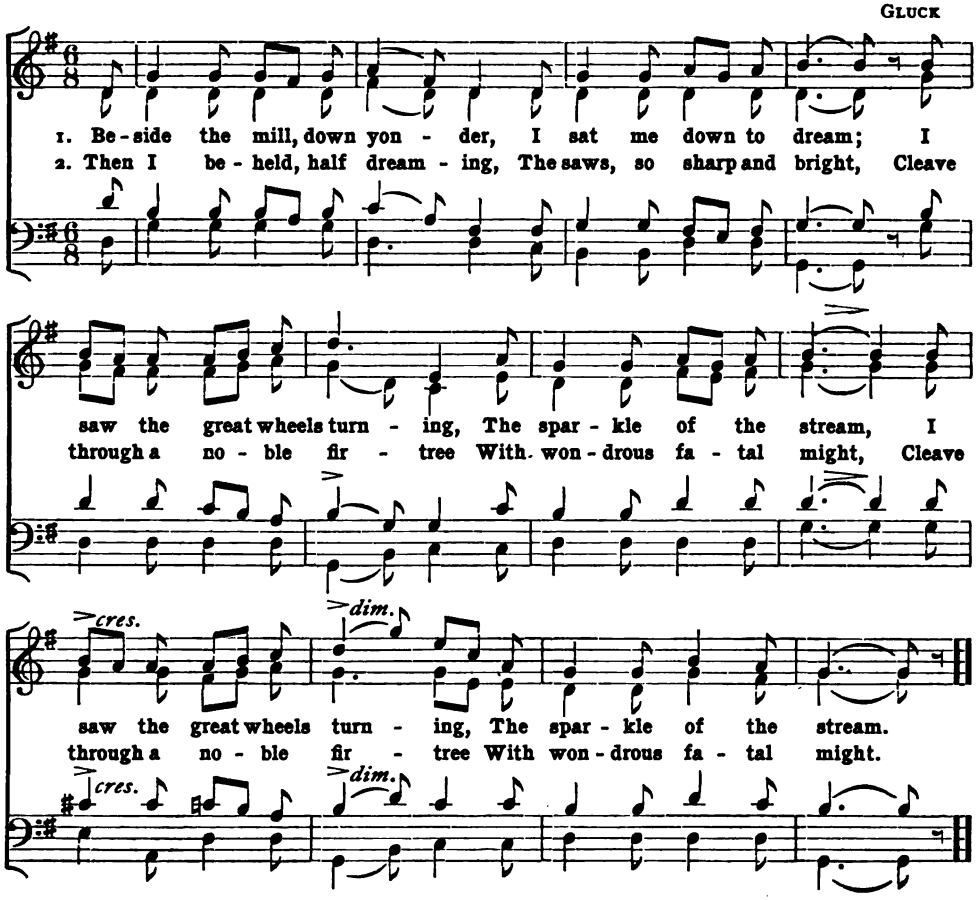
Arranged from MENDELSSOHN





No. 45. BESIDE THE MILL

GLUCK



3 And now alive the tree seemed,
Its fibres shrank with dread;
‖: With low and mournful cadence,
These words to me it said :‖

4 "Thou, wanderer, well hast chosen
Thy time to come to me!
‖: For thee alone I suffer,
And I must die for thee! :‖
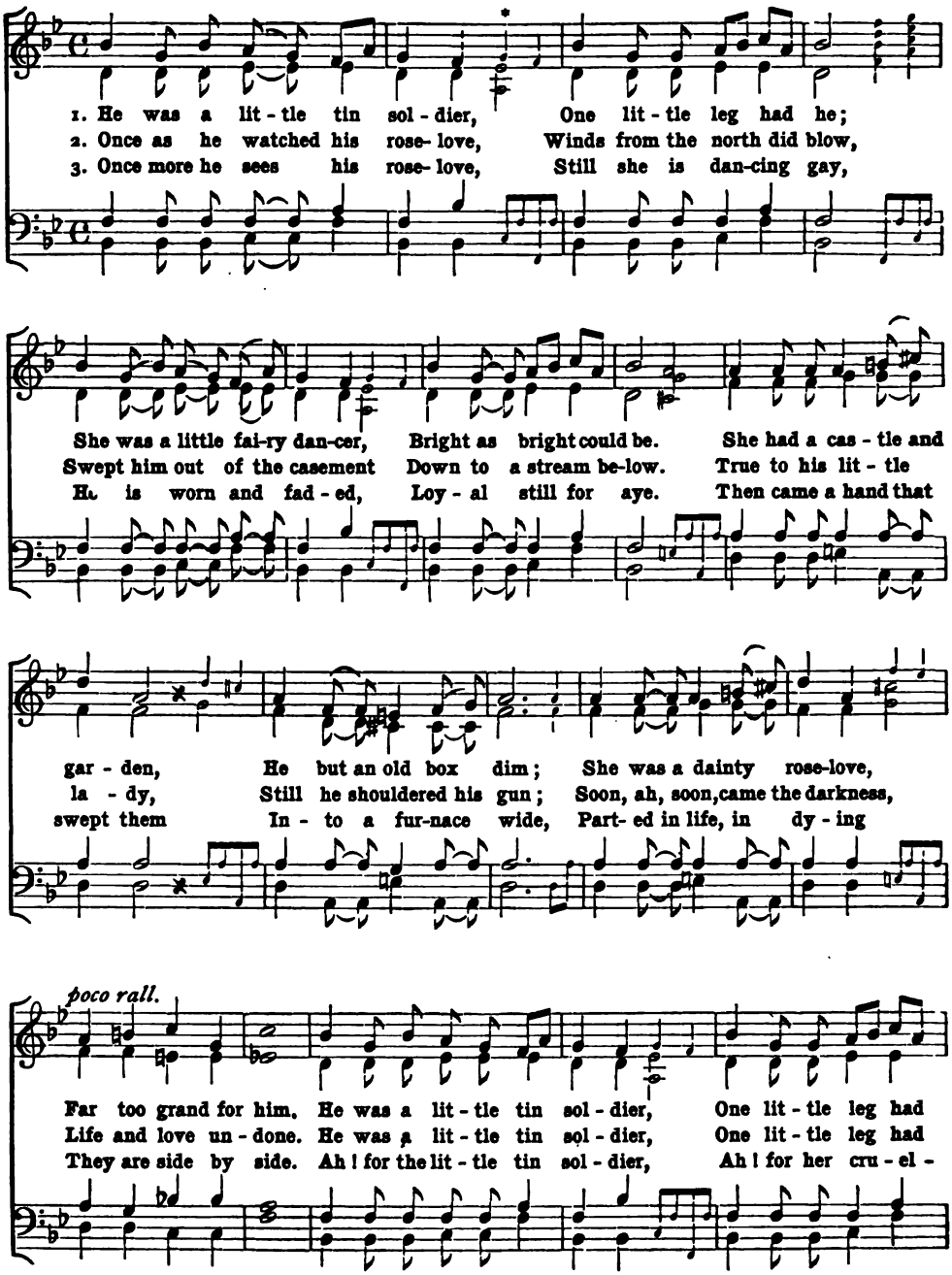
5 "For thee a cell so narrow,
Shall from my heart be made,
‖: And thy sad heart, and weary
Within at rest be laid.":‖

6 Four planks I then heard falling;
My heart with fear was filled;
‖: But when I fain would question,
The noisy wheels were stilled. :‖

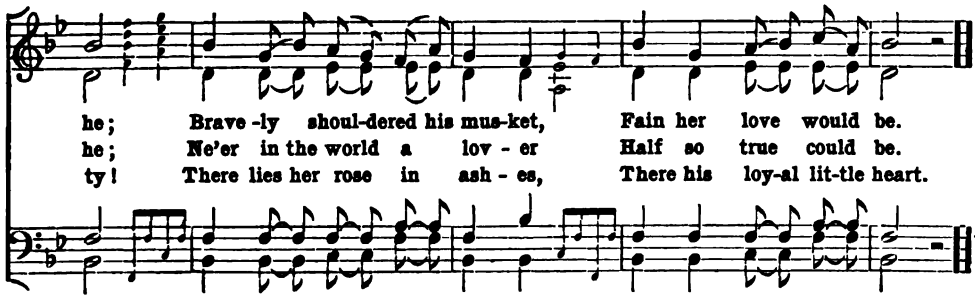
No. 46. THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

F. E. WEATHERLY

J. L. MOLLOY
Arr. by J. P. McCASKEY. Inserted by per.
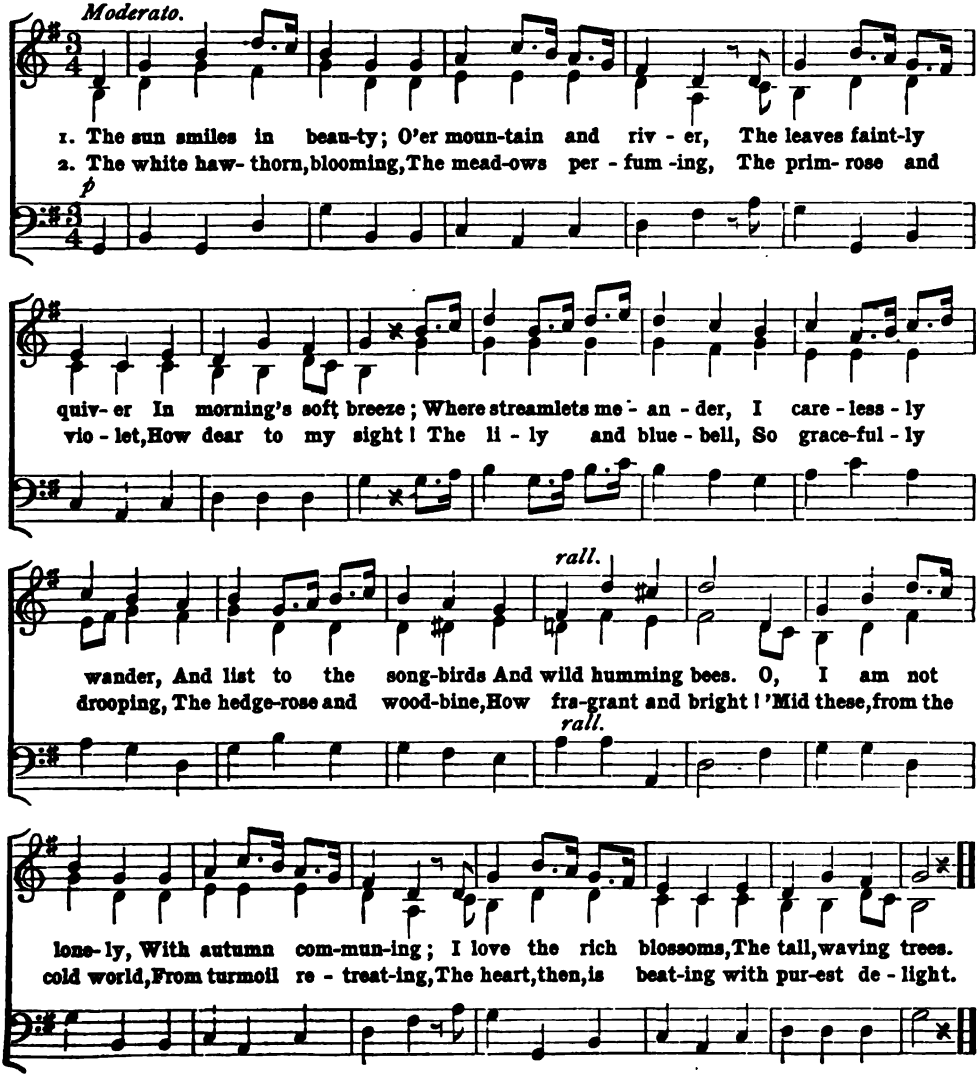


* The small notes are for the instrument.
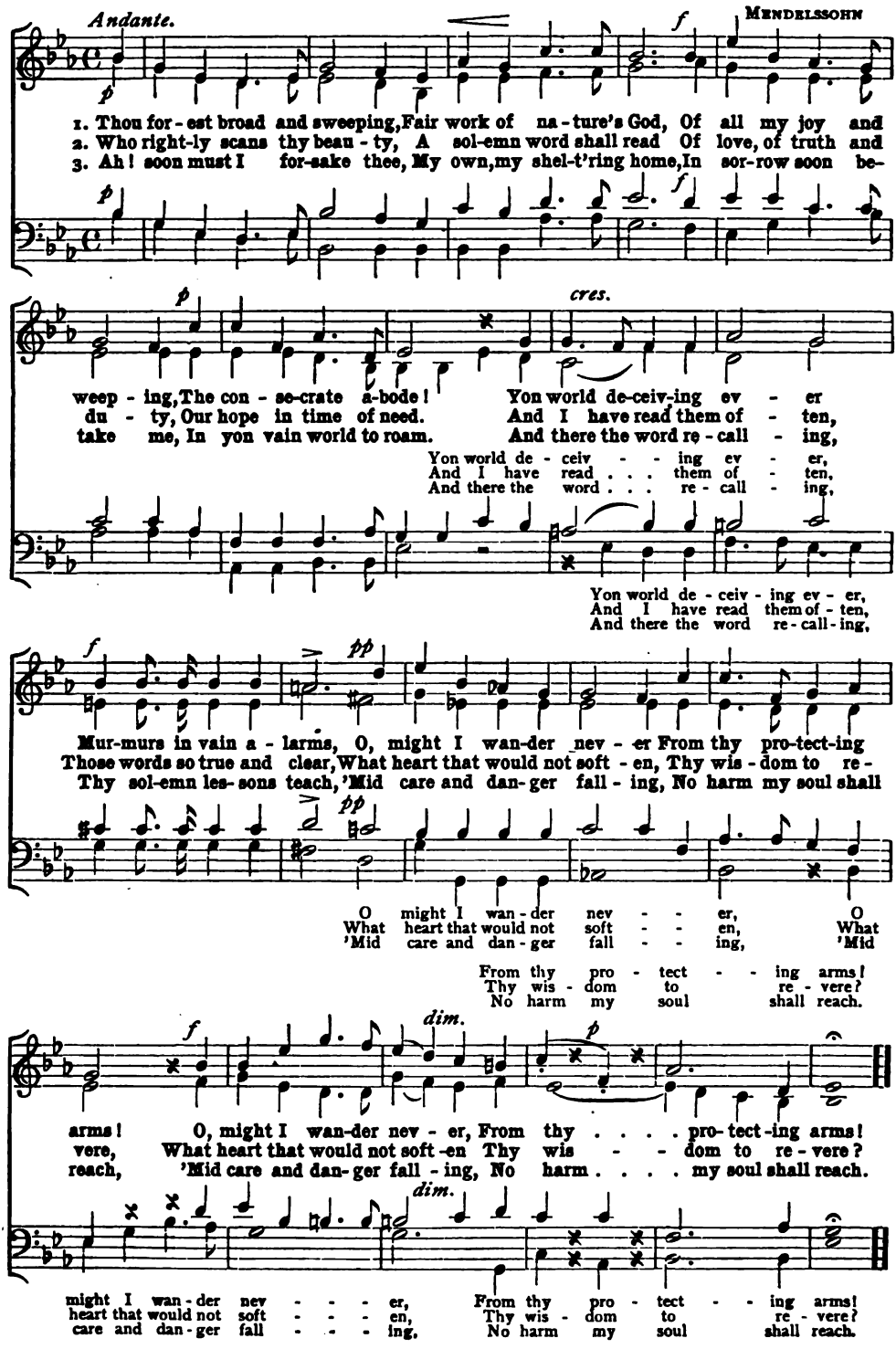


No. 47. THE SUN SMILES IN BEAUTY

WELSH AIR, "THE ASH GROVE"
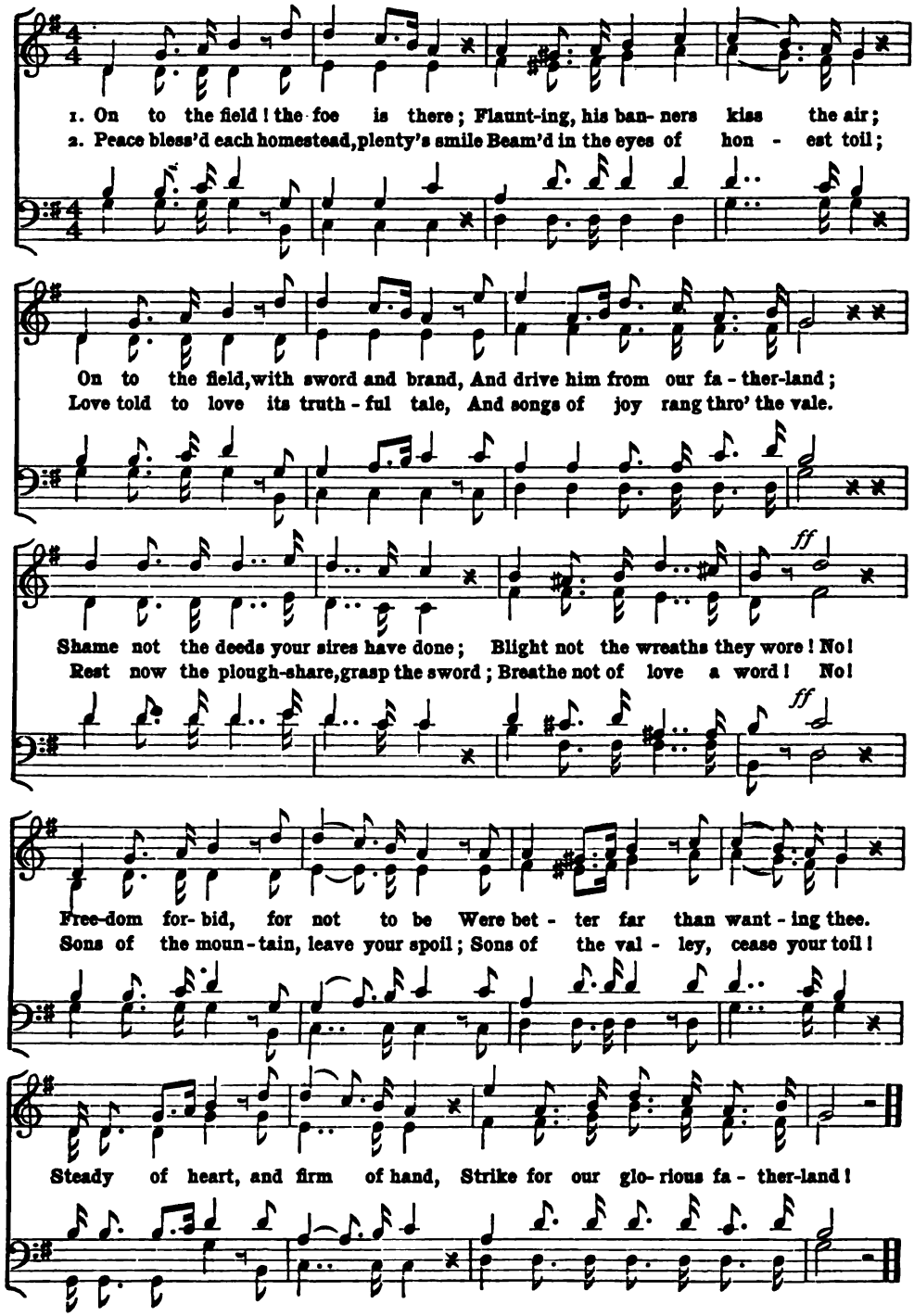


No. 48. FAREWELL TO THE FOREST



No. 49. ON TO THE FIELD

V. BELLINI



No. 50. I KNOW A BANK

SHAKESPEARE — CHAS. E. HORN

Allegretto.

1. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, I know a bank whereon the
2. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, With sweet musk roe-es and with

wild thyme grows, Where ox - lips, and the nodding violet blows, Where oxlips, and the
eg - lan - tine; There sleeps Ti - tan-ia sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flow'rs with

Where ox-lips,
There sleeps Ti-

rit.
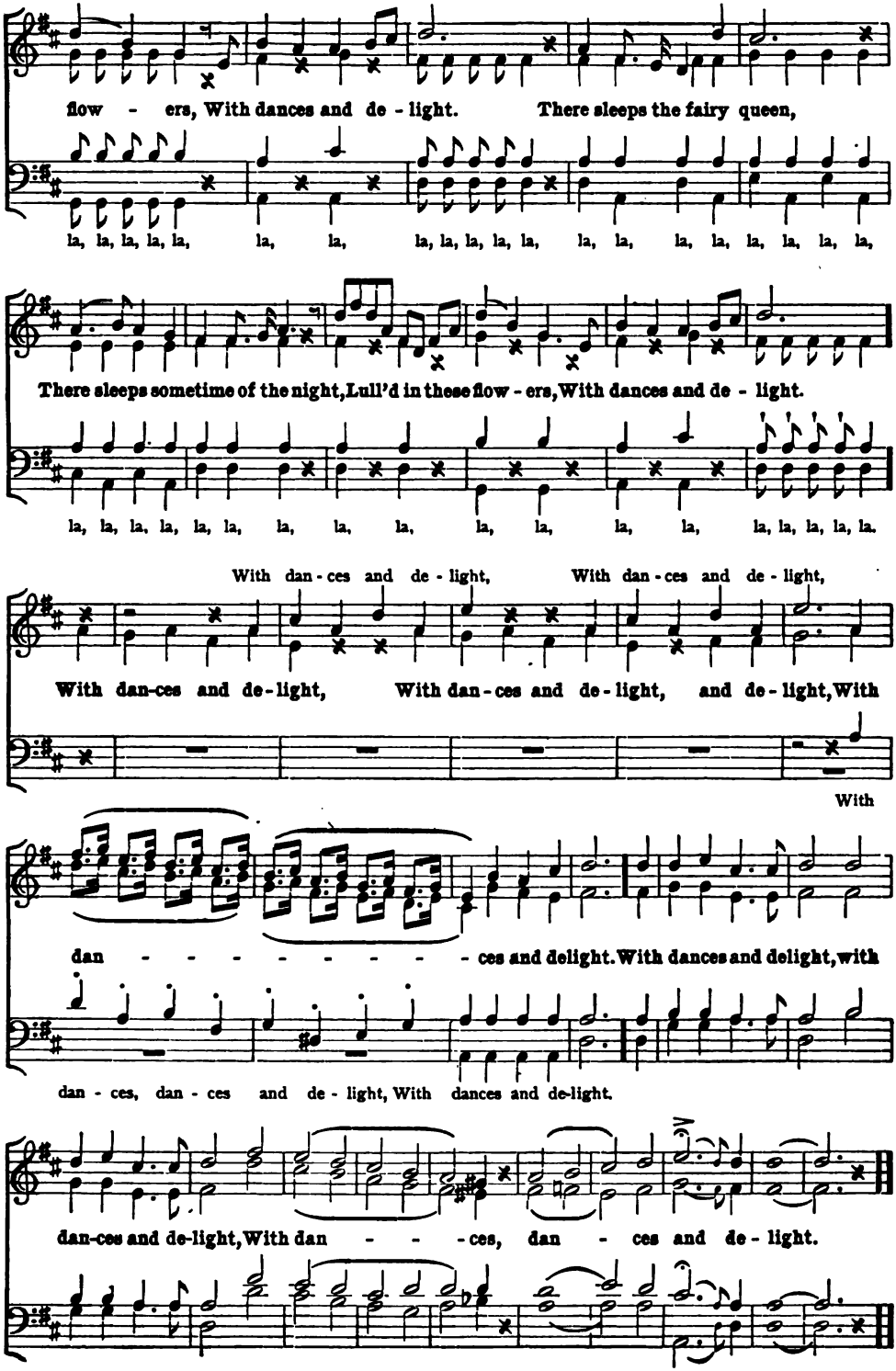
nodding violet blows, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, the wild thyme grows.
dan-ces and delight, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, the wild thyme grows.

rit.

La, la, la, etc.

There sleeps the fairy queen, There sleeps sometime of the night, Lulled in these

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,


flow - ers, With dances and de - light. There sleeps the fairy queen,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
There sleeps sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flow - ers, With dances and de - light.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
With dan - ces and de - light, With dan - ces and de - light,
With dan-ces and de-light, With dan - ces and de - light, and de - light, With
With
dan - - - - - - - - - ces and delight. With dances and delight, with
dan - ces, dan - ces and de - light, With dances and de-light.
dan-ces and de-light, With dan - - - ces, dan - ces and de - light.

No. 51. GOOD NIGHT, FAREWELL

Moderato, con anima. F. KUCKEN

1. Good-night, farewell, my own true heart, A thousand times good-night! Each tho't of thee bids
2. I see thy heart re-flect- ed by A star within the stream, It shines forth from thy

rit. *poco animato.*

grief de-part, And ren - ders joy more bright. Tho' far thy im- age dwells with me, Thou
clear, blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beam; And tho' no more than one bright glance I

rit. *poco animato.*

sempre cres. *cres.* *f*

art my guid - ing star; When o'er me dark'n-ing clouds I see, Thy love guides
e'er of thee pos - sessed, That look my heart will e'er en - trance, And ren - der

sempre cres. *cres.* *f*

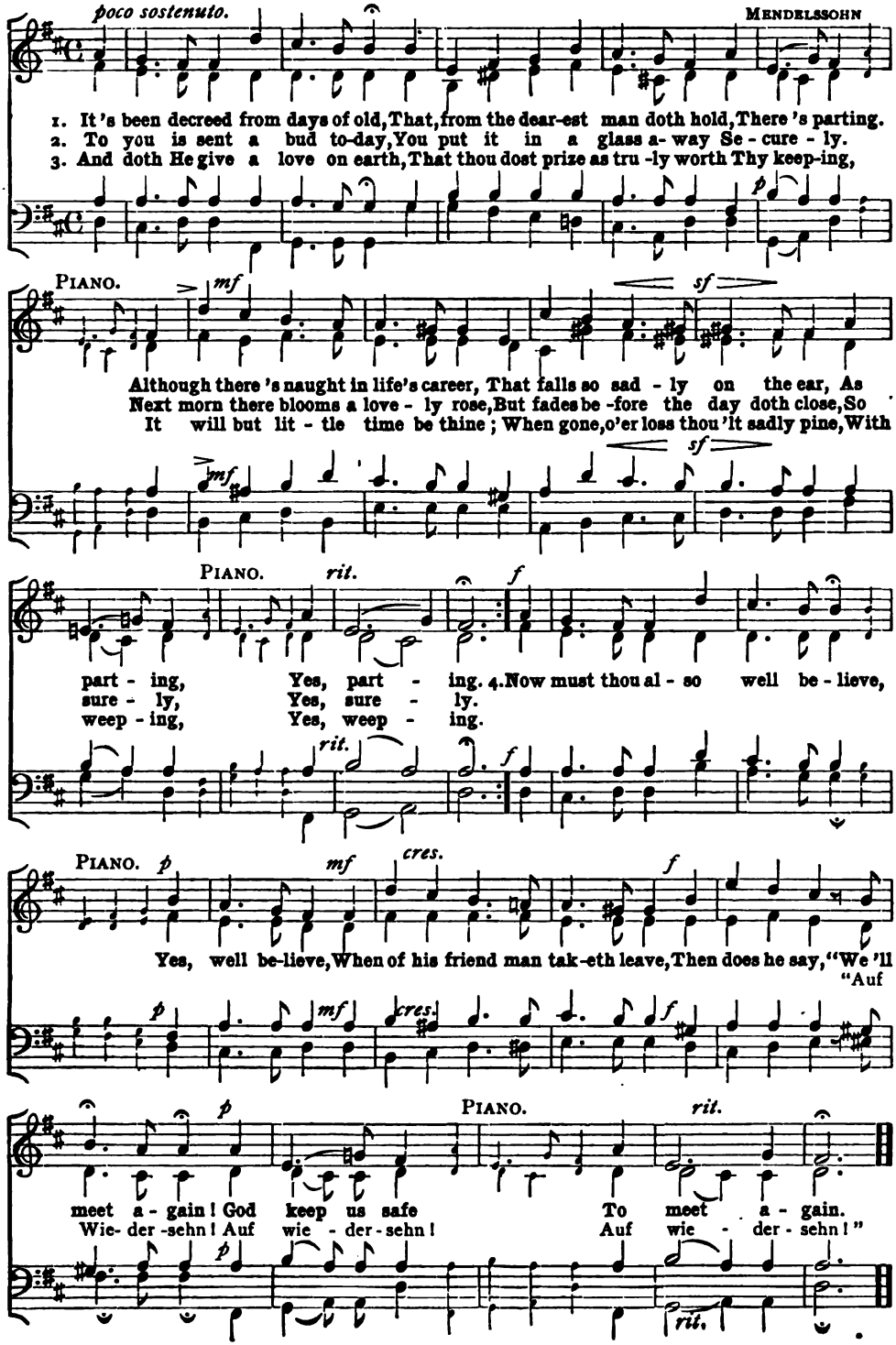
me a - far. When o'er me dark'ning clouds I see, Thy love guides me a - far. Fare-
ev - er blest. That look my heart will e'er entrance, And render ev - er blest. Fare-

cres-cen-do. *f rit.*

well, my own true heart, A thousand times farewell! Goodnight, farewell, my own true heart!

cres-cen-do. *f rit.*

No. 52. AUF WIEDERSEHN



No. 53. THE CHAPEL

KREUTZER

Andante.

1. What gleams so bright, on the moun - tain height, When the stars are beam - ing in
2. What sound - eth there, from the chap - el at night, O, so sol - emn, stern, so with
3. What sounds come down to the si - lent vale, What tells that toll - ing, what

sil - v'ry light? What gleams so bright, on the moun - tain height, When the
mild - ness and might? What sound - eth there, from the chap - el, at night, O, so
means that tale? What sounds come down to the si - lent vale, What

dim. *pp*

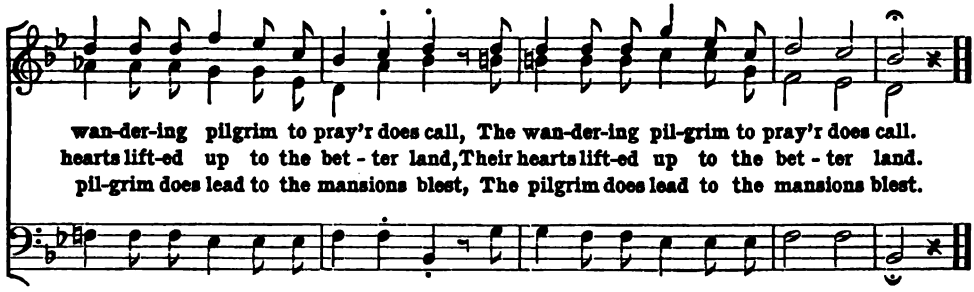
stars are beam-ing in sil - v'ry light? It is the chap-el that, still and small, The
sol-emn, stern, so with mildness and might? It is the brethren's de-vot - ed band, Their
tells that tolling, what means that tale? It is the bell that in-vites to rest, The

pp

f

wan-der-ing pil-grim to pray'r does call; It is the chap-el that, still and small, The
hearts lift-ed up to the bet - ter land; It is the brethren's de-vot - ed band, Their
pil-grim does lead to the man-sions bless'd; It is the bell that in-vites to rest, The
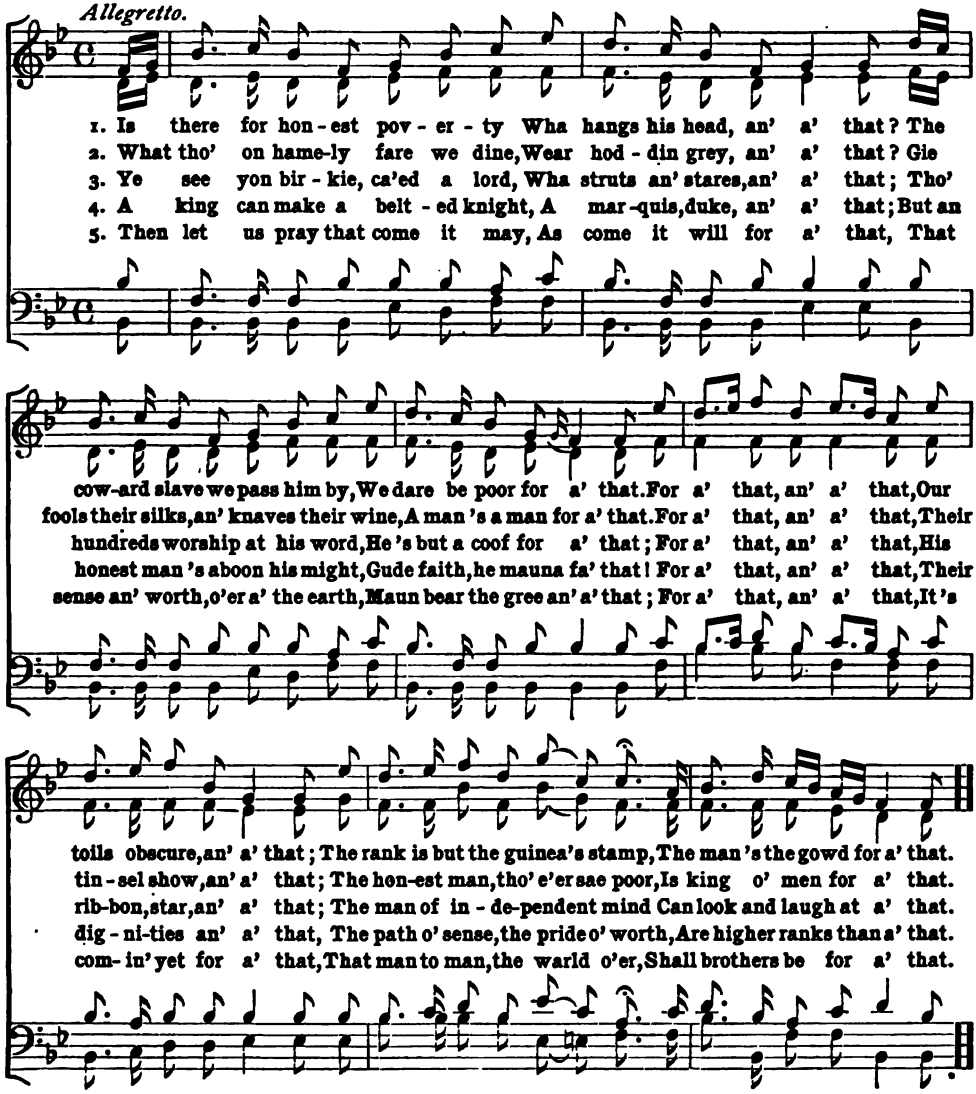
f



No. 54. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Allegretto.



No. 55. KILLARNEY

M. W. Balfe's Last Song

Moderato.

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em-'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
2. In - nis-fal - len's ruin -ed shrine May sug-gest a pass -ing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va- ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu -sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Ma - ny-voiced the
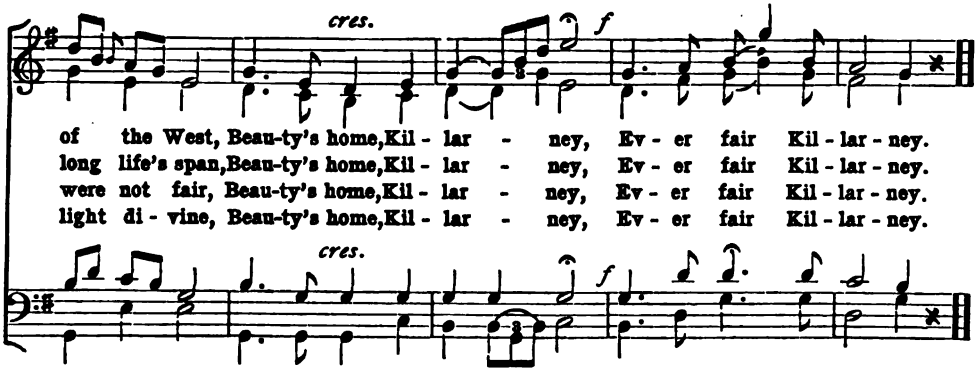
woodland dells, Mem-'ry ev - er fond - ly stays, Bounteous na - ture loves all lands,
ne'er de - cline Such God's won-ders float- ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a bay;
you pass by, Ver - dure broid -ers or be-sprints, Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
cho - rus swells, 'Till it faints in ec - sta -sy. With the charmful tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
Mountains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know,
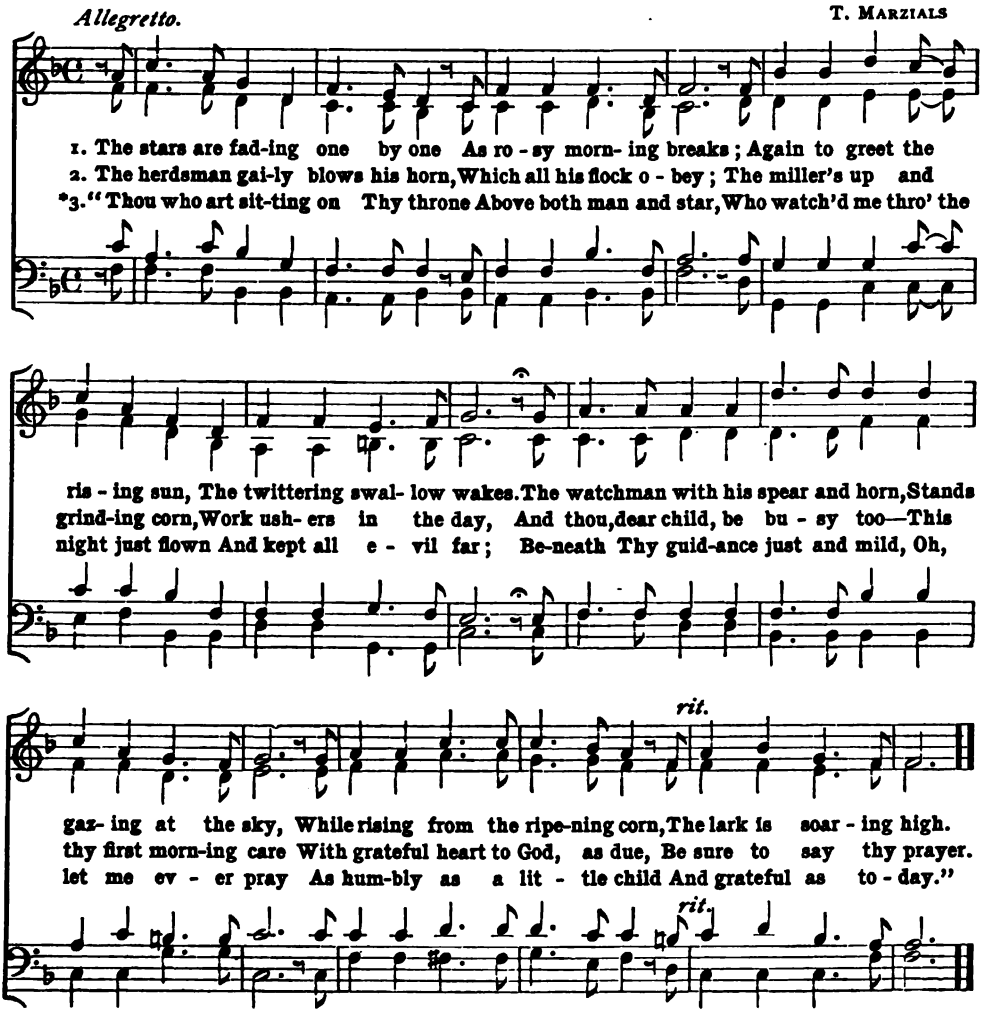
rall. *dim. pp a tempo.*

But her home is sure- ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
Smil-ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft -en paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of an-gels so might shine, Glancing back soft

rall. *dim. pp a tempo.*



No. 56. THE STARS ARE FADING
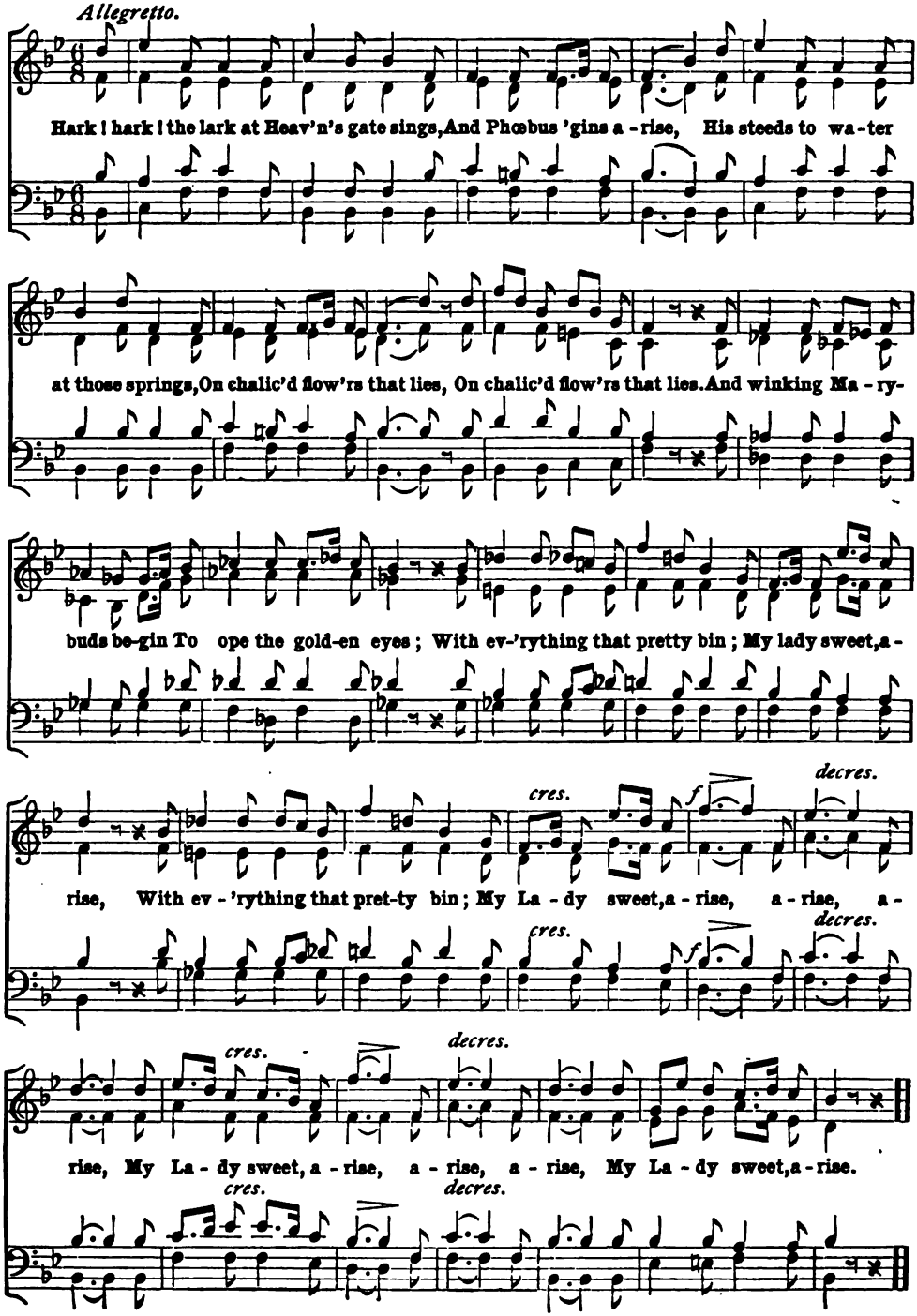


* Sing third verse more slowly.

No. 57. HARK! HARK! THE LARK
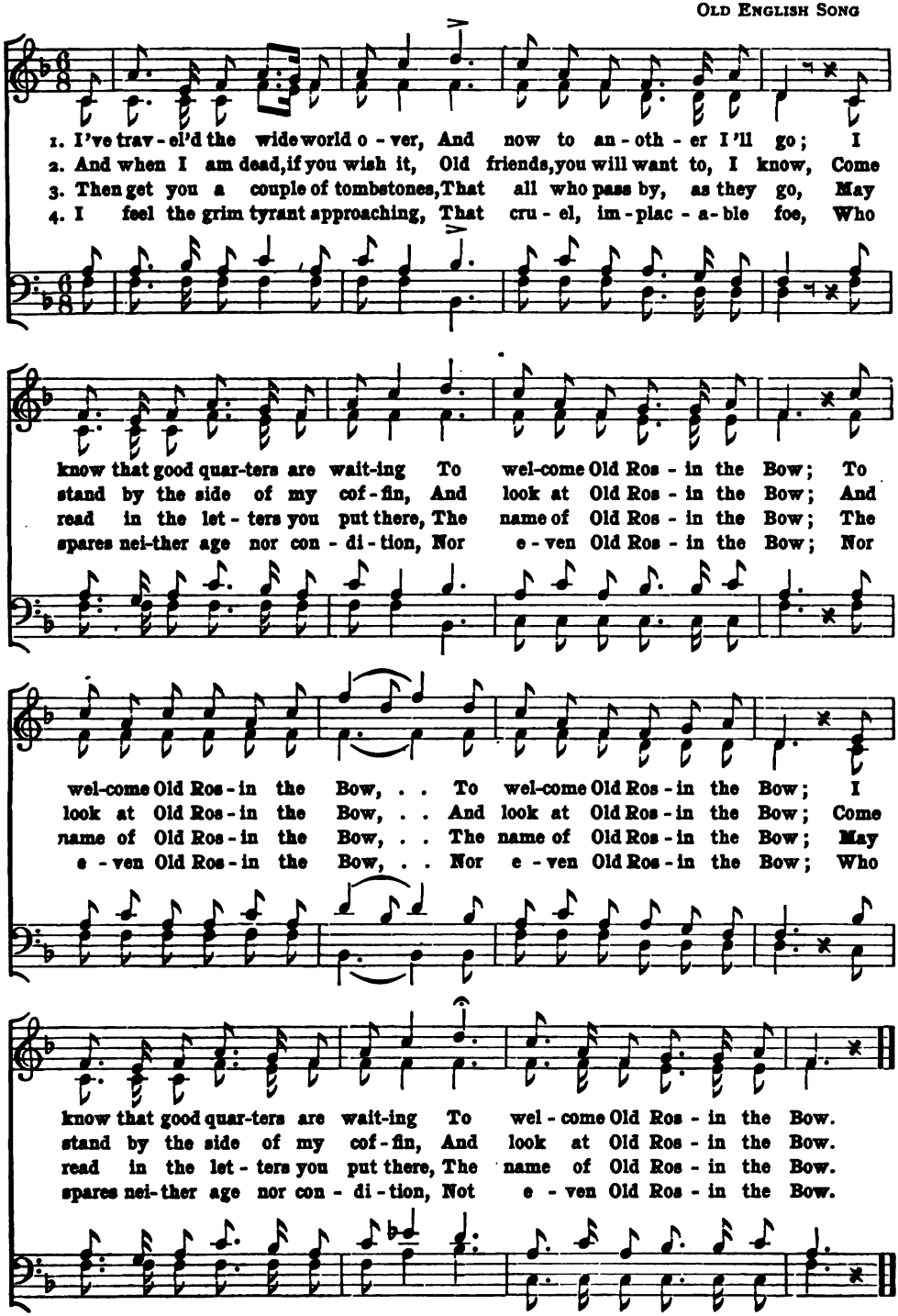
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE FRANZ SCHUBERT

Allegretto.



No. 58. OLD ROSIN THE BOW

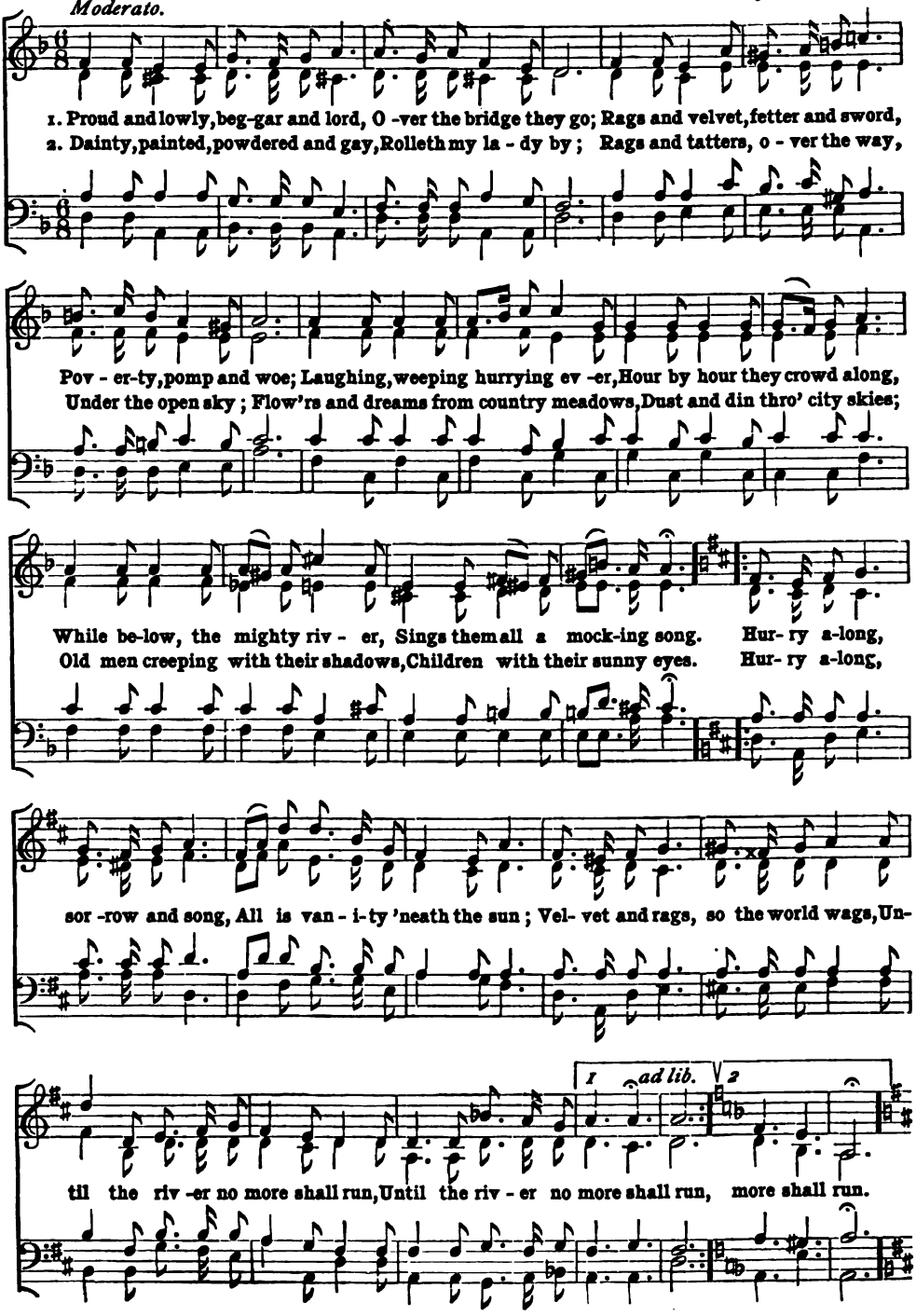
OLD ENGLISH SONG
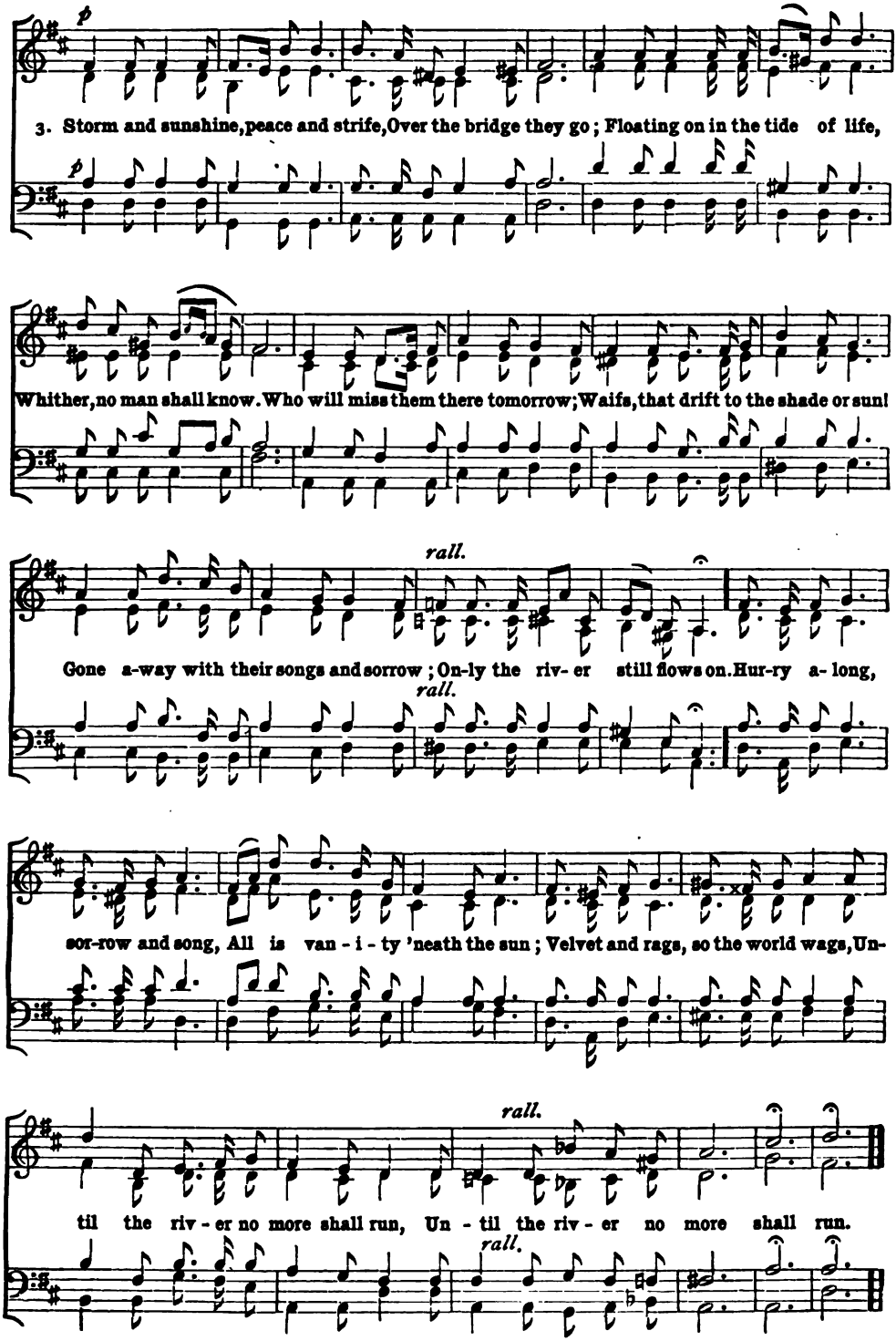


No. 59. LONDON BRIDGE

F. E. WEATHERLY J. L. MOLLOY

Moderato.
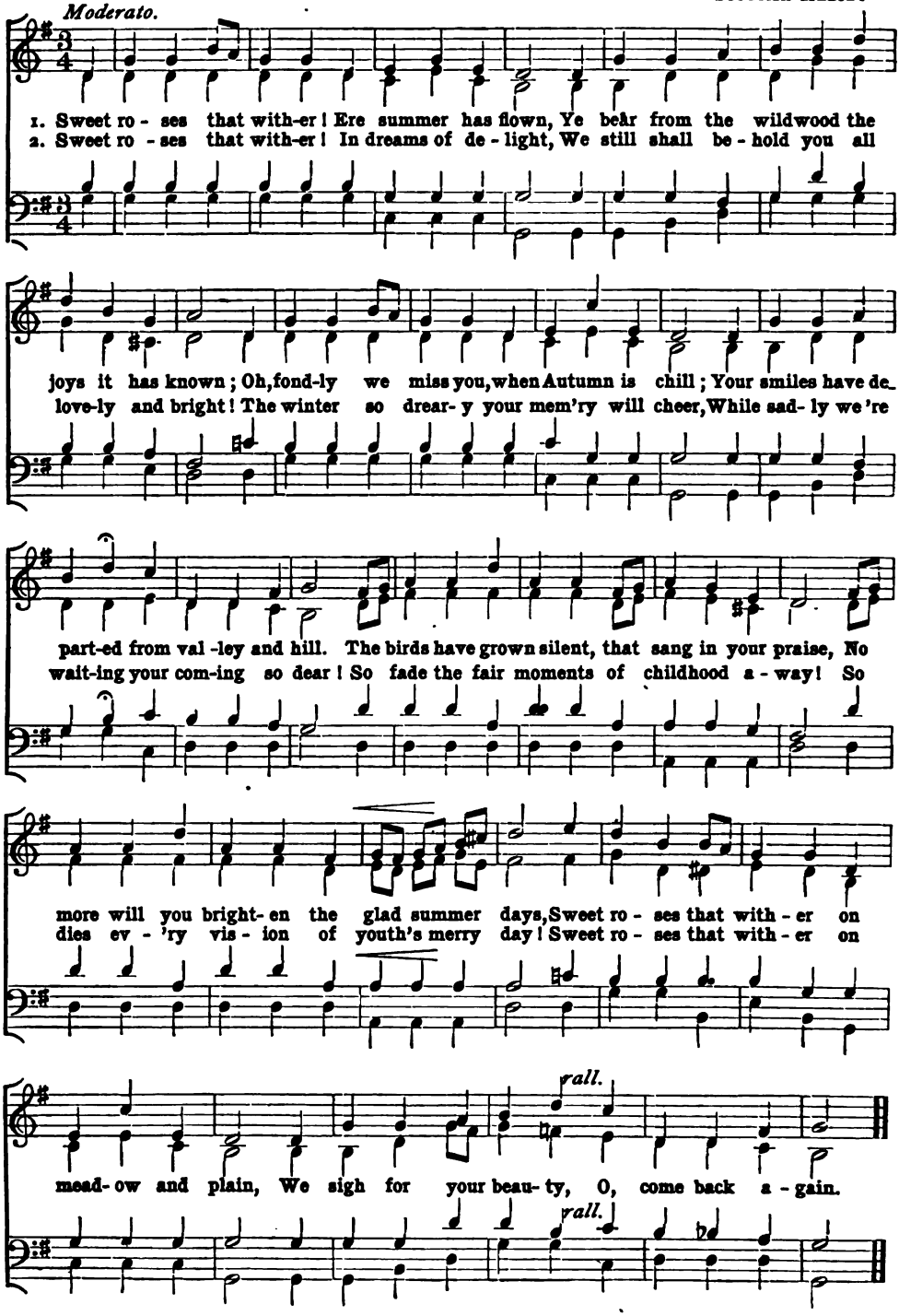



p
3. Storm and sunshine, peace and strife, Over the bridge they go; Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither, no man shall know. Who will miss them there tomorrow; Waifs, that drift to the shade or sun!
rall.
Gone a-way with their songs and sorrow; On-ly the riv- er still flows on. Hur-ry a- long,
rall.
sor-row and song, All is van - i - ty 'neath the sun; Velvet and rags, so the world wags, Un-
rall.
til the riv - er no more shall run, Un - til the riv - er no more shall run.
rall.

No. 60. SWEET ROSES THAT WITHER
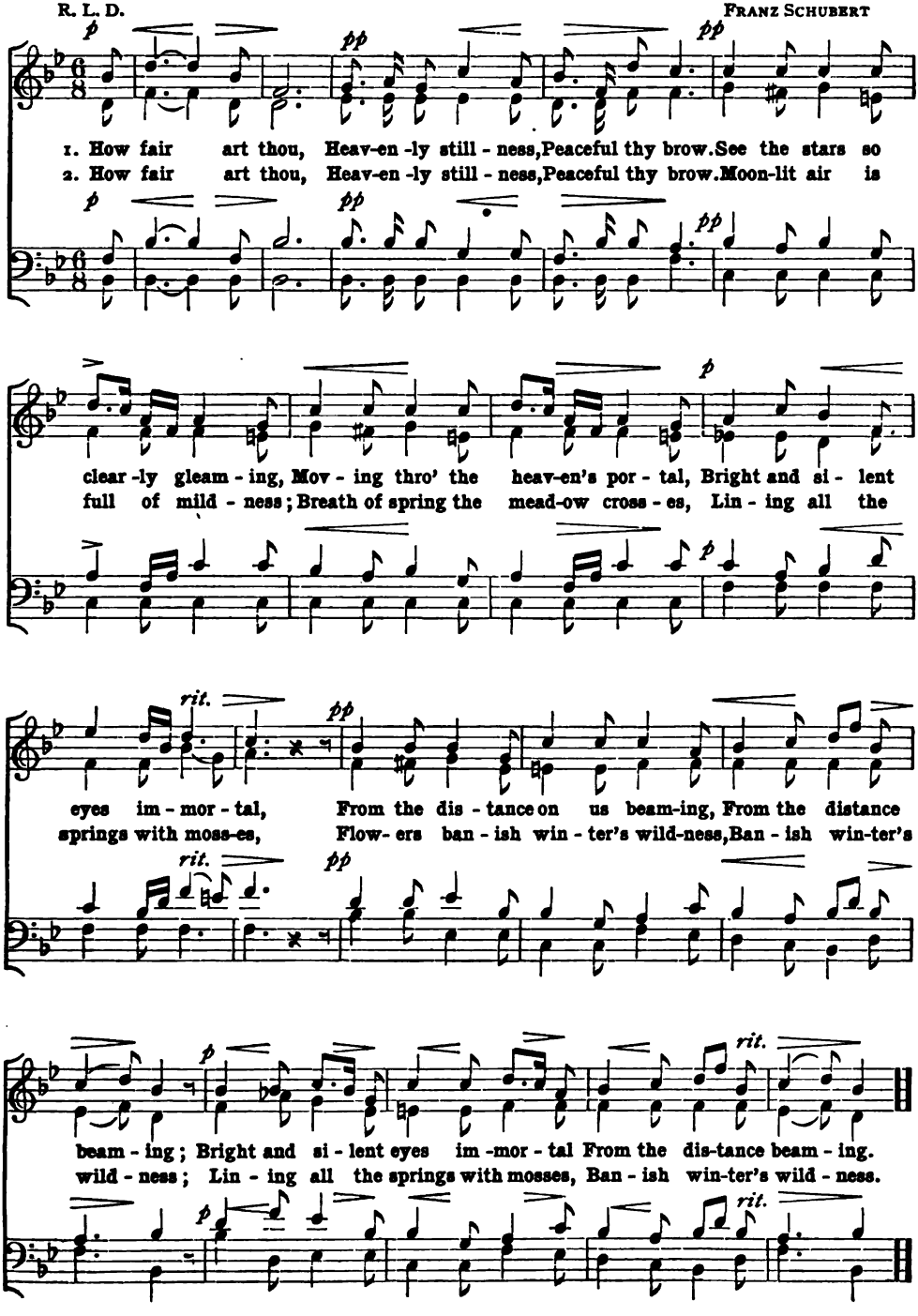
SCOTTISH MELODY

Moderato.
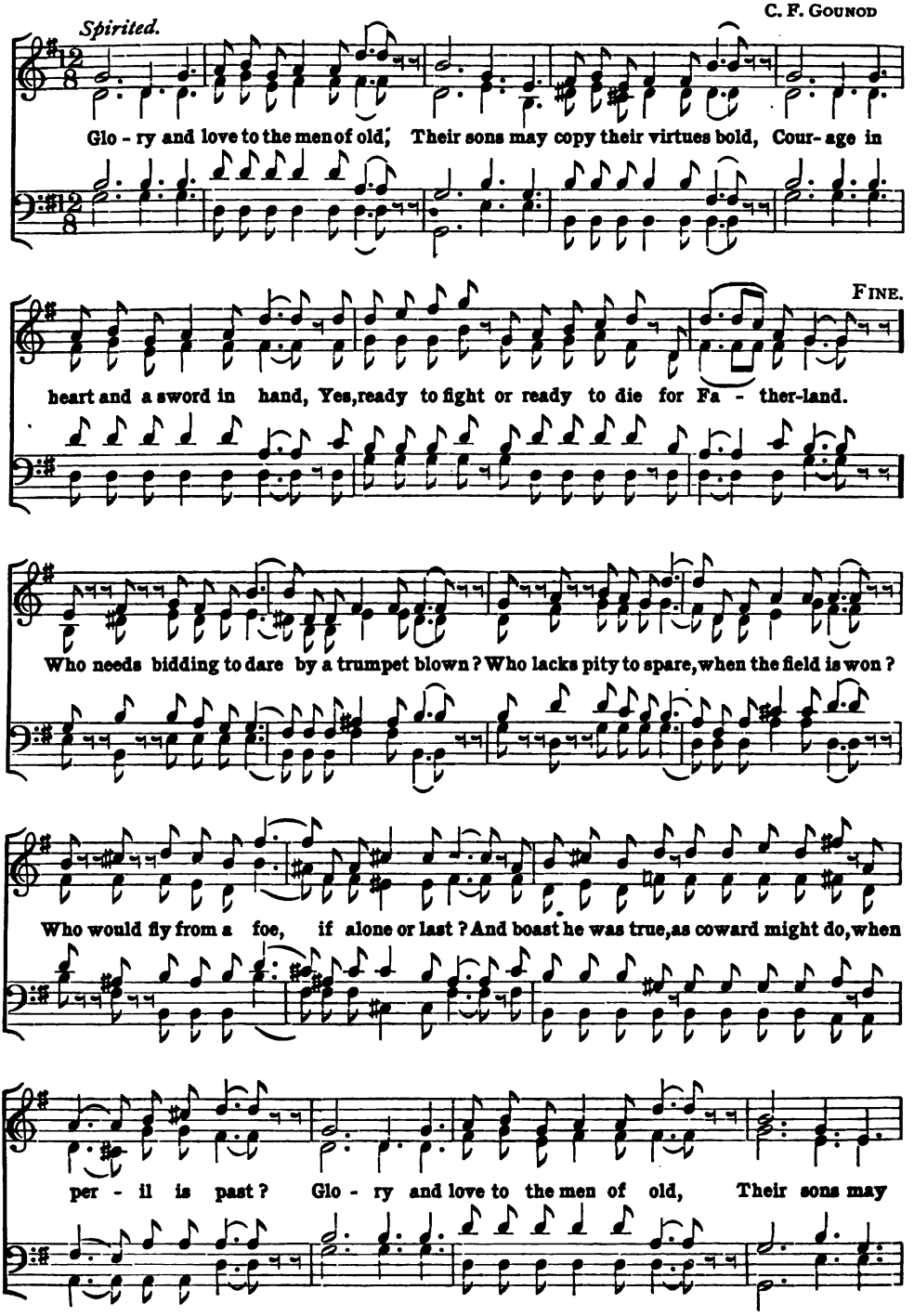


No. 61. THE NIGHT
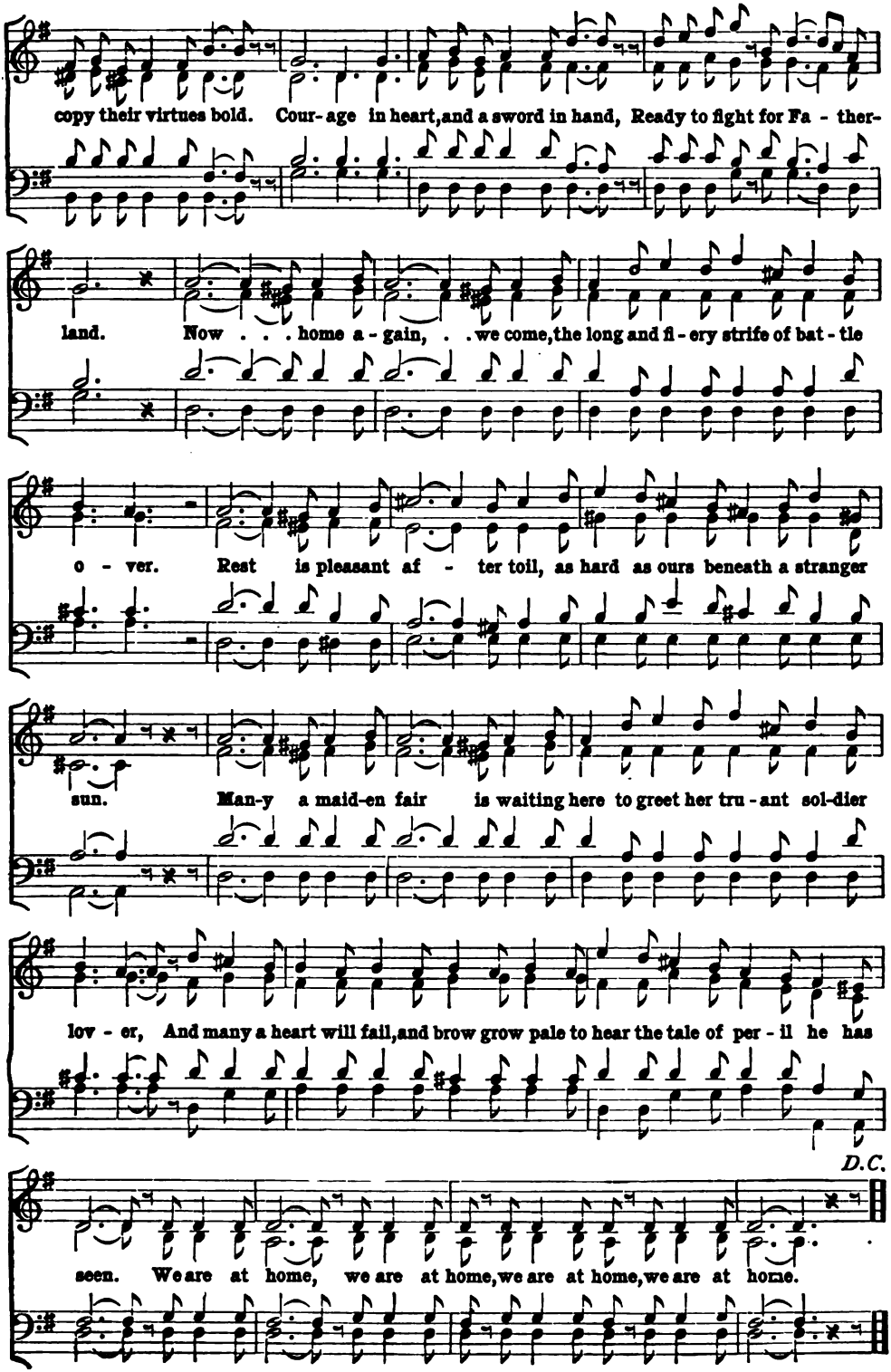
R. L. D. FRANZ SCHUBERT



No. 62. SOLDIERS' CHORUS

"FAUST"
C. F. GOUNOD
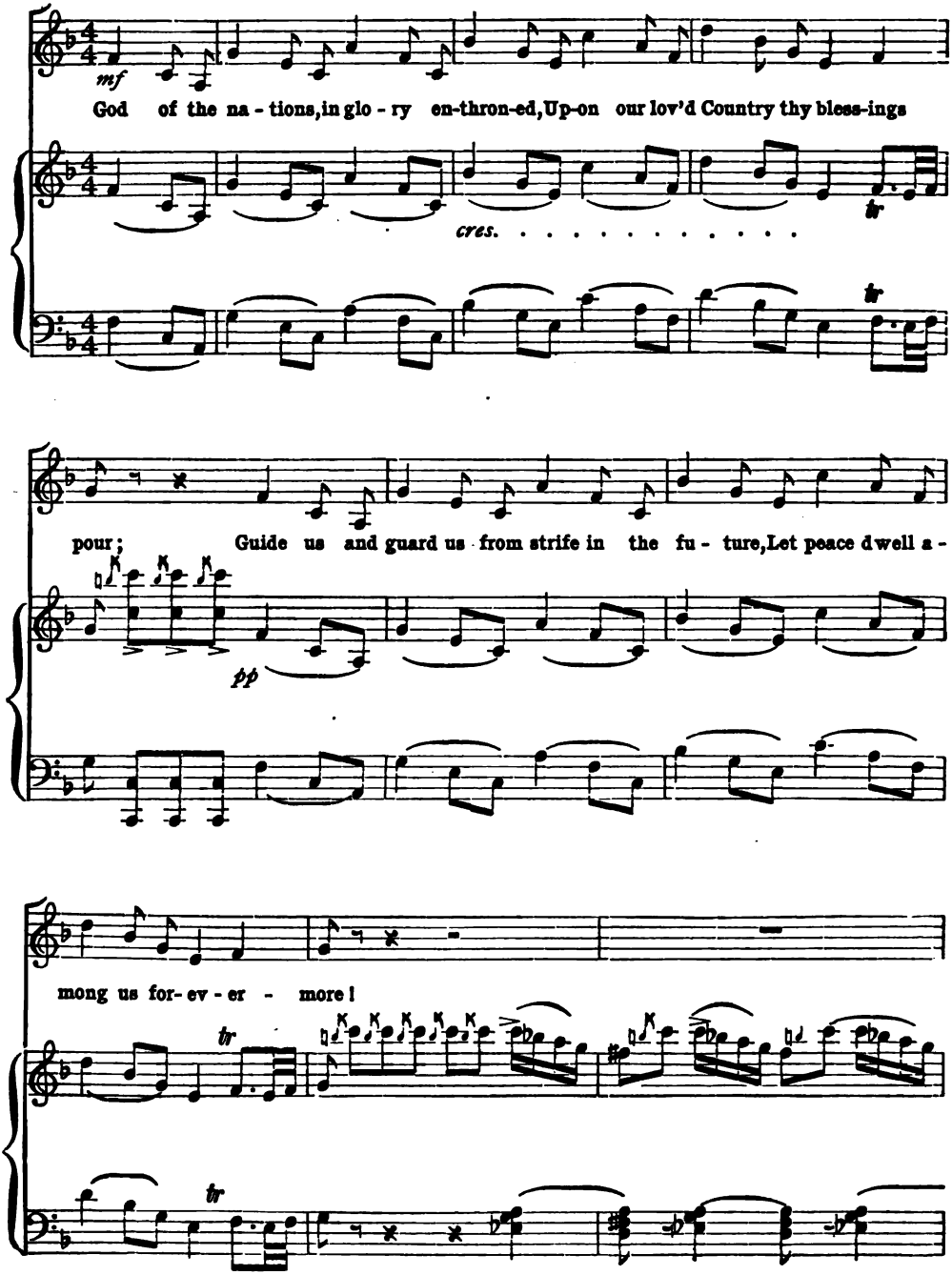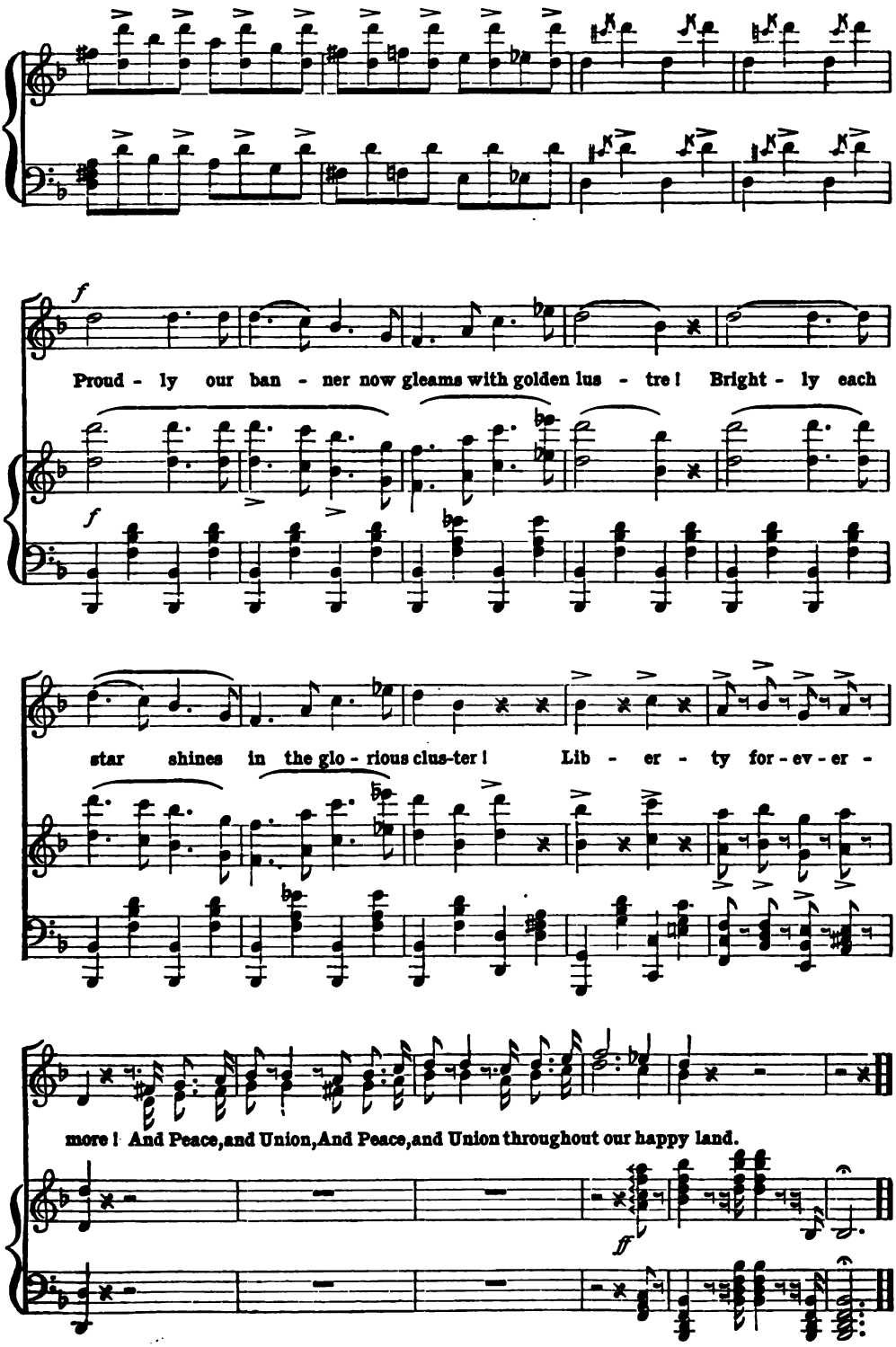



copy their virtues bold. Cour-age in heart, and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for Fa - ther-
land. Now . . . home a - gain, . . we come, the long and fi - ery strife of bat - tle
o - ver. Rest is pleasant af - ter toil, as hard as ours beneath a stranger
sun. Man-y a maid-en fair is waiting here to greet her tru - ant sol-dier
lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has
D.C.
seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

No. 63. GOD OF THE NATIONS

"ANVIL CHORUS," FROM "IL TROVATORE"
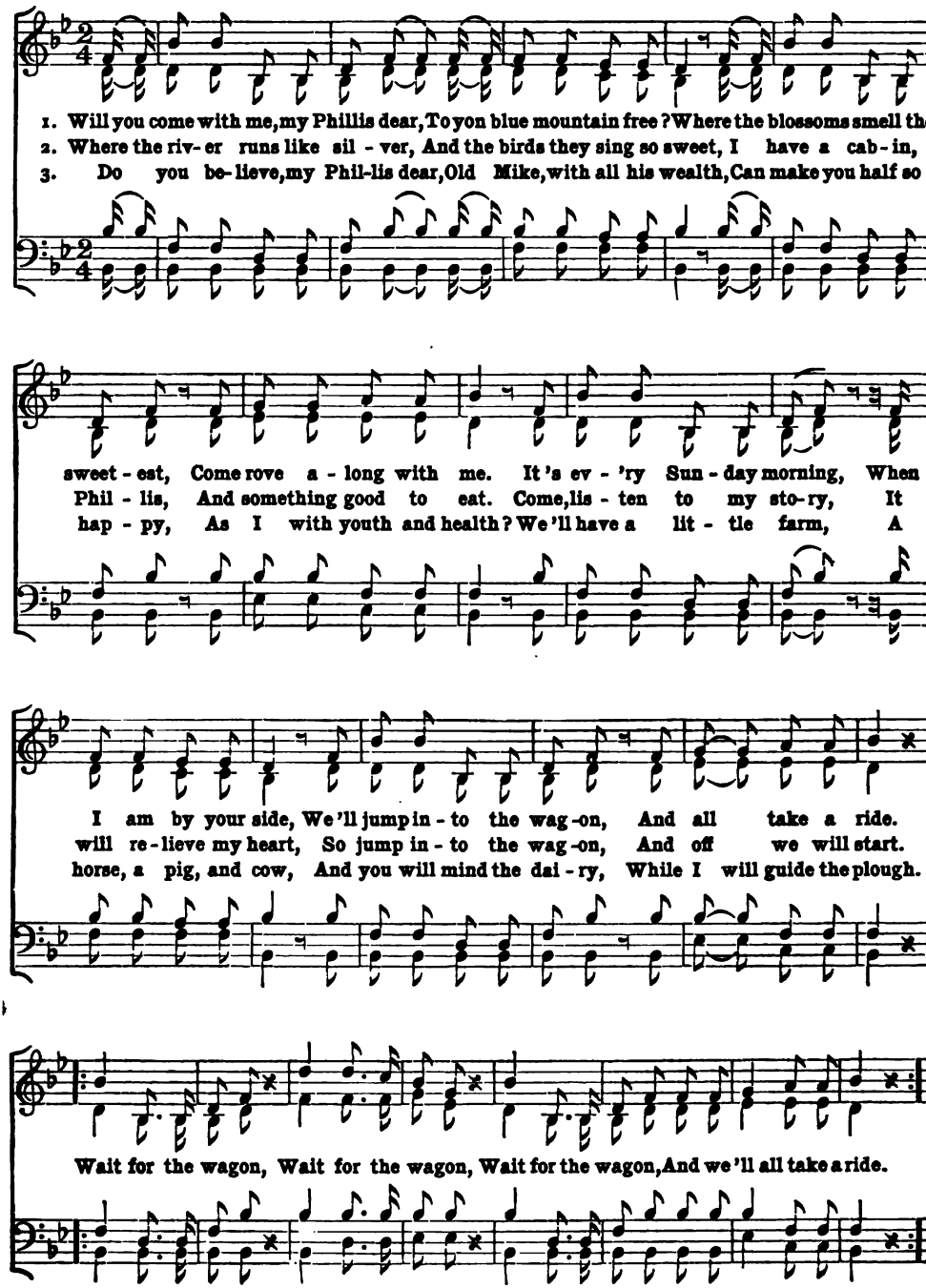
GUISEPPE VERDI




f
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with golden lus - tre! Bright - ly each
f
star shines in the glo - rious clus-ter! Lib - er - ty for - ev - er -
more! And Peace, and Union, And Peace, and Union throughout our happy land.
ff
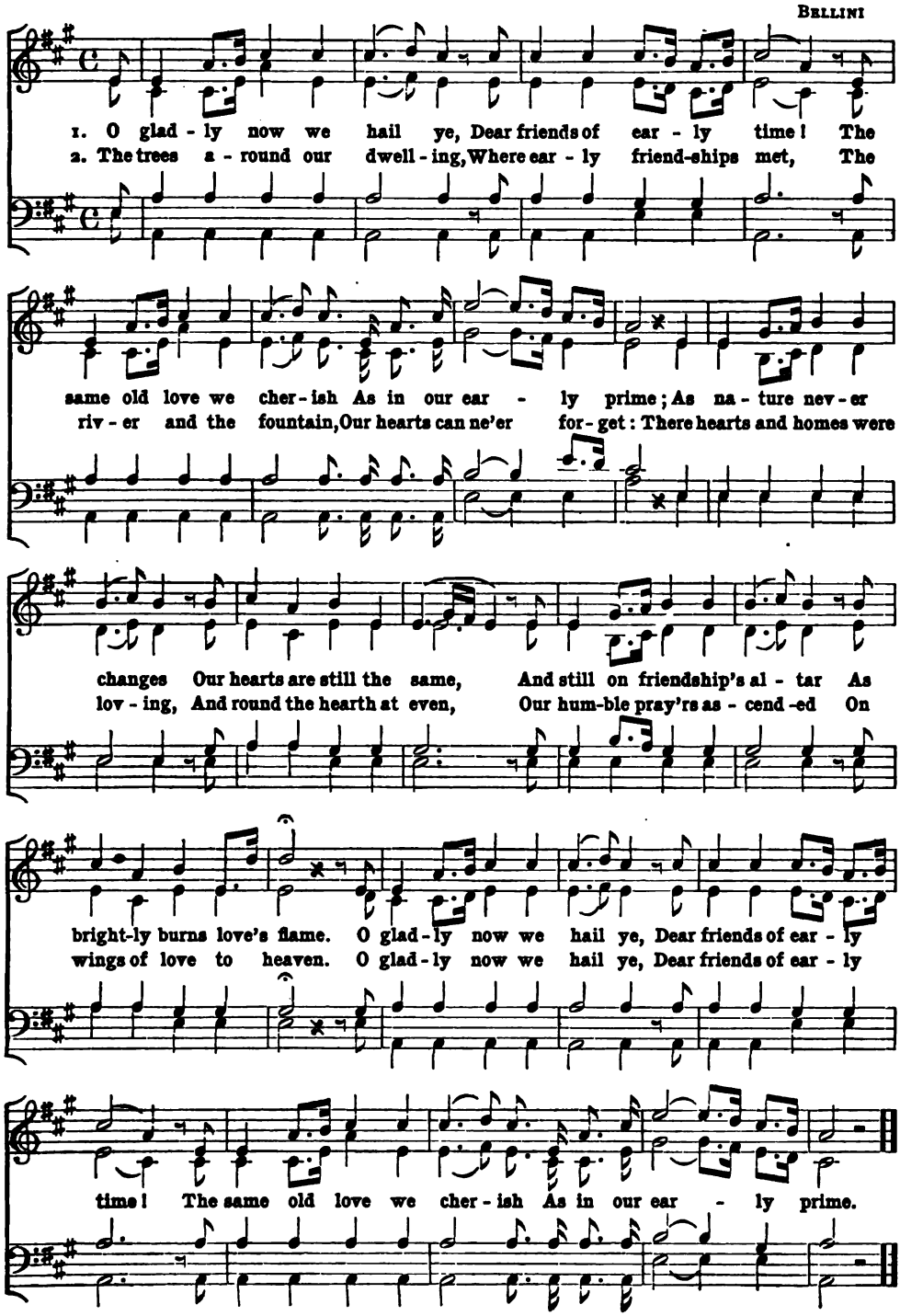
No. 64. WAIT FOR THE WAGON

R. B. BUCKLEY
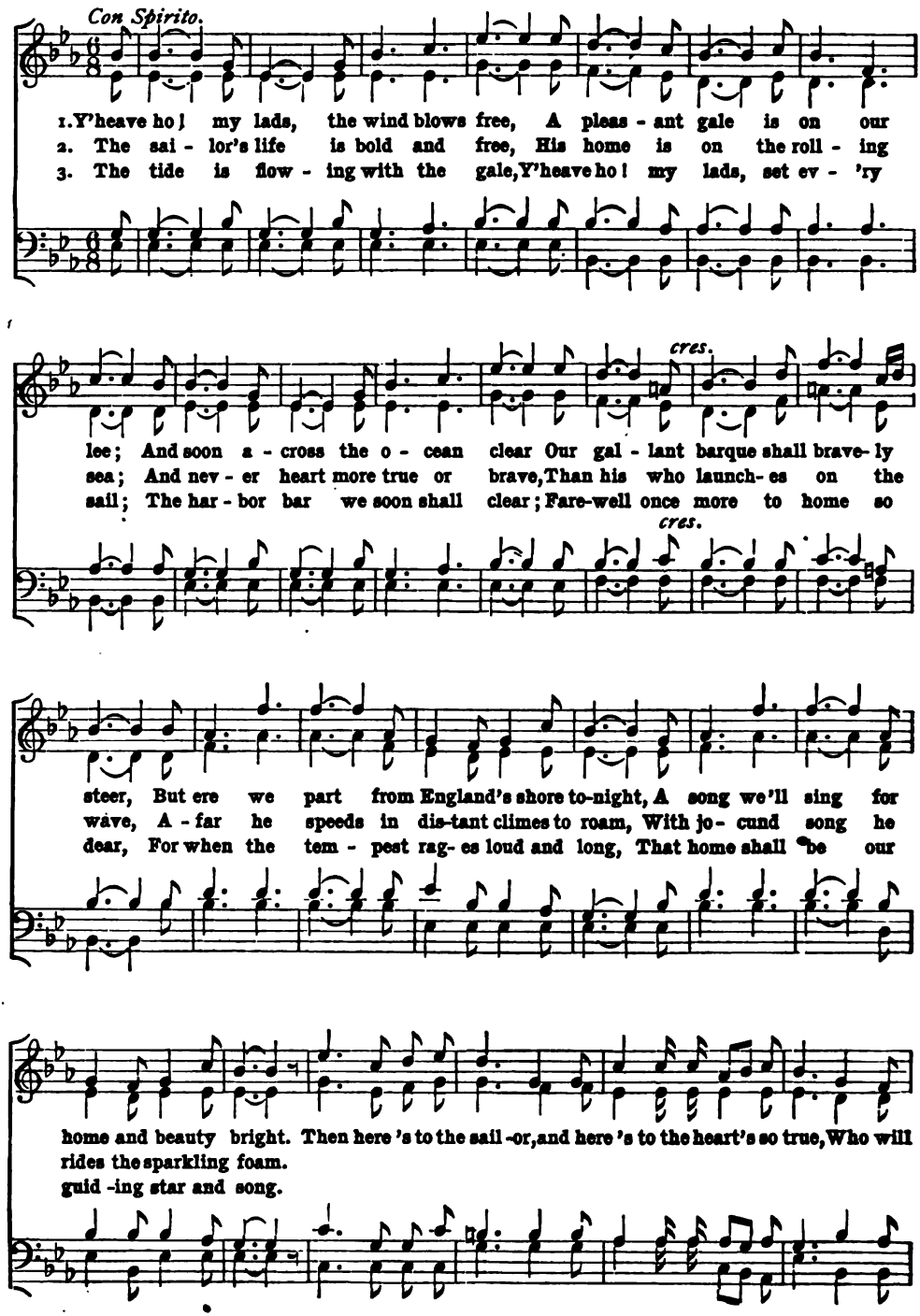


No. 65. O GLADLY NOW WE HAIL YE
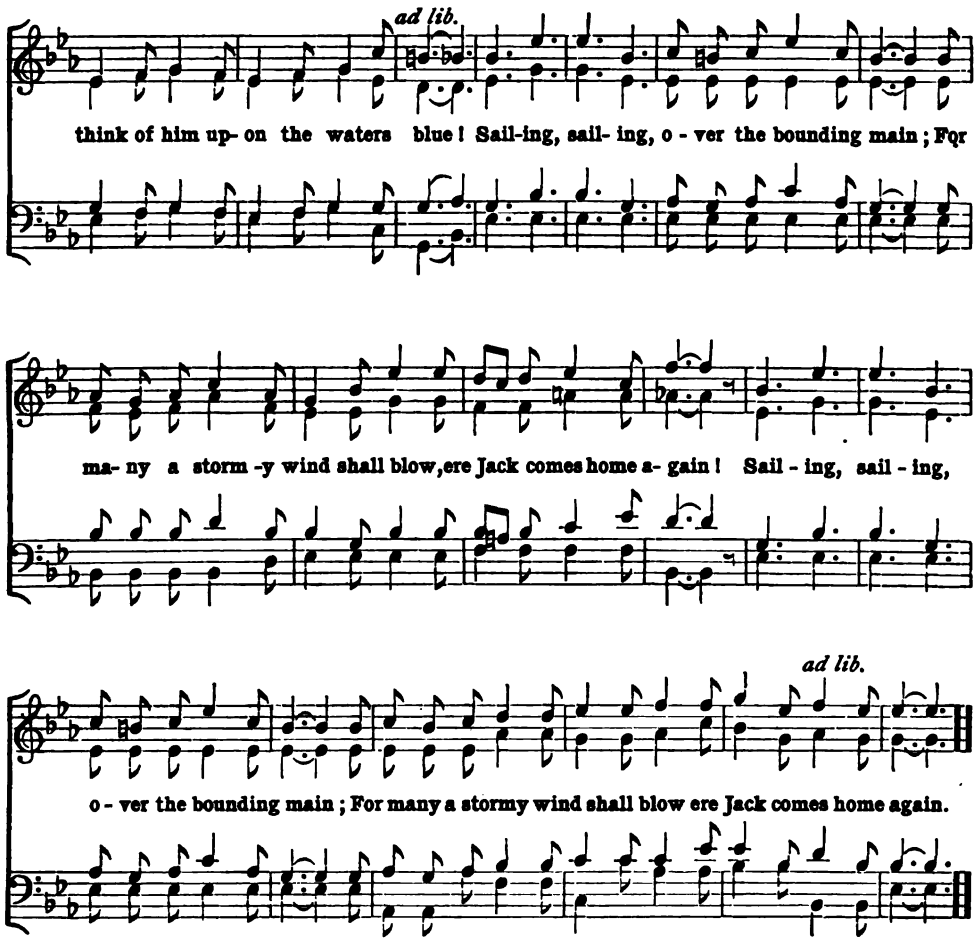
BELLINI



No. 66. SAILING

GODFREY MARKS





No. 67. CORN SONG

Words by MARY HERBERT. Melody, "SAILING"
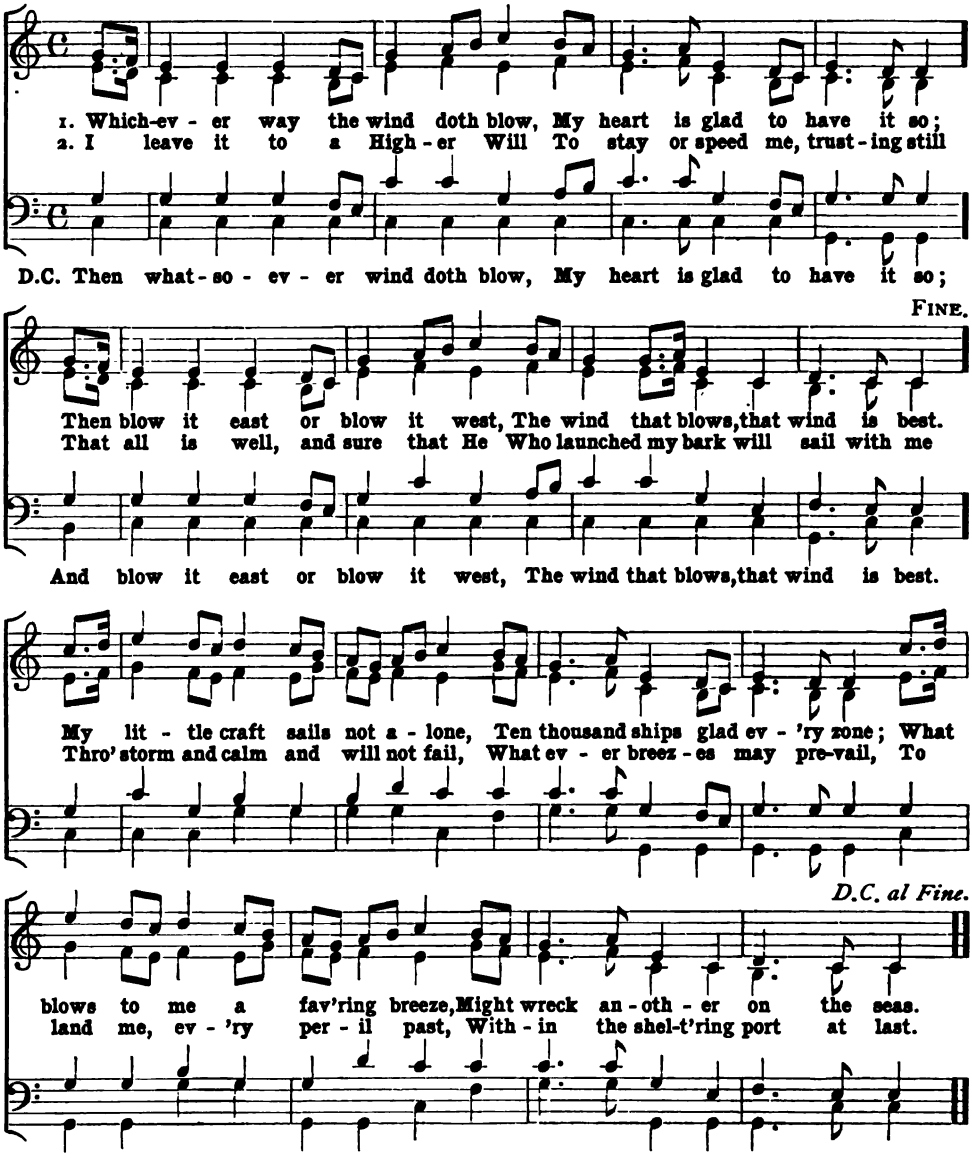
1 We sing the land of prairied West,
Where men grow strong on acres wide,
By plenty crowned, by peace e'er blessed,
The corn! the corn! her golden pride;
Olive and grape, fit theme of poet lays,
For thee our harp be strung, O loyal maize!

Cho. Then hail to the monarch high,
Hail to his wealth of cheer,
For we crown him king,
No rival need he fear!
Swaying, swaying.
Billowy sea of maize!
The corn he is king, his sceptre bring,
And loud our song of praise.

2 All summer long in bright array,
It rustling waves its long keen blade,
While zephyrs to it find their way
And elves and fays here seek the shade.
Oh, glad the hearts of all that on it gaze,
Until is gathered in the ripening maize.
Cho.

3 To barns now creak the laden wains,
Whose wealth of treasure they must hold,
Safe housed from storm the farmer's gains,
More precious far than Ophir's gold,
To him we raise our grateful song of praise,
For manna sent from heaven, the gen'rous
maize! Cho.

No. 68. WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND DOTH BLOW
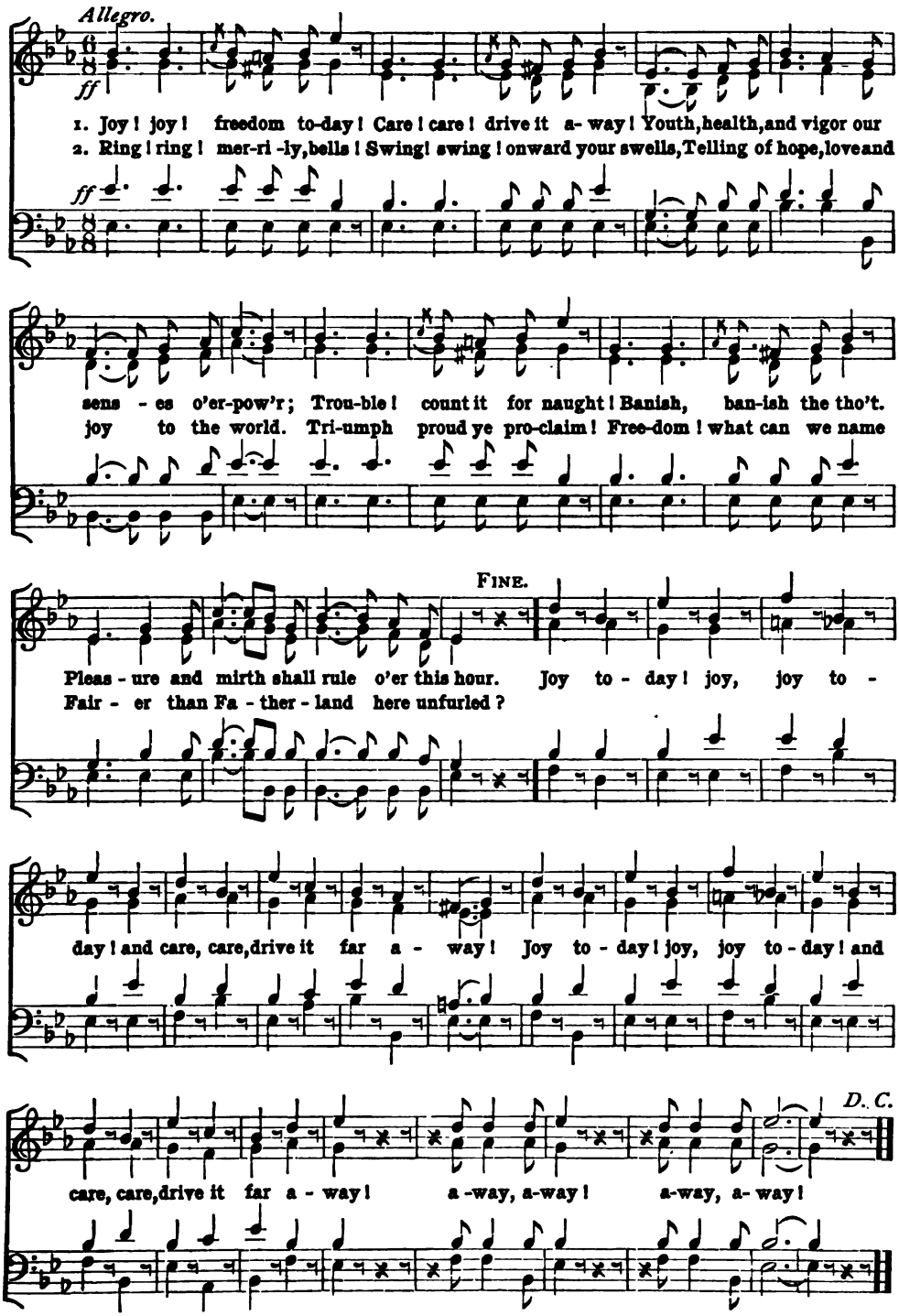


No. 68a. THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLDEN TIME

1 Three cheers, three cheers, for the olden time,
And the brave that knew no fear, my boys;
They stood erect as the giant oak, [boys.
And laughed when the storm was near, my
Like them we'll boast of the land we love,
And her proud flag streaming high, my boys,
We'll sing aloud from the bright green fields,
While the ocean waves reply, my boys.
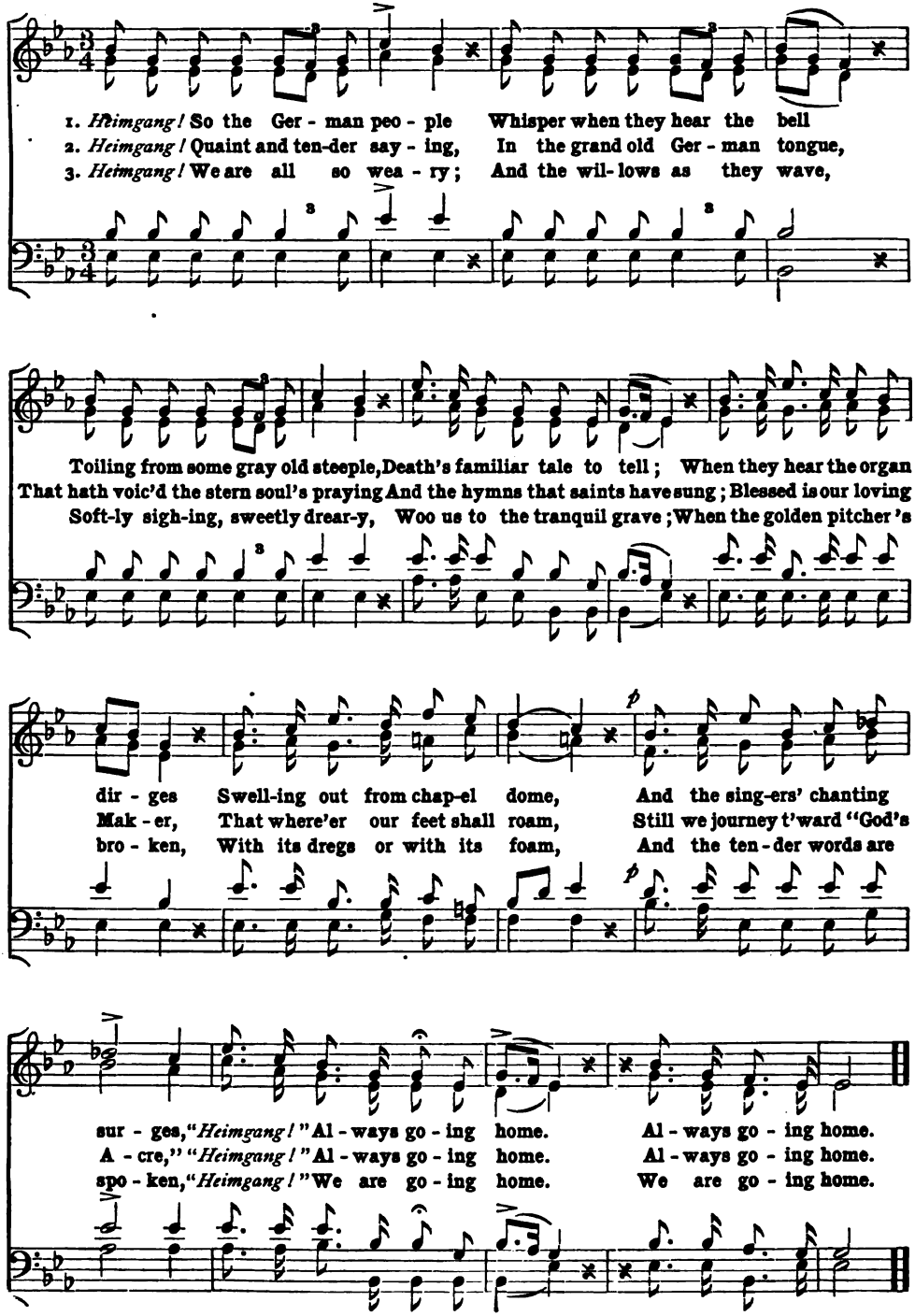
2 They dared to look in the flashing eye
Of the storm-king when he passed, my boys;
A shout went up, and a peal of joy
Rang out on the wintry blast, my boys.
The grass is green where they calmly rest,
Those vet'rans true and brave, my boys;
Their mem'ry shines like a radiant star,
O'er the land they died to save, my boys.

No. 69. JOY! JOY! FREEDOM TO-DAY!



No. 70. GOING HOME
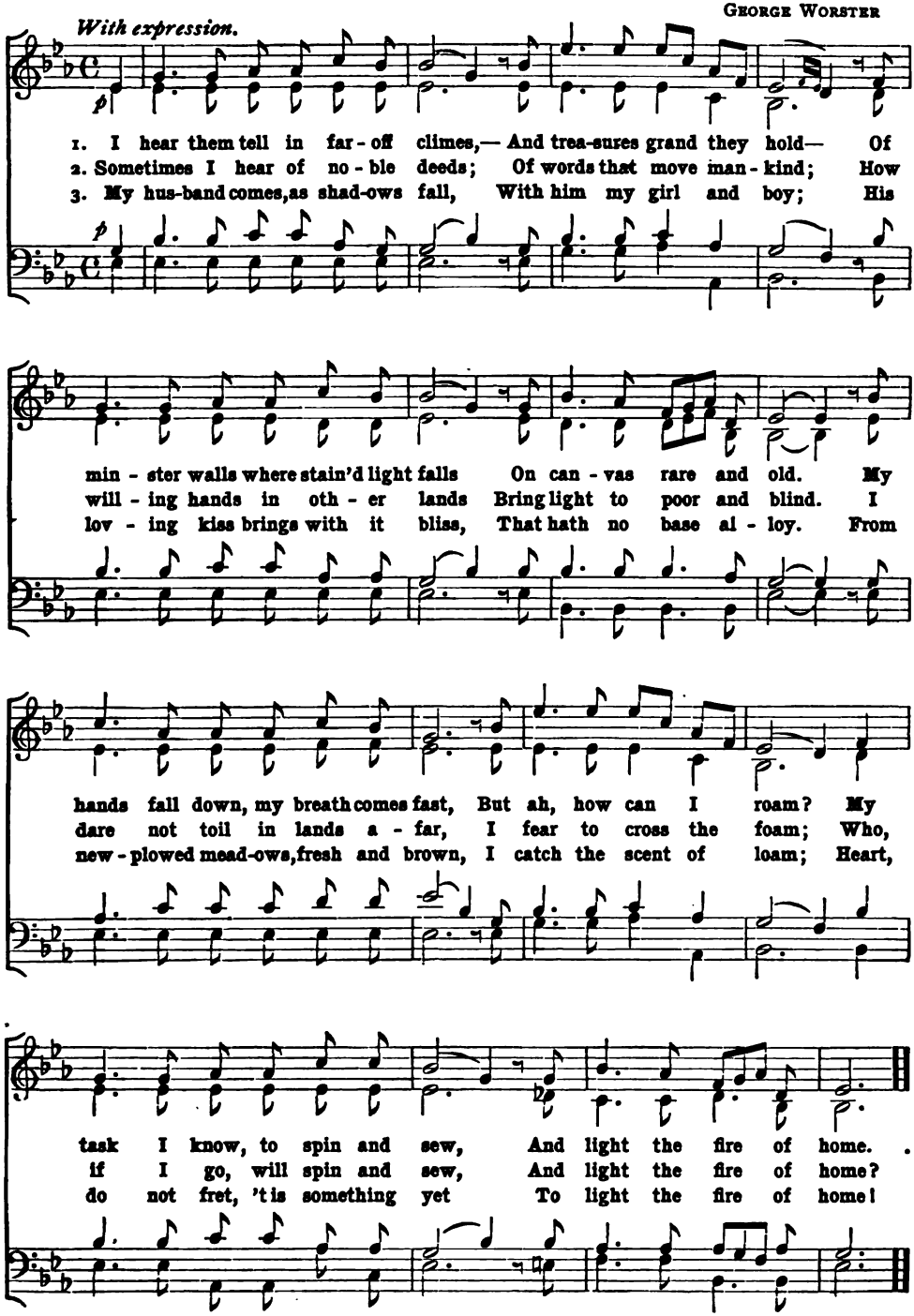
SCOTCH AIR



No. 71. THE FIRE OF HOME
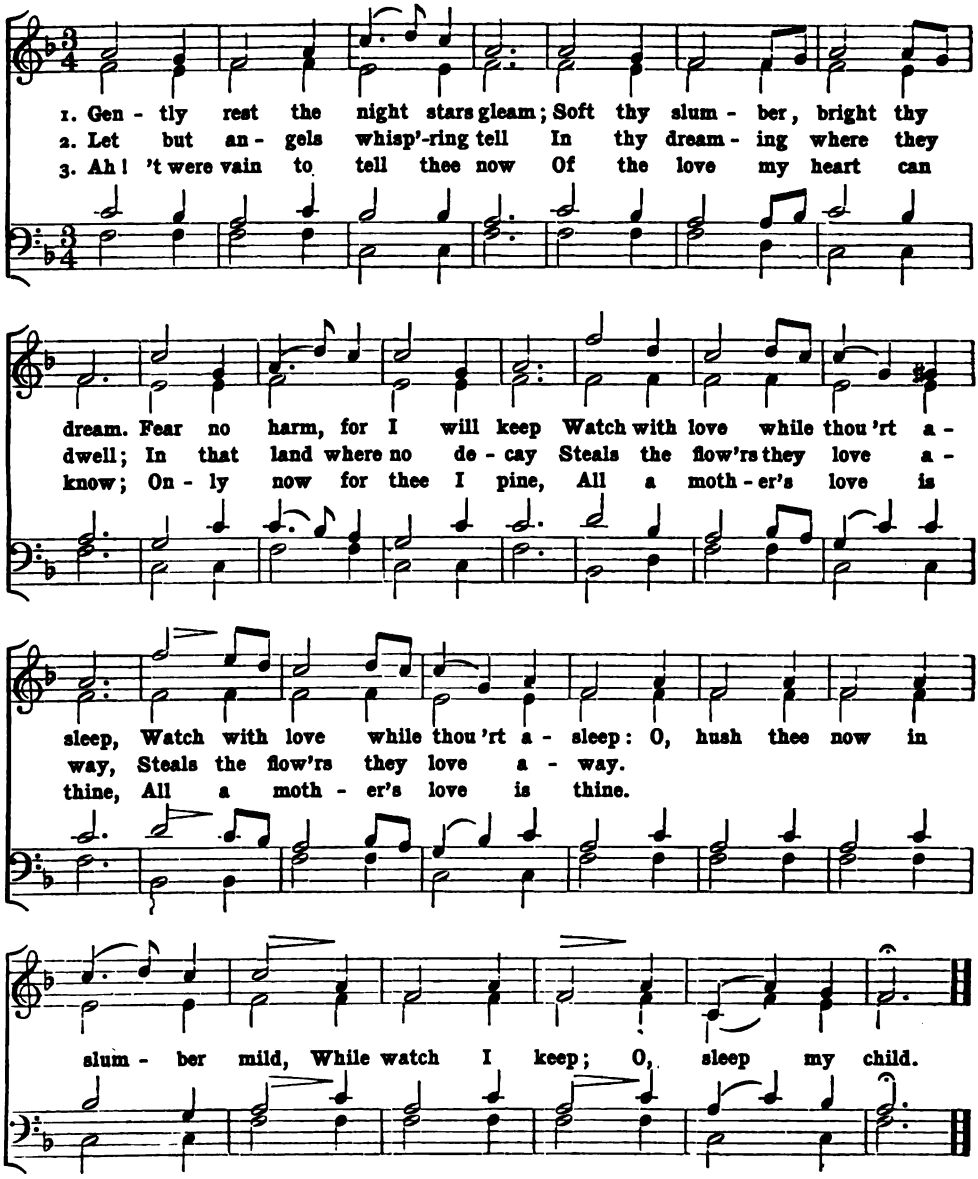
GEORGE WORSTER

With expression.



No. 72. SCHLUMMERLIED

W. POWELL F. KÜCKEN
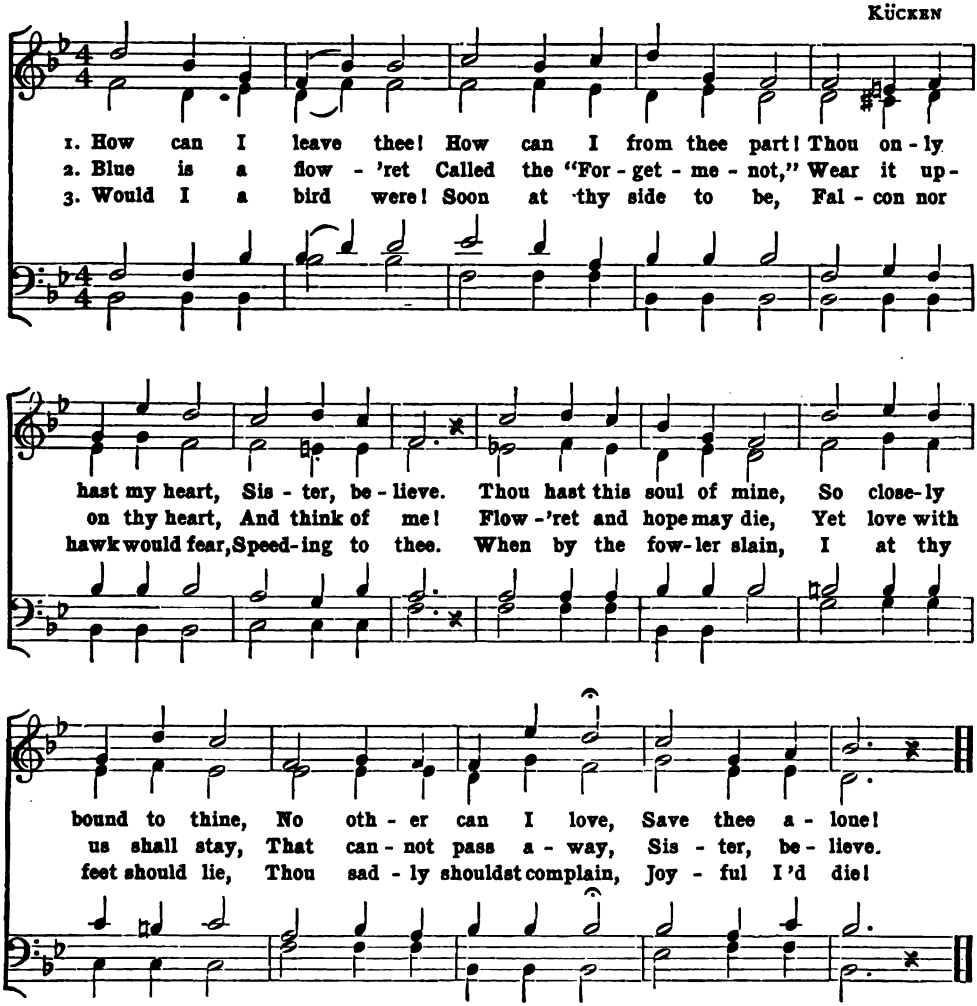


4 Close each little peeping eye,
Let them like two roselets lie.
And when purpling morn shall glow,
Still as roselets freshly blow;
Still as roselets freshly blow,
La, lullaby, sleep on, my child,
May angel gleams
Pervade thy dreams.

5 All is still in sweetest rest,
Be thy sleep serenely blest!
Winds are moaning o'er the wild,
Lullaby, sleep on, my child;
Lullaby, sleep on, my child,
La, lullaby, sleep on, my child,
May angel gleams
Pervade thy dreams.

No. 73. HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

KÜCKEN



No. 74.
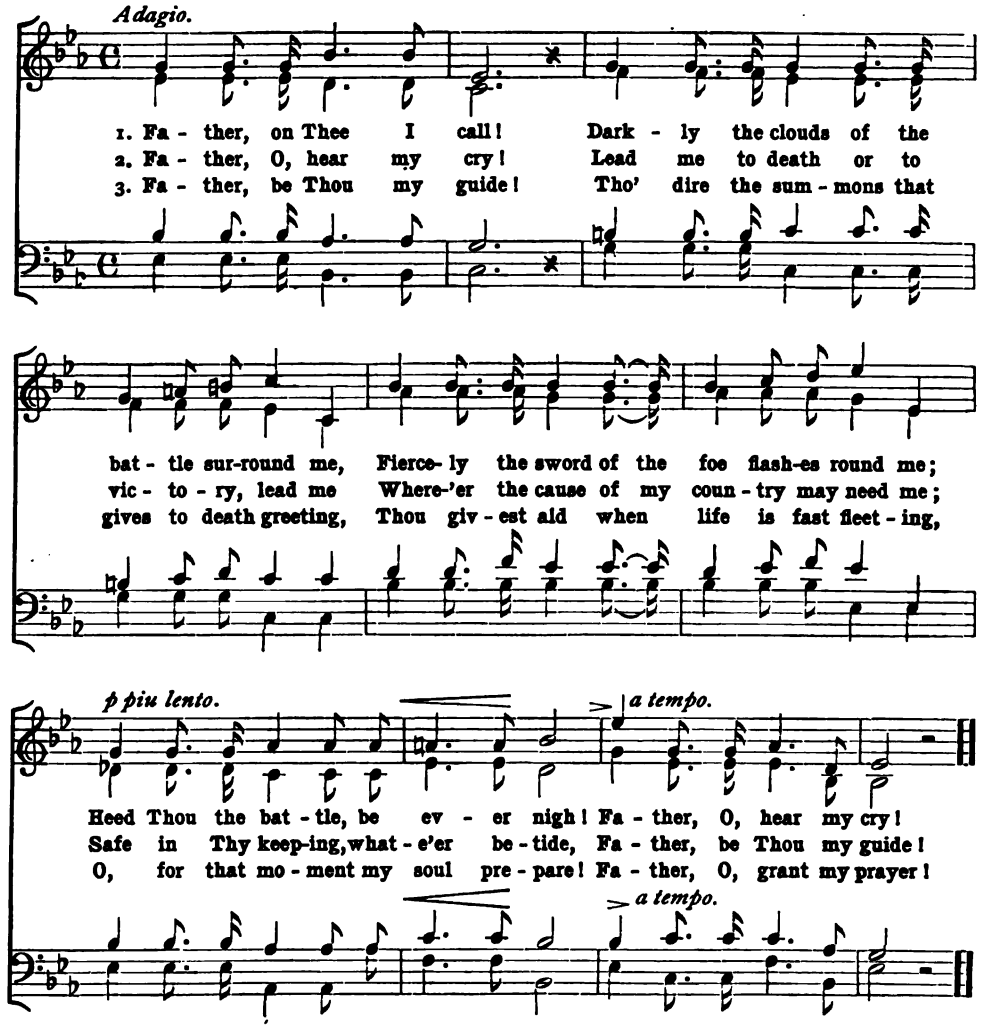
1 Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,
Dass ich dich lassen kann!
Hab' dich von Herzen lieb,
Das glaube mir!
Du hast das Herze mein
So ganz genommen ein
Dass ich kein andre lieb,
Als dich allein.

3 Blau ist ein Blümelein,
Das heisst Vergissnichtmein:
Dies Blümlein leg' an's Herz
Und denk' an mich!
Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,
Wir sind an Liebe reich;
Denn die stirbt nie bei mir,
Das glaube mir.

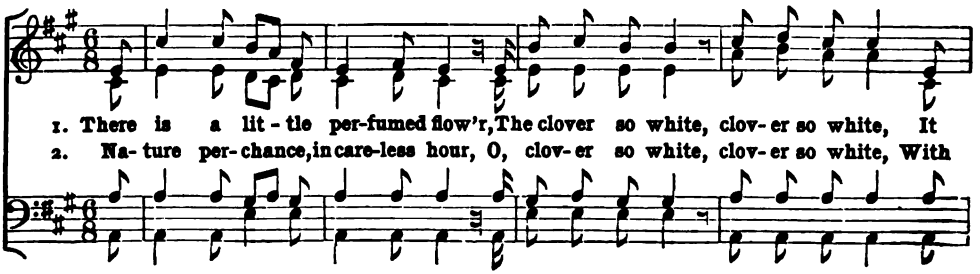
3 Wär' ich ein Vögelein,
Wollt' ich bald bei dir sein,
Schent' Falk und Habicht nicht,
Flög' schnell zu dir.
Schöss' mich ein Jäger tot,
Fiel' ich in deinen Schoss;
Fäh'st du mich traurig an,
Gern stürb' ich dann!

No. 75. THE BATTLE PRAYER

HIMMEL KORNER



No. 76. CLOVER SO WHITE



might well grace the love-liest bow'r, Yet po - et ne'er hath deigned to sing Of
pen - cil dry did paint thy flow'r, Yet in - stant blushed, such fault to be, And

this fair, hum-ble rus - tic thing, Clov - er so white, clov-er so white.
gave thee doub - le fra - gran - cy, Clov - er so white, clov-er so white!

No. 77. VESPER HYMN

RUSSIAN MELODY.

Moderato.

p

1. Hark! the Ves-per Hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters, soft and clear; Near-er yet, and
2. Now, like moonlight waves retreating To the shore, it dies a - long; Now, like an - gry

p

mf

near-er peal-ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear; Ju - bi - la - te, far-ther steal-ing,
sur- ges meet-ing, Breaks the mingled tie of song; Ju - bi - la - te, waves re-treat-ing

mf
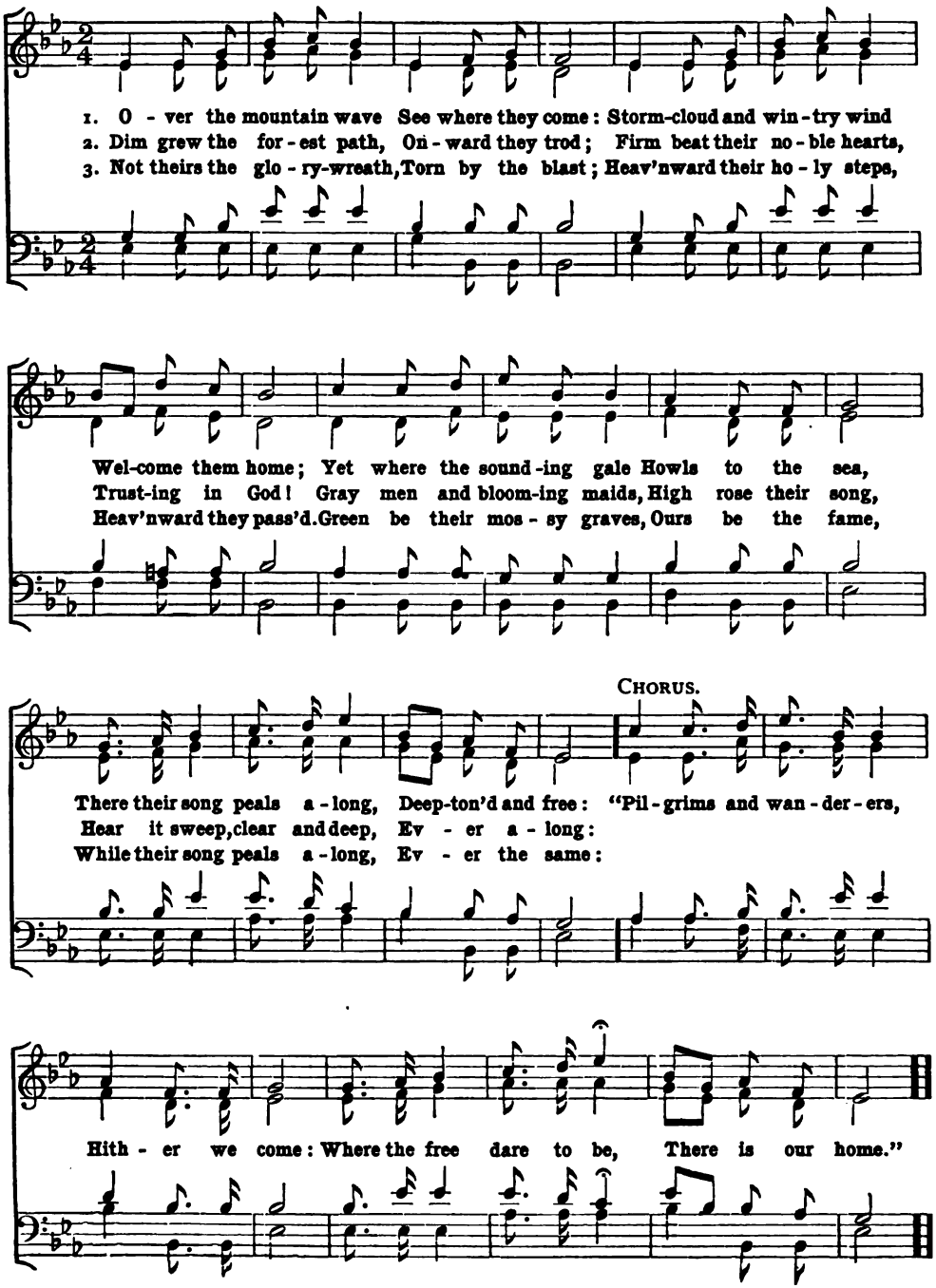
dim. *p* *dim.*

Soft it fades up-on the ear; Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear.
To the shore, it dies along; Hush! again like waves retreating To the shore, it dies a -long.
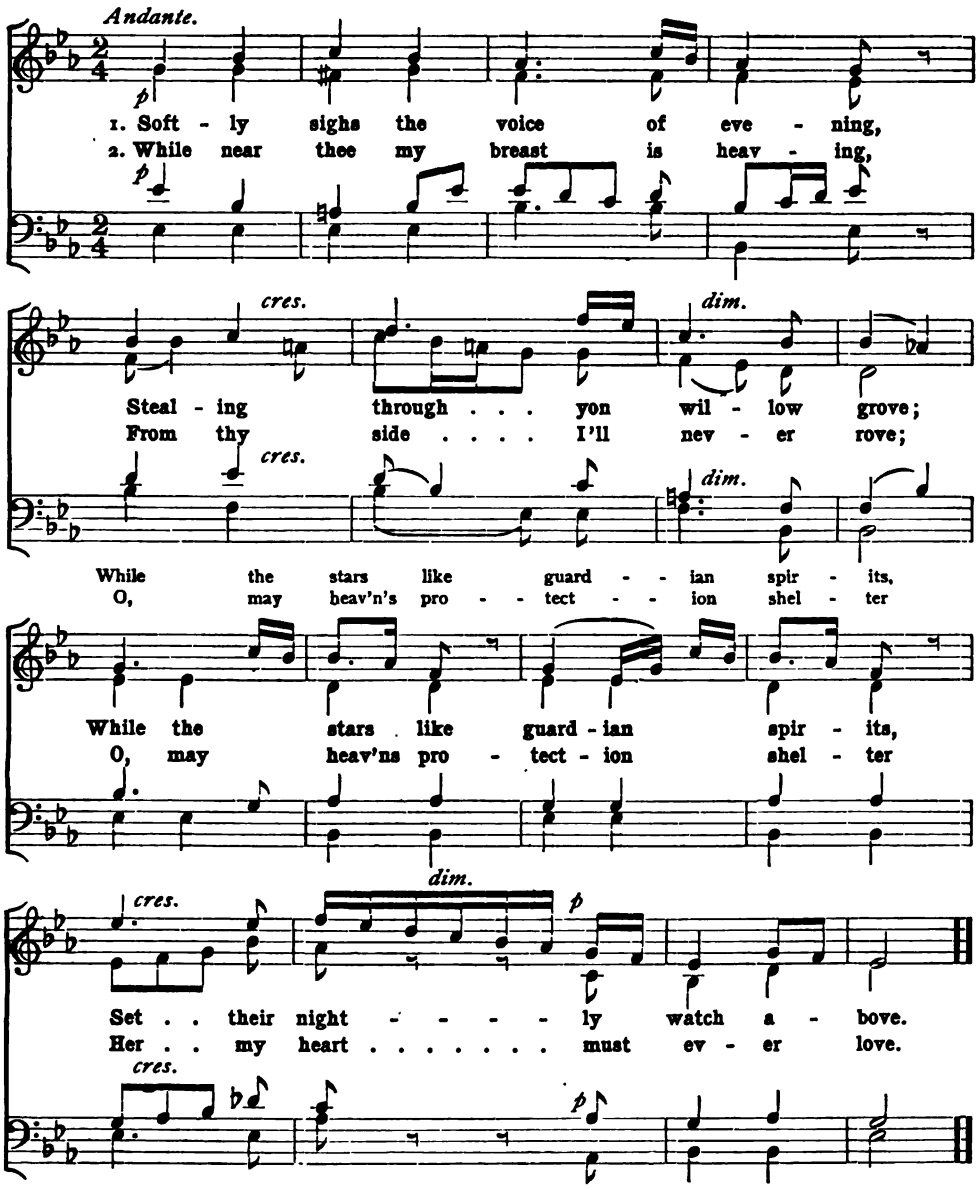
dim. *dim.* *p*

No. 78. OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE

E. L. WHITE



No. 79. EVENING SONG
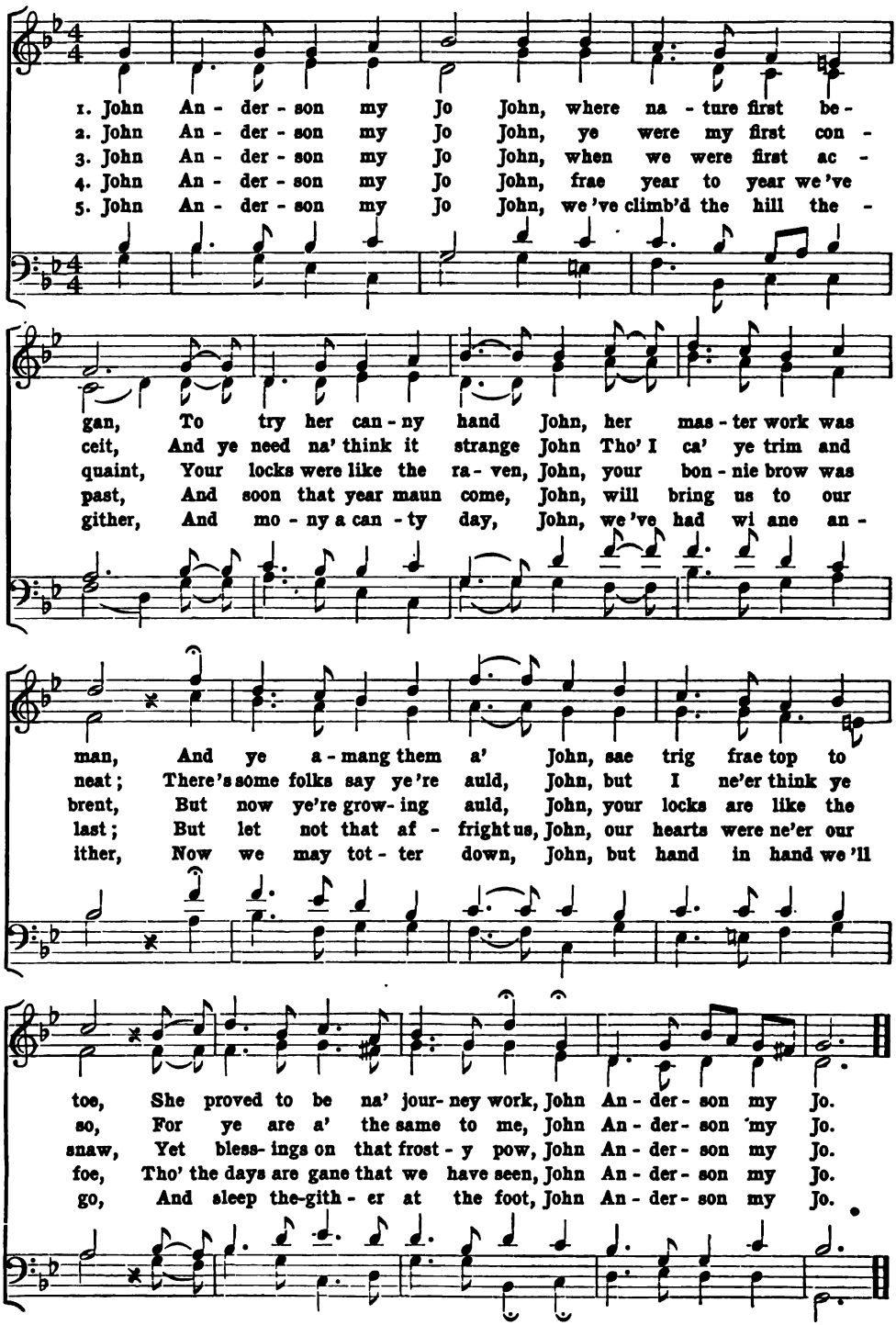


No. 80. PRAYER FROM "DER FREISCHÜTZ"

1 Songs, revealing
Sacred feeling,
Toward the shining stars float stealing,
Then outwelling,
Loudly swelling,
Reach the Father's dwelling.

2 Lowly bending,
Towards thee wending,
Lord, who hast no cause nor ending!
Still befriend us;
Still defend us;
Thine eternal succor lend us.
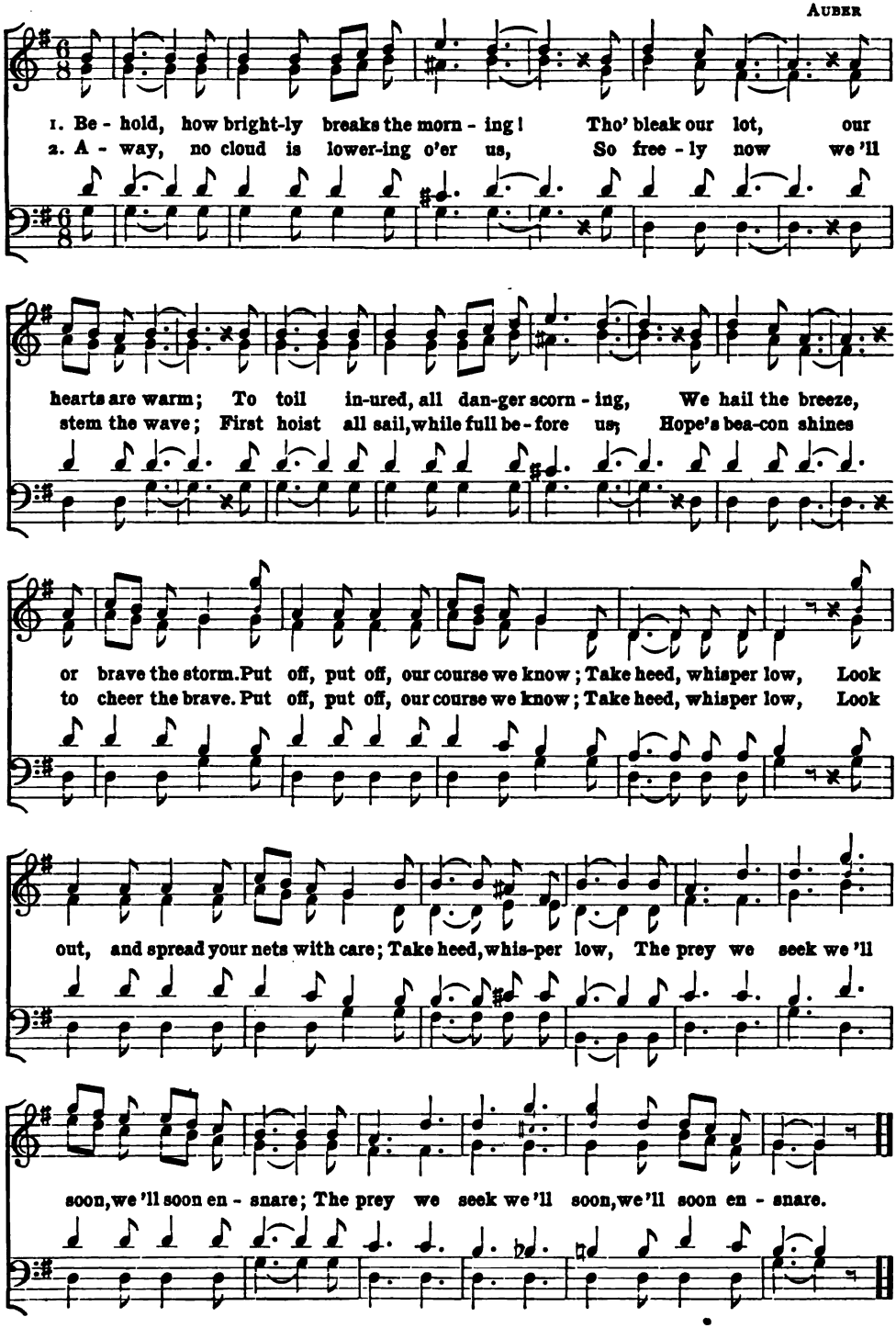
No. 81. JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

BURNS — J. WATSON
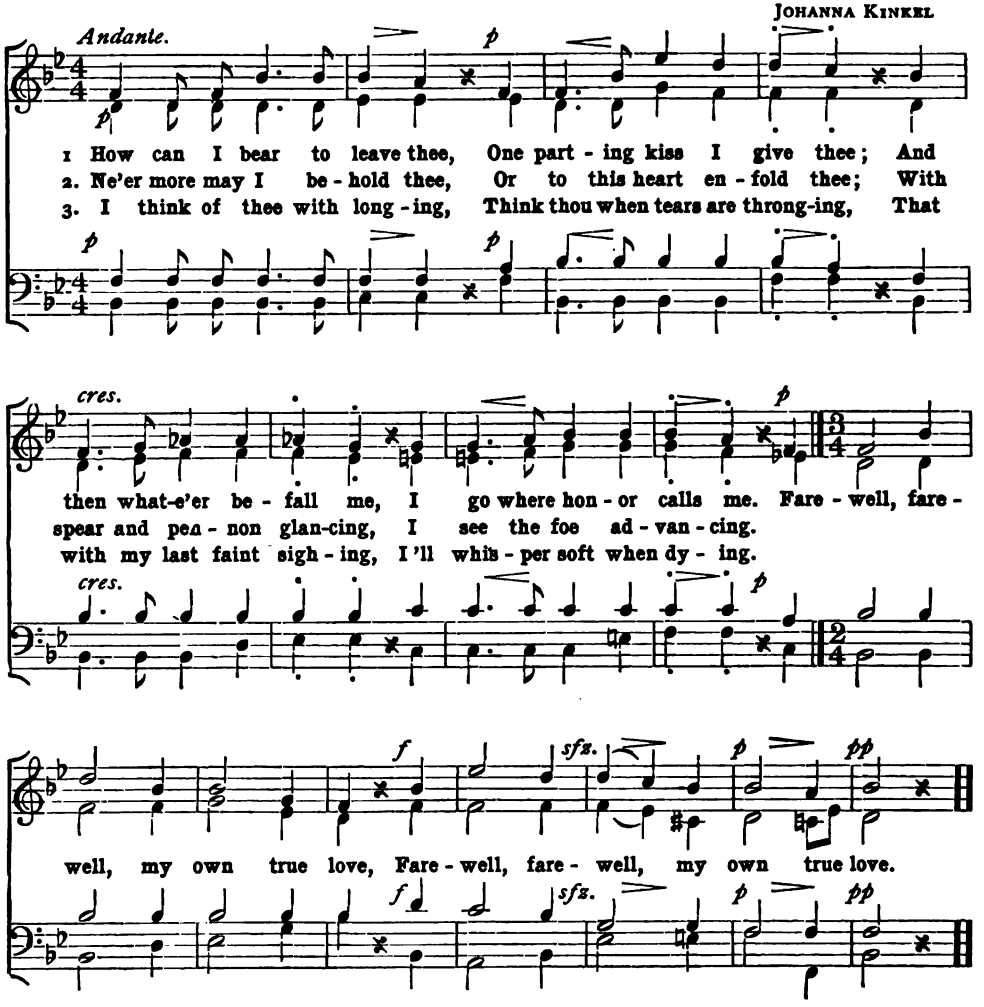


No. 82. FISHERMEN'S CHORUS

AUBER



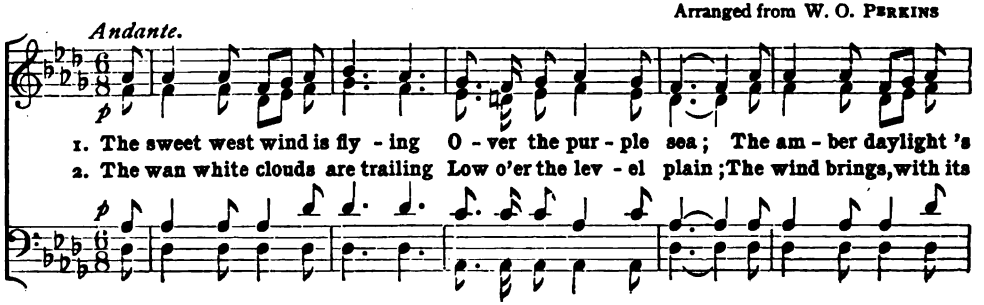
No. 83. SOLDIER'S FAREWELL
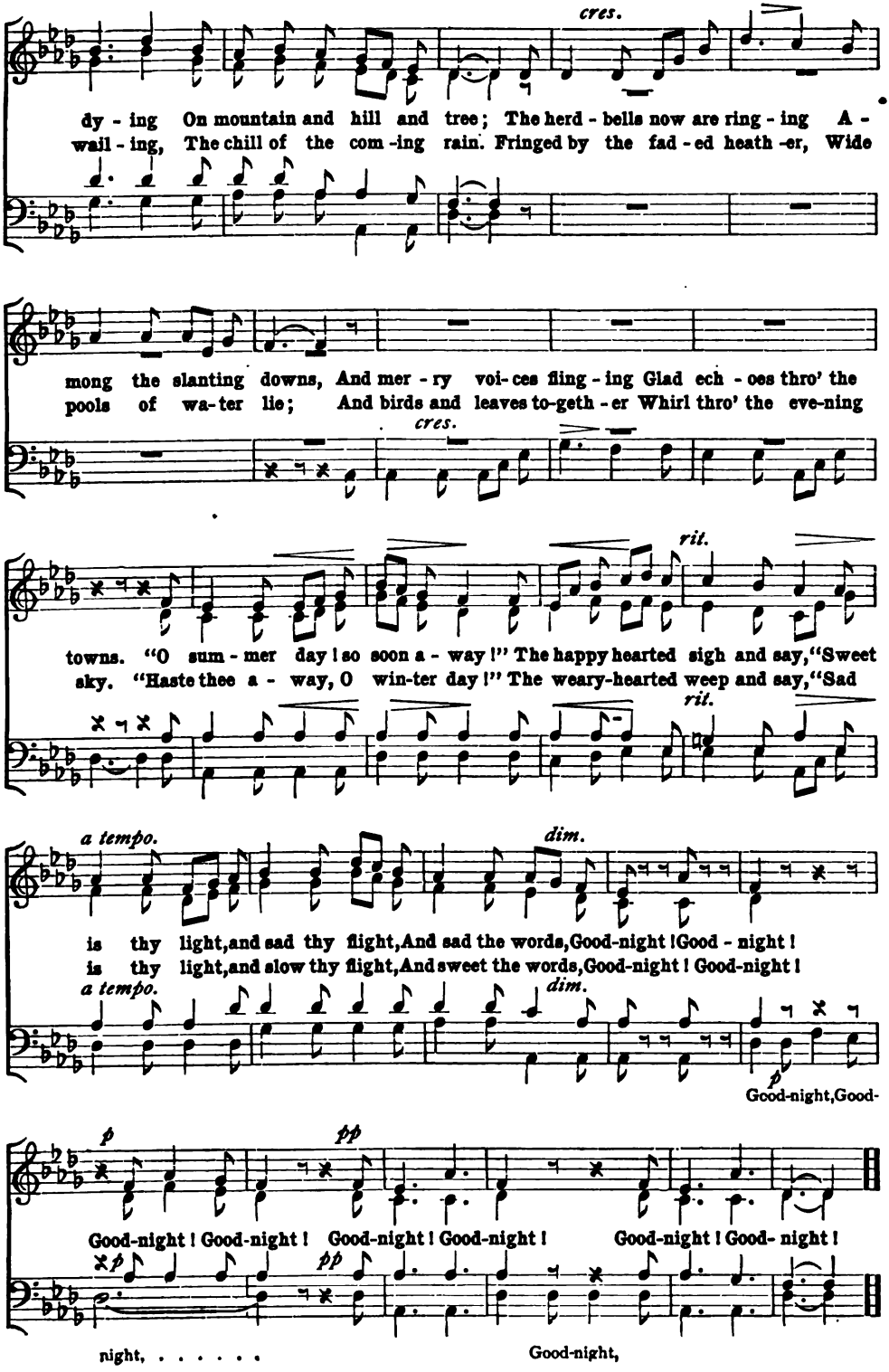
JOHANNA KINKEL



No. 84. GOOD-NIGHT

Arranged from W. O. PERKINS




cres.
dy - ing On mountain and hill and tree; The herd - bells now are ring - ing A -
wail - ing, The chill of the com - ing rain. Fringed by the fad - ed heath - er, Wide
mong the slanting downs, And mer - ry voi - ces fling - ing Glad ech - oes thro' the
pools of wa - ter lie; And birds and leaves to-geth - er Whirl thro' the eve-ning
cres.
rit.
towns. "O sum - mer day! so soon a - way!" The happy hearted sigh and say, "Sweet
sky. "Haste thee a - way, O win-ter day!" The weary-hearted weep and say, "Sad
rit.
a tempo.
dim.
is thy light, and sad thy flight, And sad the words, Good-night! Good - night!
is thy light, and slow thy flight, And sweet the words, Good-night! Good-night!
a tempo.
dim.
p
Good-night, Good-
p
pp
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good- night!
p
pp
night, ... Good-night,

No. 85. SPEED AWAY

FOR MALE VOICES.

I. B. WOODBURY

Allegretto con spirito.

mf

1. Speed a - way! Speed a- way! on thine er - rand of light! There 's a young heart a -
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
3. And O, wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath
4. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing! fet - ter - less now, Stoop not thy bright

mf

wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the
day by his cheer - less hearth stone; That his tom-a -hawk lies all un - not - ed the
ev - er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a - lone in the still qui - et
pin - ions on yon moun-tain's brow; But hie thee a - way o'er rock, riv - er, and

loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we
while, And his thin lips wreathe ever in one sun - less smile; That the old chief- tain
night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be - ing of light, Who had slept in her
glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a - gain, Up! on - ward! let

rit. e dim.

miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
bo - som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
noth- ing thy mis - sion de - lay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
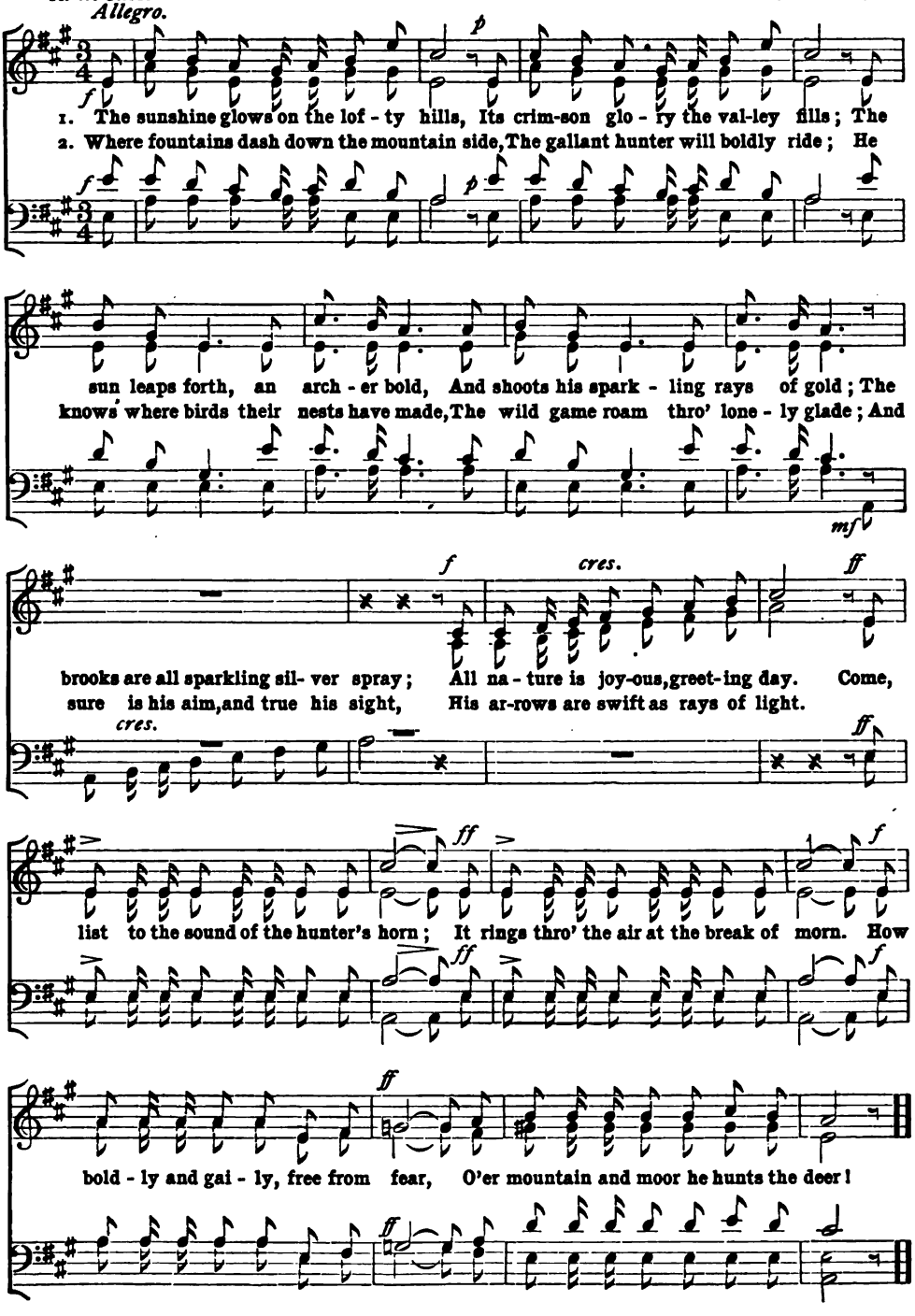
rit. e dim.

* According to an Indian myth, a white dove, let loose upon a girl's grave by the mother of the maiden, would fly to the spirit world and find the lost damsel.

No. 86. THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS

H. W. CROSS VON WEBER

Allegro.



No. 87. SWING, CRADLE, SWING

GEORGE COOPER

Smoothly.

1. Ba - by is a sail - or boy, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Sail - ing is the
2. Snow - y sails and pre - cious freight, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Ba - by 's cap - tain,
3. Nev - er fear, the watch is set, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Storm - y gales are
4. Lit - tle eye - lids downward creep, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Now he 's in the
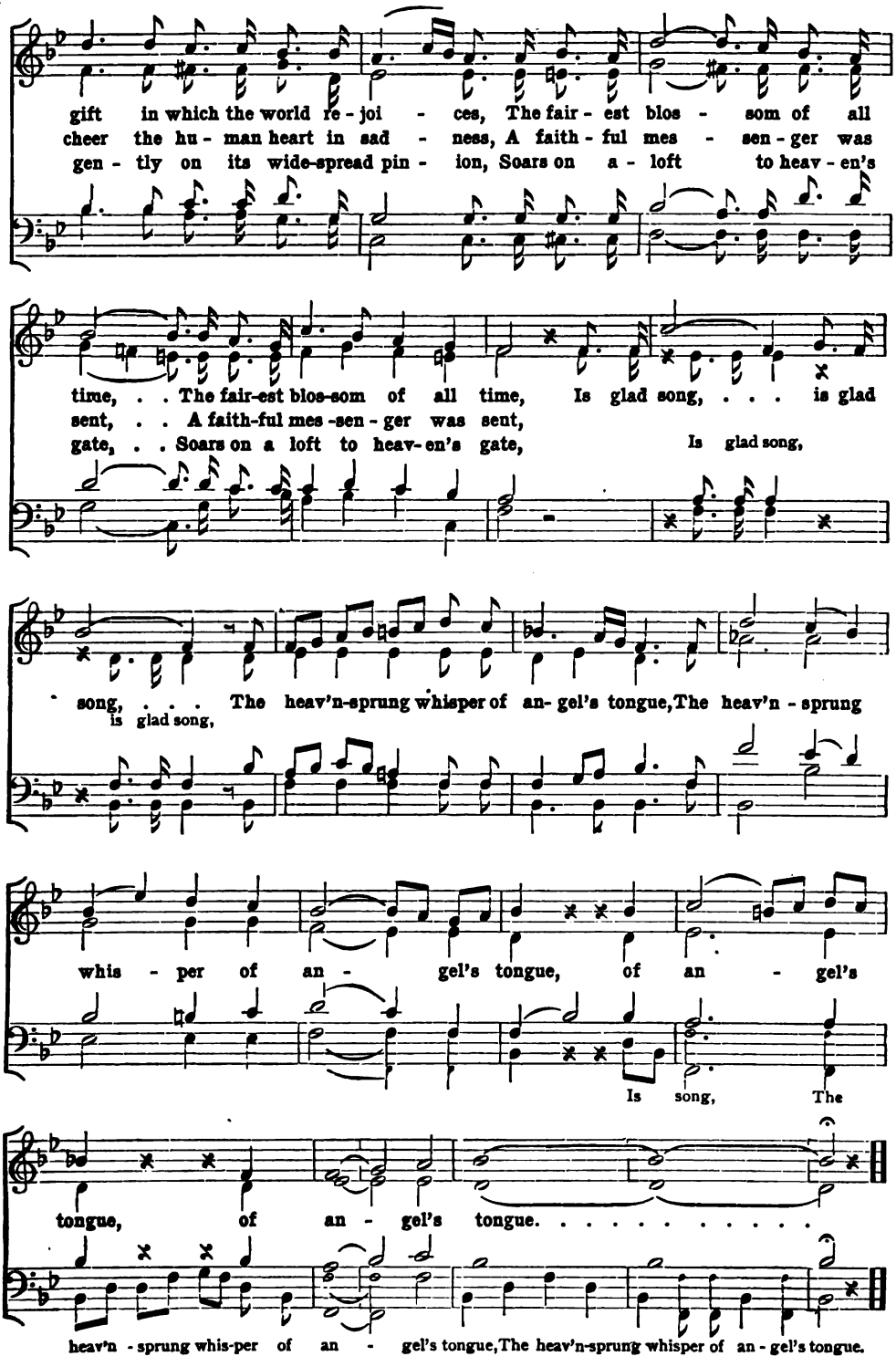
sail - or's joy. Swing, cra - dle, swing. Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle,
moth - er 's mate.
nev - er met.
cove of sleep.

Swing, cra - dle, swing; Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, swing.

No. 88. PRAISE OF SONG

MAURER

1. Raise loud, on high, your mingled voi - ces, In glow - ing waves of joy and rhyme, The
2. When, with their skies of peaceful gladness, The heav - ens from the earth were rent, To
3. And all that 's strong in life's domin - ion, To move the soul to good and great, Borne


gift in which the world re - joi - ces, The fair - est blos - som of all
cheer the hu - man heart in sad - ness, A faith - ful mes - sen - ger was
gen - tly on its wide-spread pin - ion, Soars on a - loft to heav - en's
time, . . The fair-est blos-som of all time, Is glad song, . . . is glad
sent, . . A faith-ful mes-sen - ger was sent,
gate, . . Soars on a loft to heav-en's gate, Is glad song,
song, . . . The heav'n-sprung whisper of an- gel's tongue, The heav'n - sprung
is glad song,
whis - per of an - gel's tongue, of an - gel's
Is song, The
tongue, of an - gel's tongue. . . . . .
heav'n - sprung whis-per of an - gel's tongue, The heav'n-sprung whisper of an - gel's tongue.

No. 89. THE CUCKOO

MARGARET CASSON J. HULLAH

1. Now the sun is in the west, Sink-ing low be-hind the trees, And the Cuck-oo,
2. Cheer-ful see yon shep-herd boy Climb-ing up the crag-gy rocks, As he views the

Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!

welcome guest, Gen-tly woos the eve-ning breeze. Cuck - - oo!
dap-pled sky, Pleased, the Cuck-oo's note he mocks. Cuck - - oo!

Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!

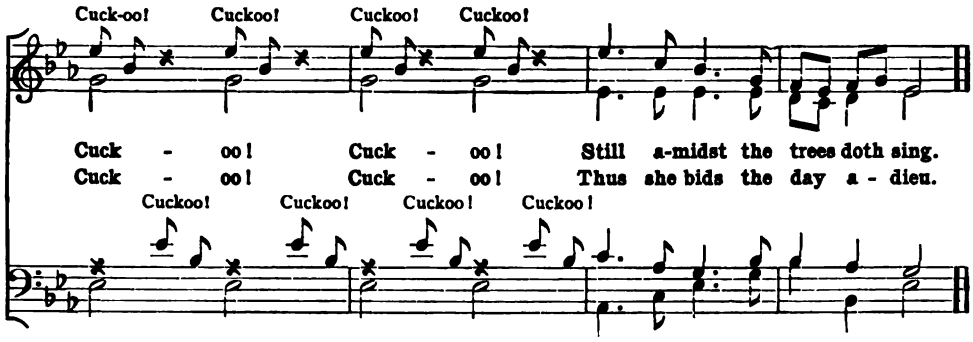
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Gen-tly woos the evening breeze. Sportive now the swallows play,
Cuck - oo! Pleased, the Cuckoo's note he mocks. Now ad-van-cing o'er the plain,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
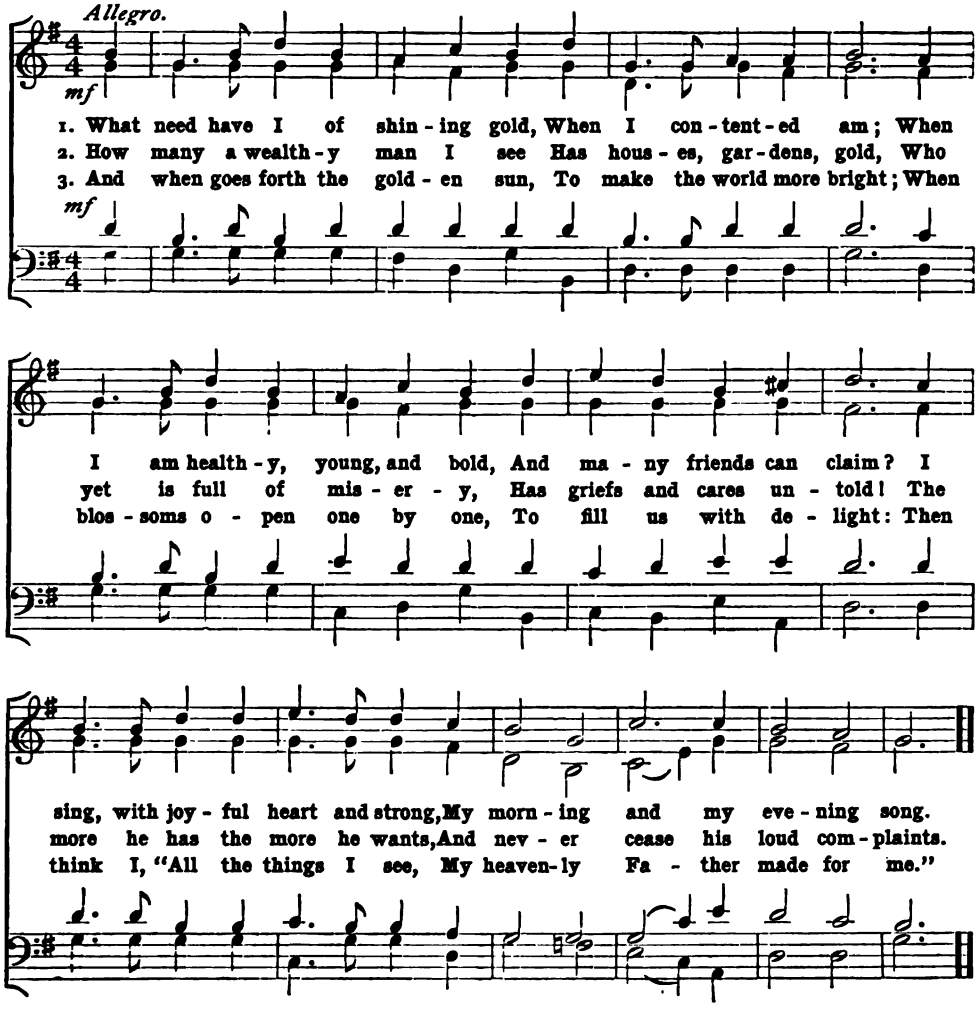
Light-ly skimming o'er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way, Homeward to their
Evening's dusk-y shades ap-pear, And the Cuckoo's voice a-gain, Soft-ly steals up-

peace-ful nook, Whilst the Cuck-oo, bird of spring, Still a-midst the trees doth sing.
on mine ear, While re-tir-ing from the view, Thus she bids the day a-dieu.



No. 90. WHAT NEED HAVE I
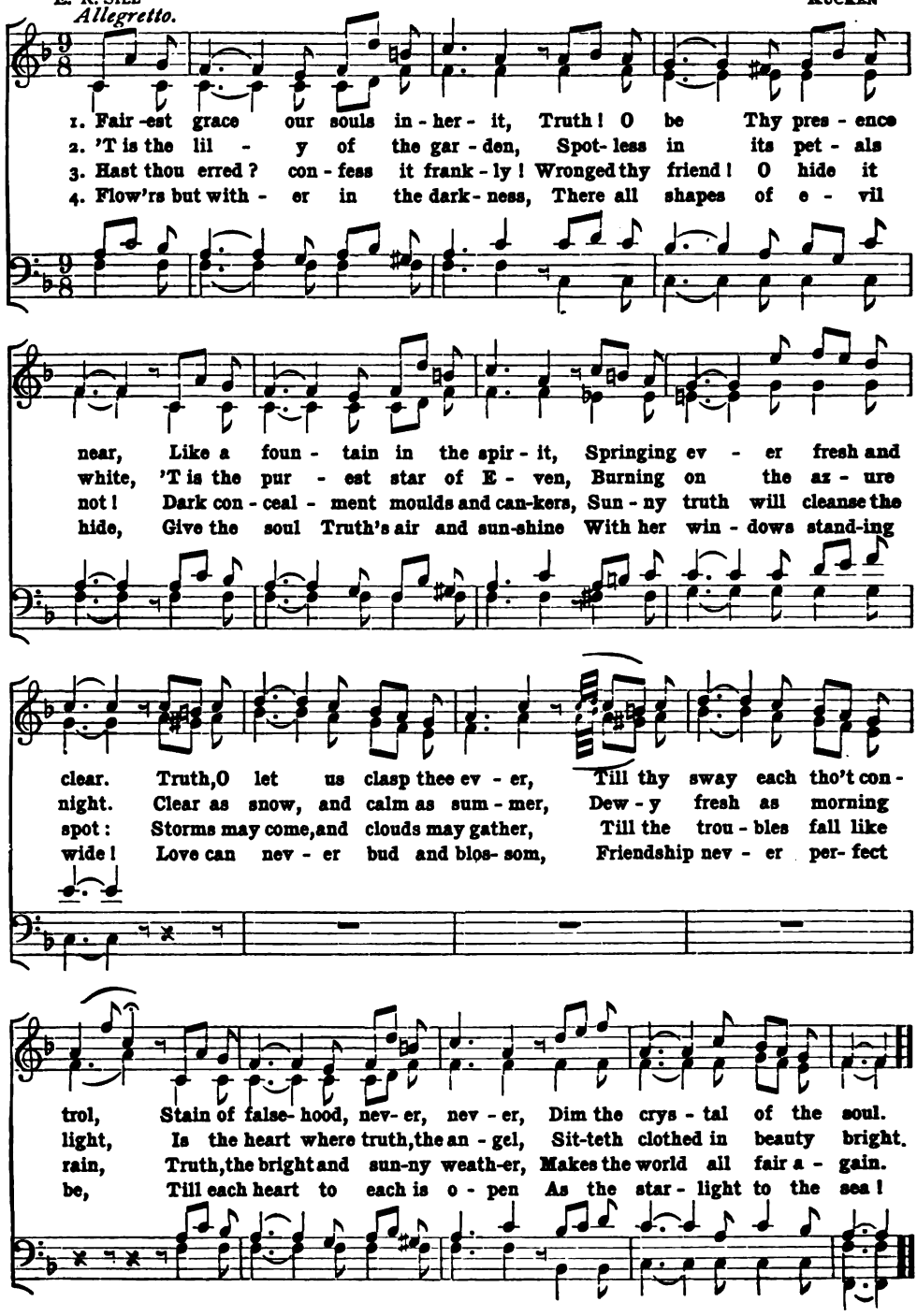
Words from the GERMAN



No. 91. TRUTH
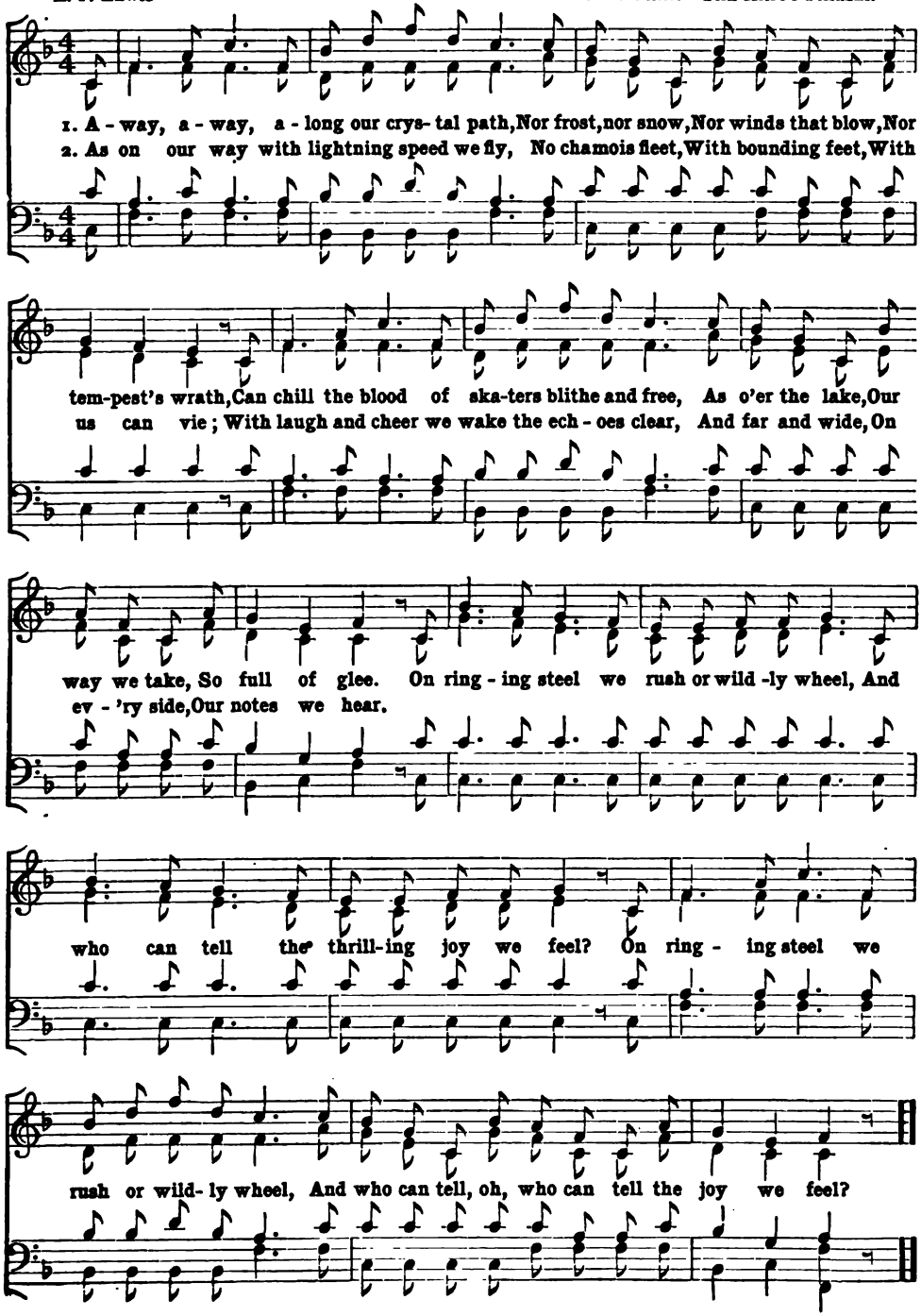
E. R. SILL KÜCKEN

Allegretto.



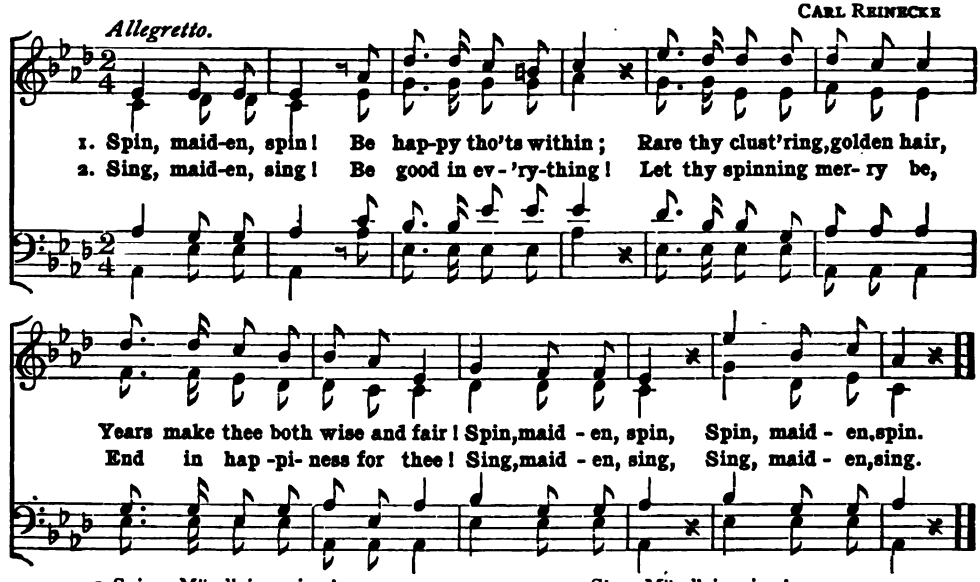
No. 92. SKATERS' SONG

L. F. LEWIS — SCHUMANN: "THE HAPPY FARMER"



No. 93. SPINNING SONG

CARL REINECKE

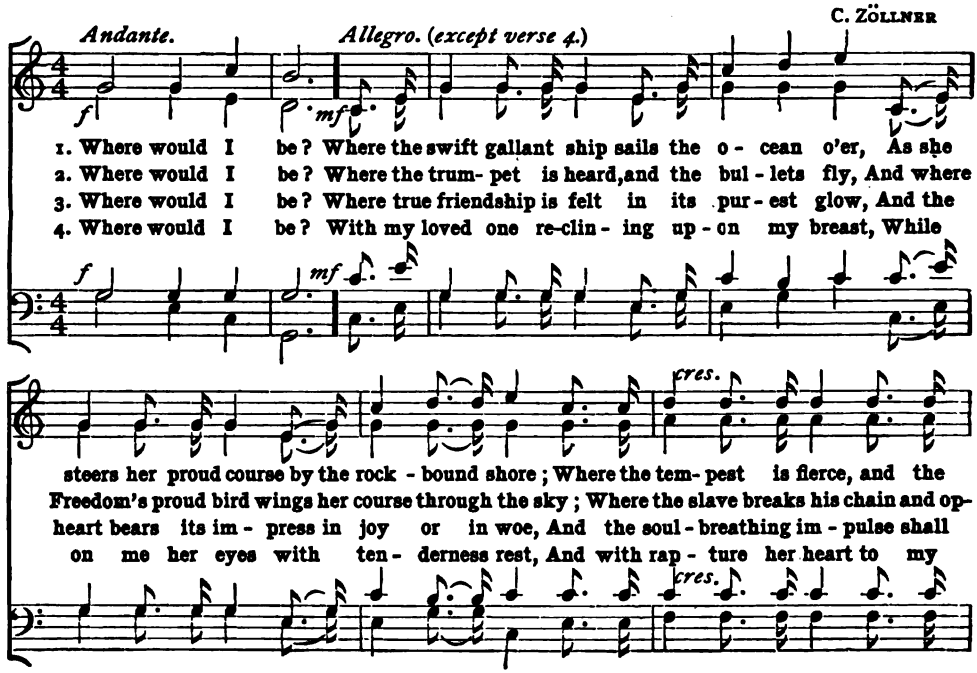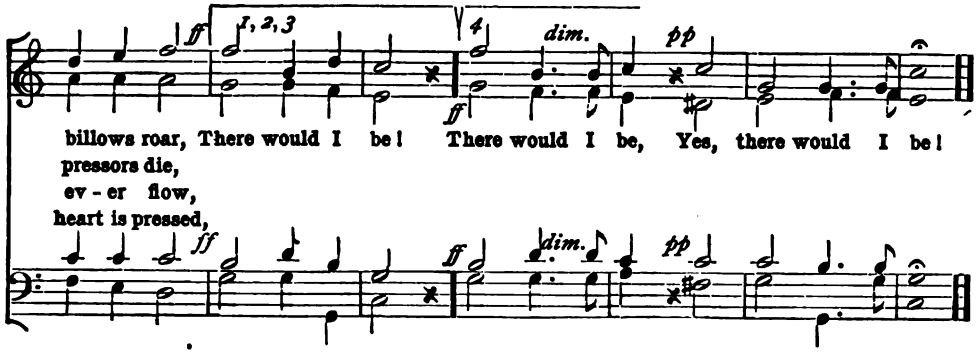


1 Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn!
So wachsen dir die Sinn',
Wachsen dir die gelben Haar,
Kommen dir die klugen Jahr',
Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn,
Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn.

2 Sing, Mägdlein, sing!
Und sei fein guter Ding!
Fang dein Spinnen lustig an,
Mach ein frommes Ende dran,
Sing, Mägdlein, sing,
Sing, Mägdlein, sing.

No. 94. WHERE WOULD I BE
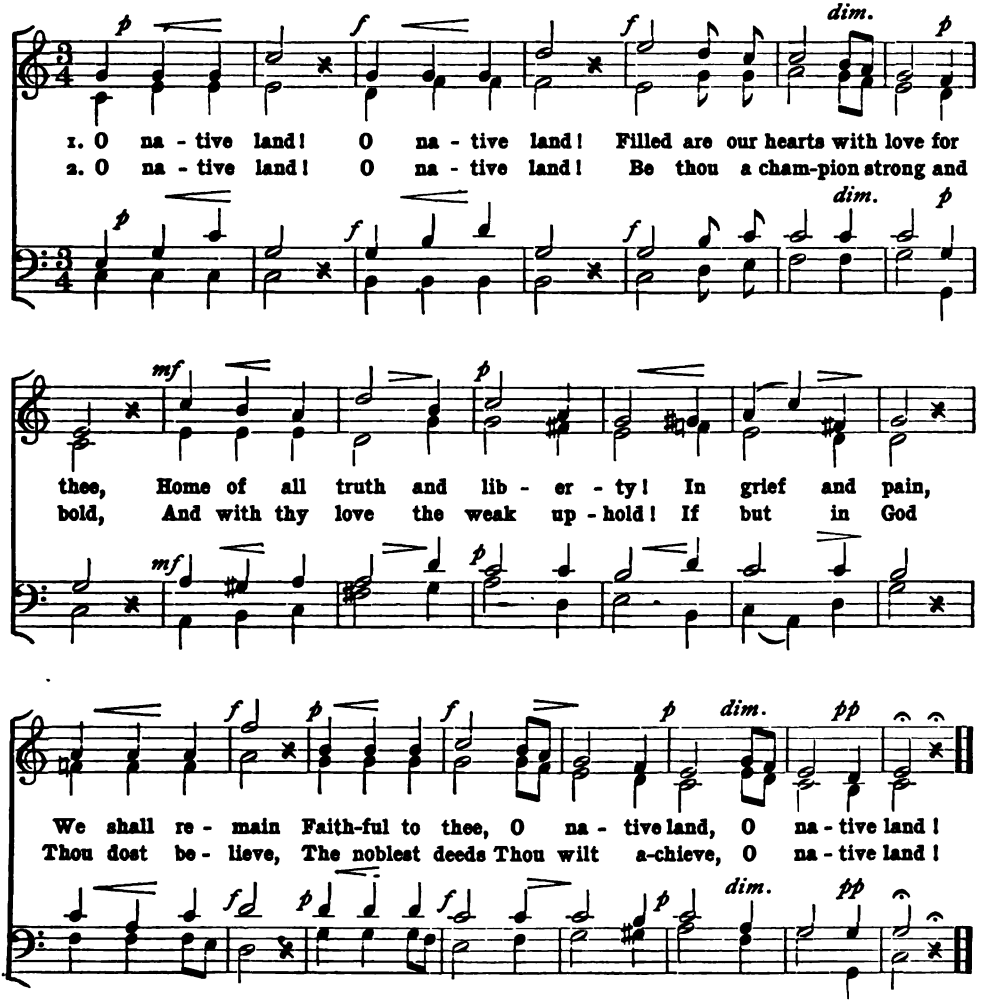
C. ZÖLLNER





No. 95. O NATIVE LAND

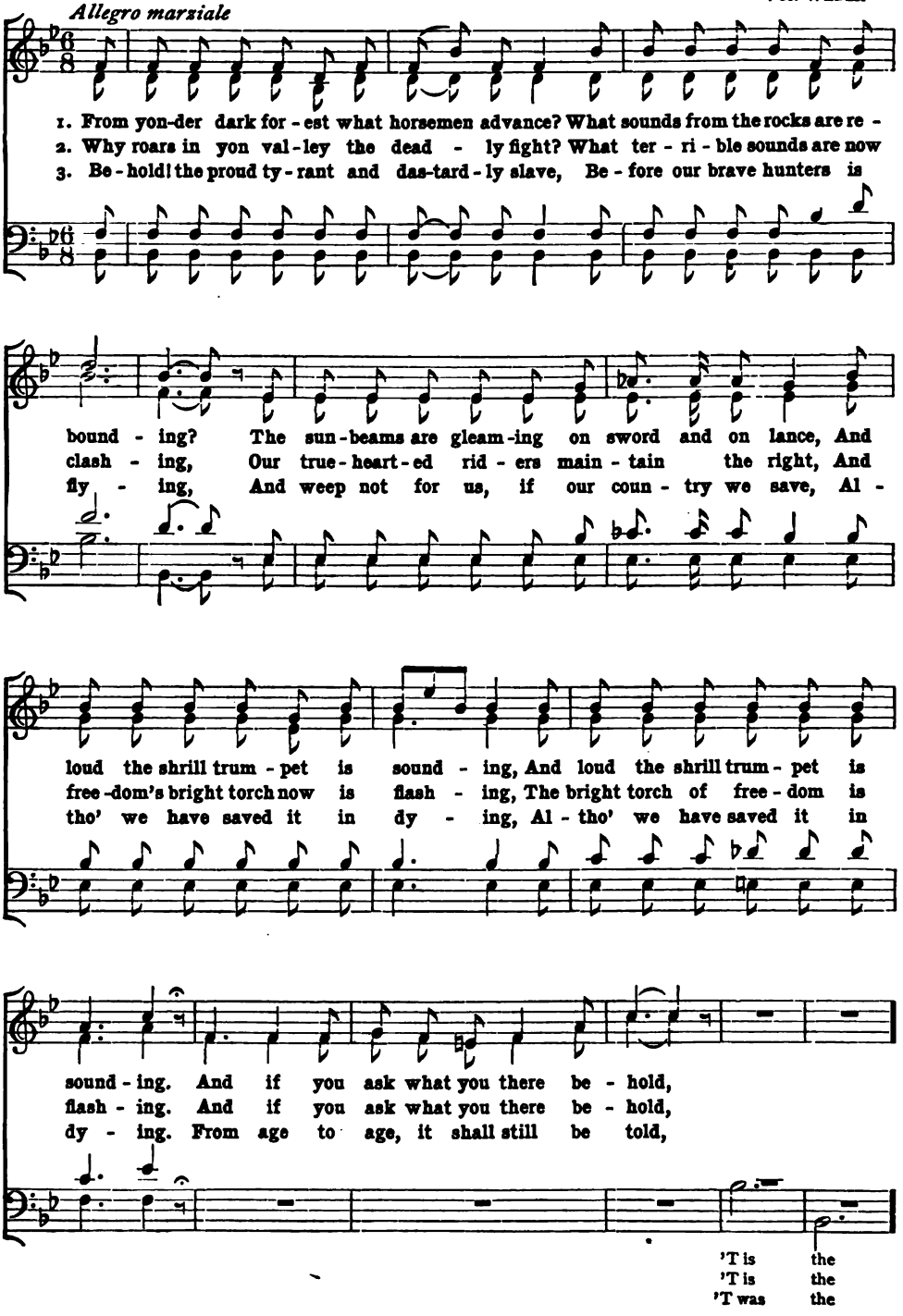
F. REICHARDT
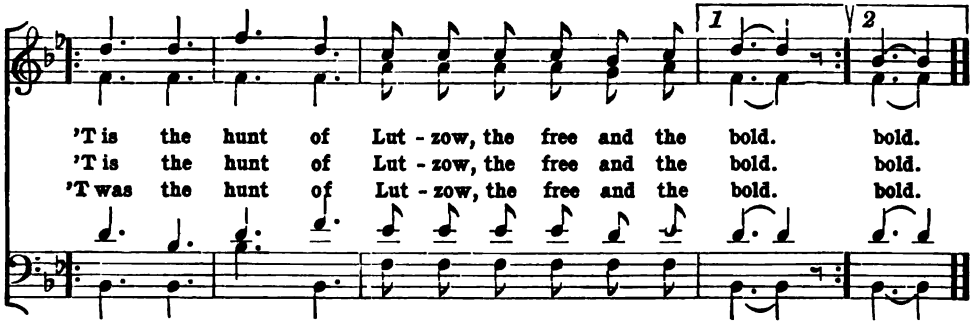


No. 96. LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT
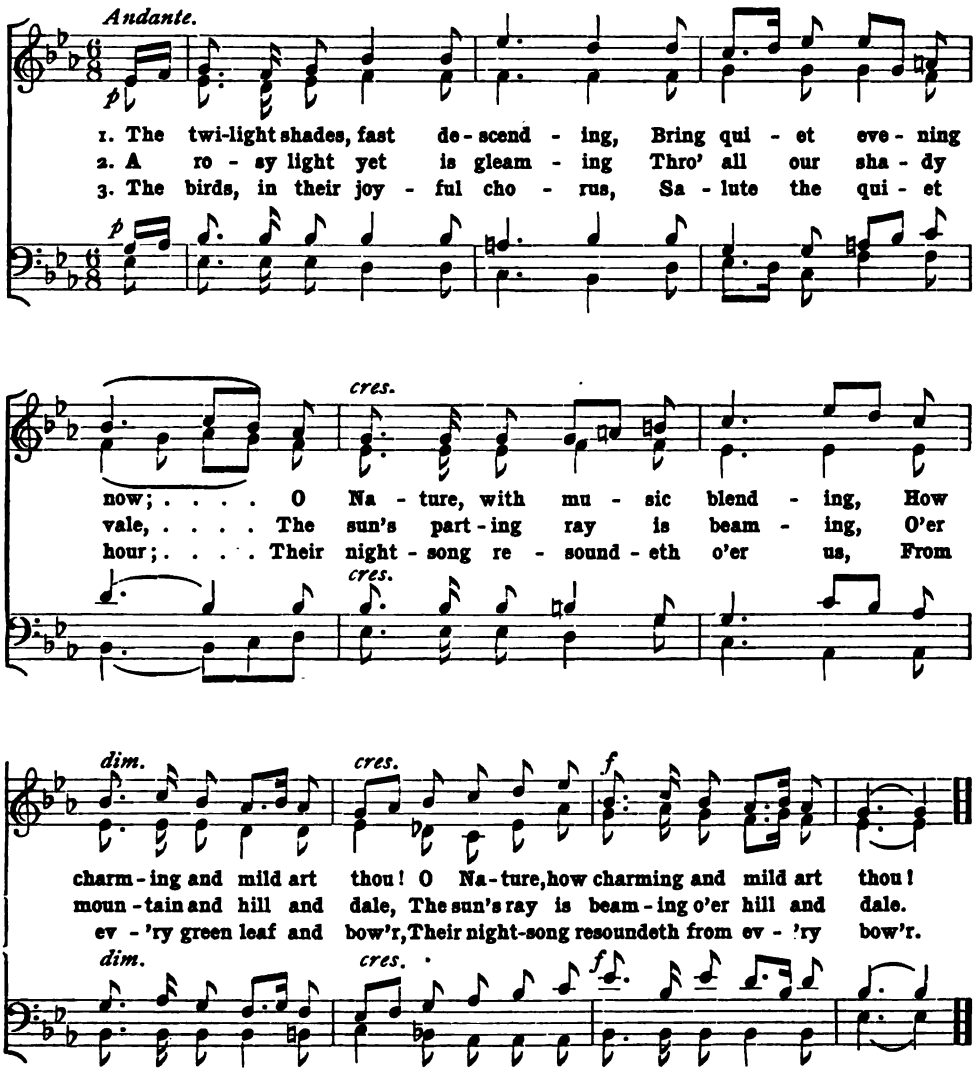
VON WEBER

Allegro marziale
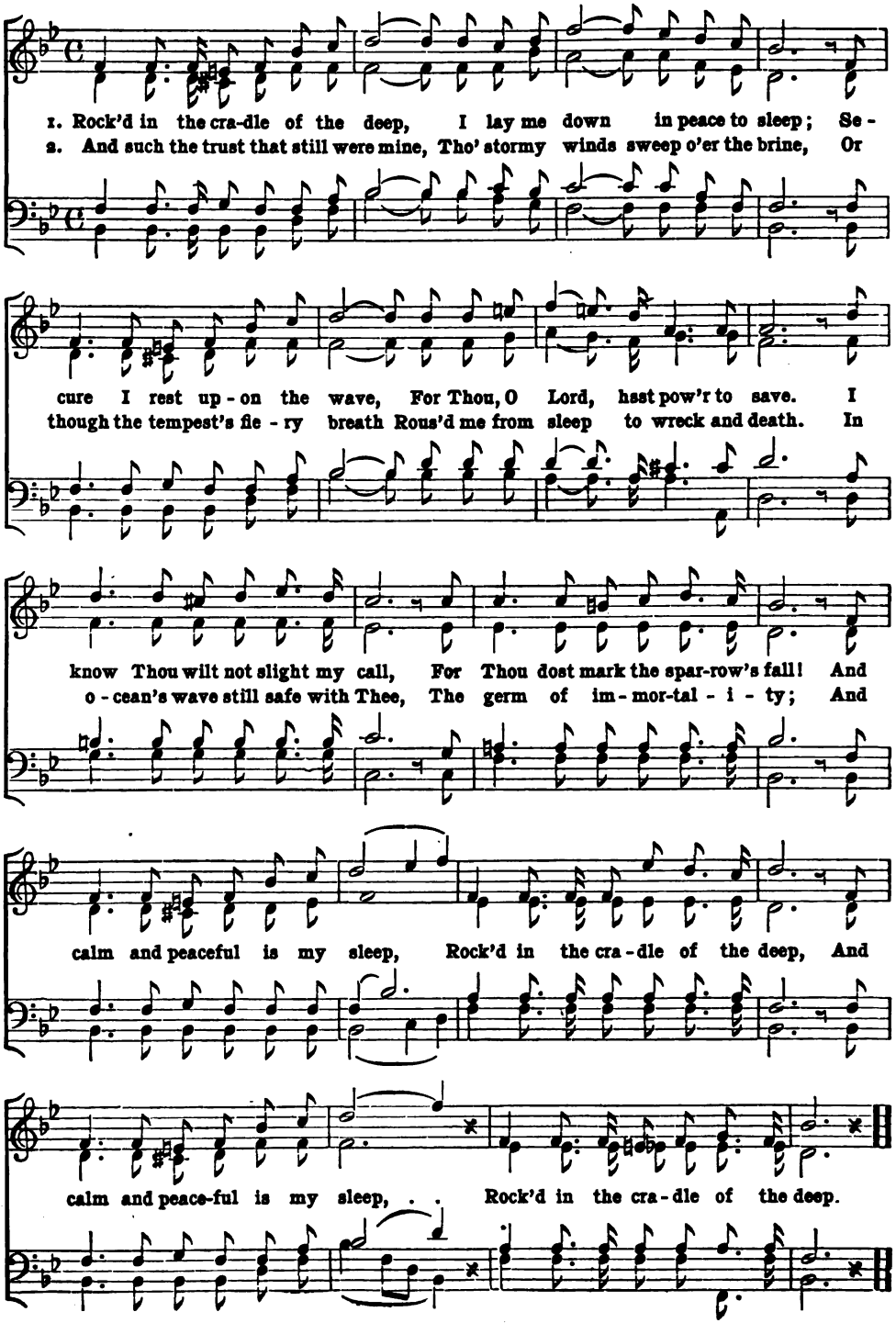




No. 97. AT TWILIGHT
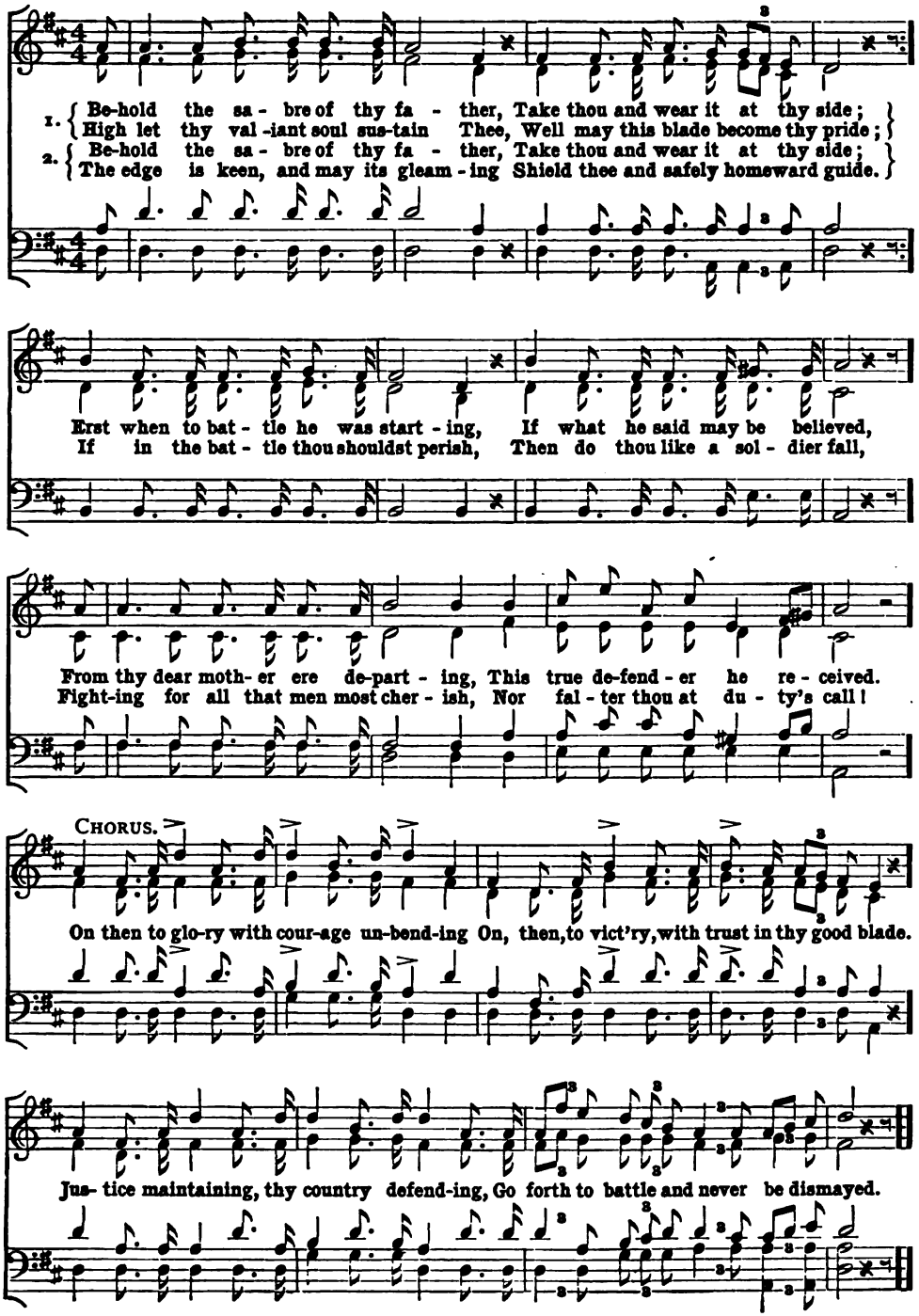


No. 98. ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP
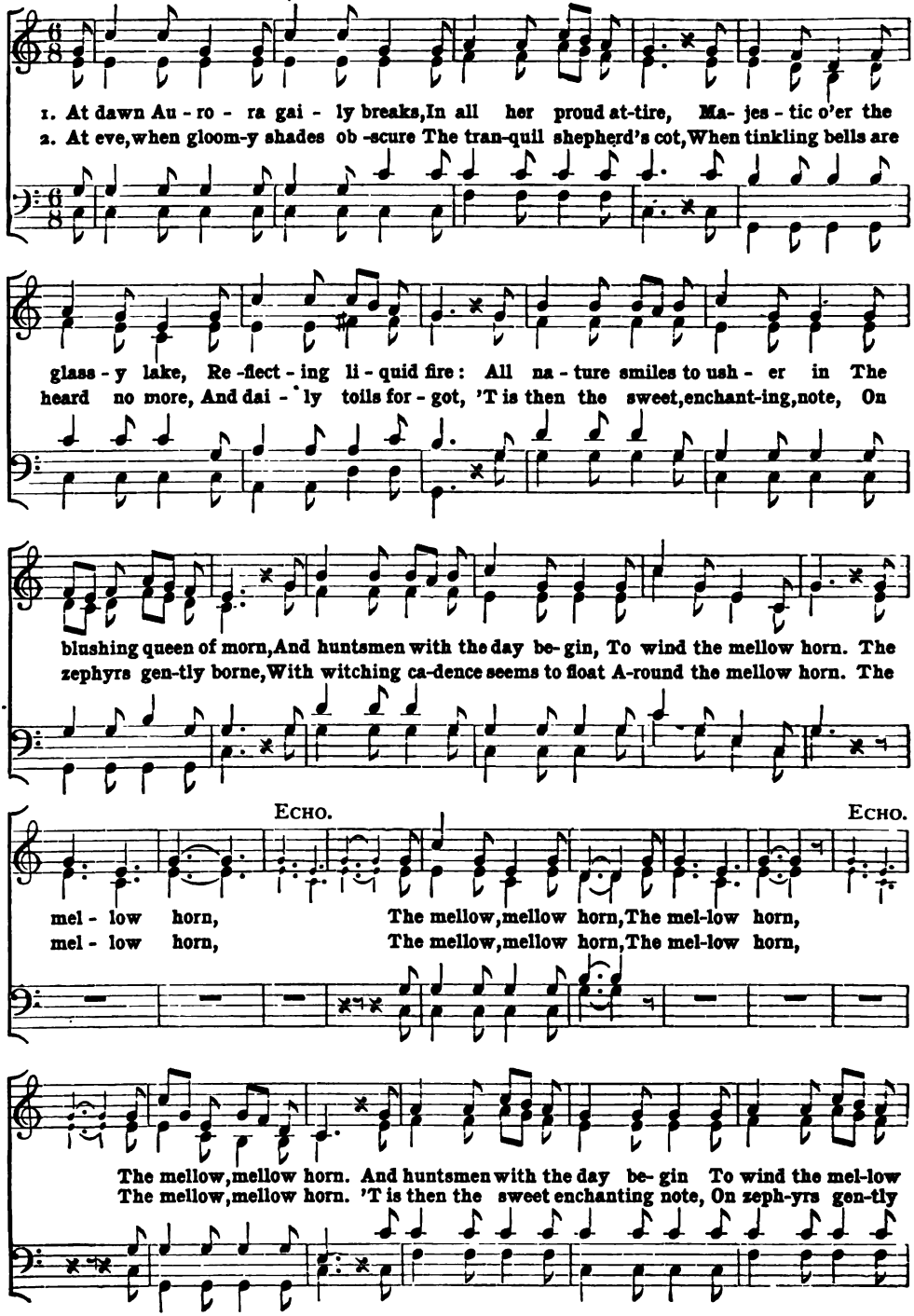


No. 99. BEHOLD THE SABRE

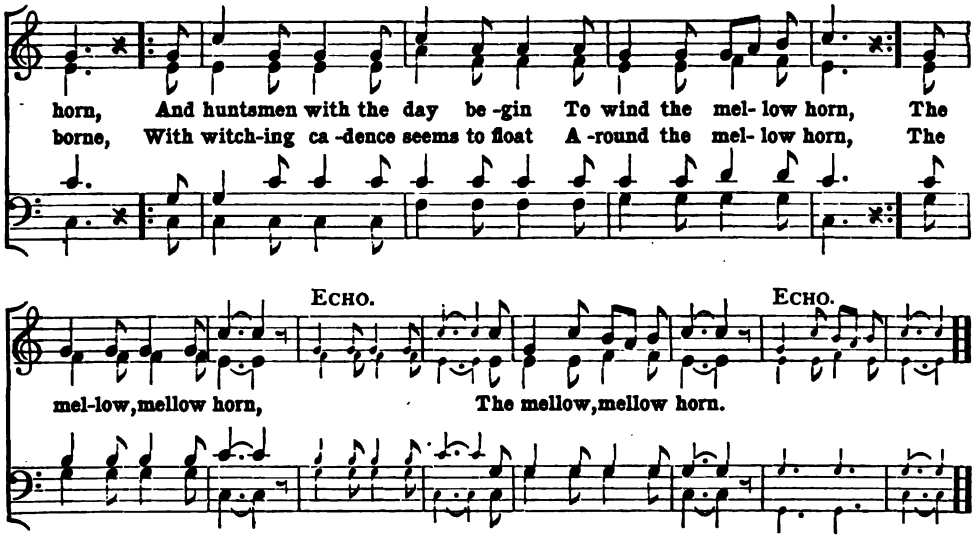
OFFENBACH



No. 100. THE MELLOW HORN
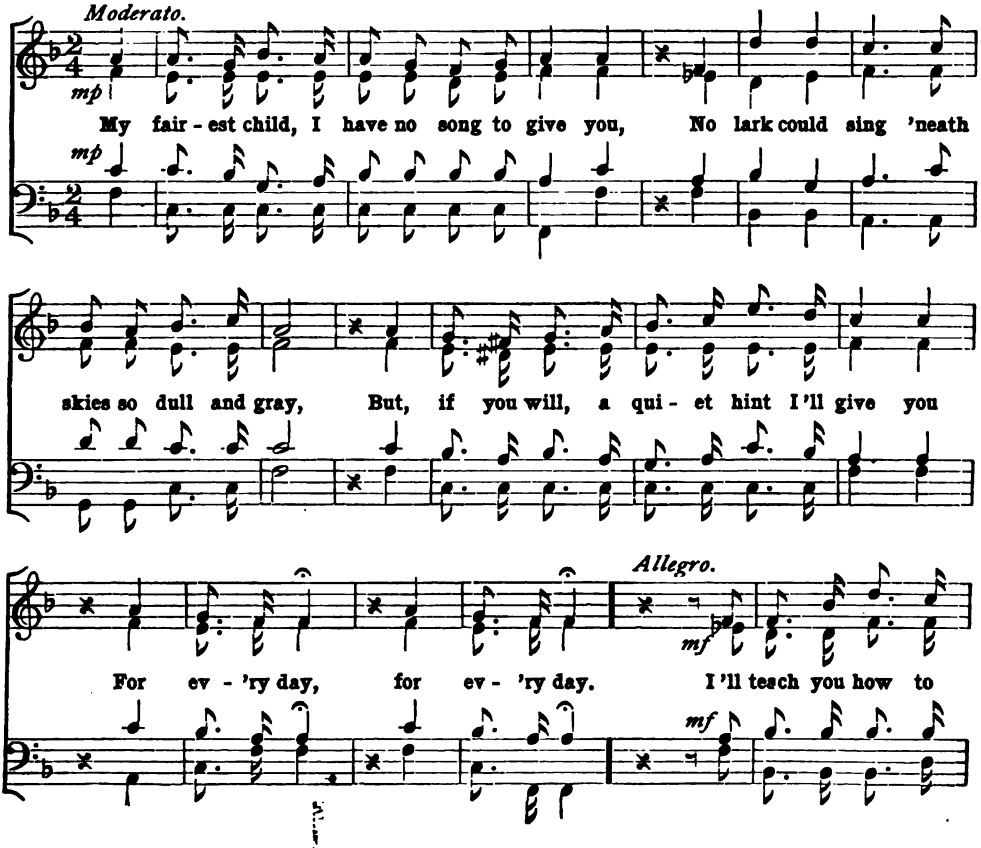
JONES
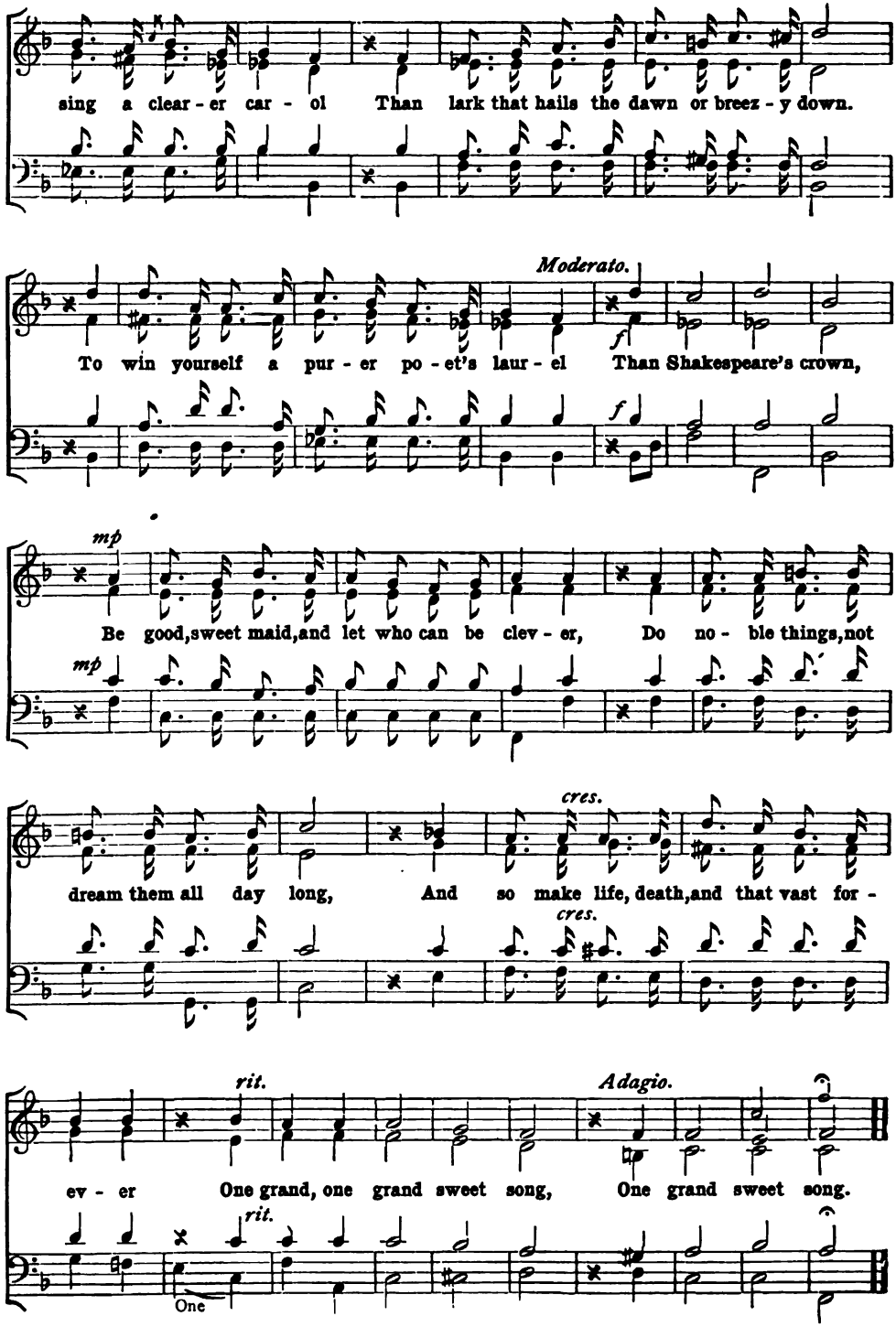




No. 101. ONE GRAND SWEET SONG

CHARLES KINGSLEY HORATIO C. KING, by per.




sing a clear - er car - ol Than lark that hails the dawn or breez - y down.
Moderato.
To win yourself a pur - er po - et's laur - el Than Shakespeare's crown,
mp
Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clev - er, Do no - ble things, not
mp
cres.
dream them all day long, And so make life, death, and that vast for -
cres.
rit.
Adagio.
ev - er One grand, one grand sweet song, One grand sweet song.
rit.
One

No. 102. SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON JOSEPH BARNEY

Larghetto.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest; Fa-ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on

pp

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast; Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Fa-ther will come to his

A. O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will

sf *p* *mf*

pp *f*

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow; Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, A. B. Come . . from the moon and blow,
come to his nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west;

pp *f*

dim. *p* *rall. e dim - in - u - en - - do.*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one; sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .
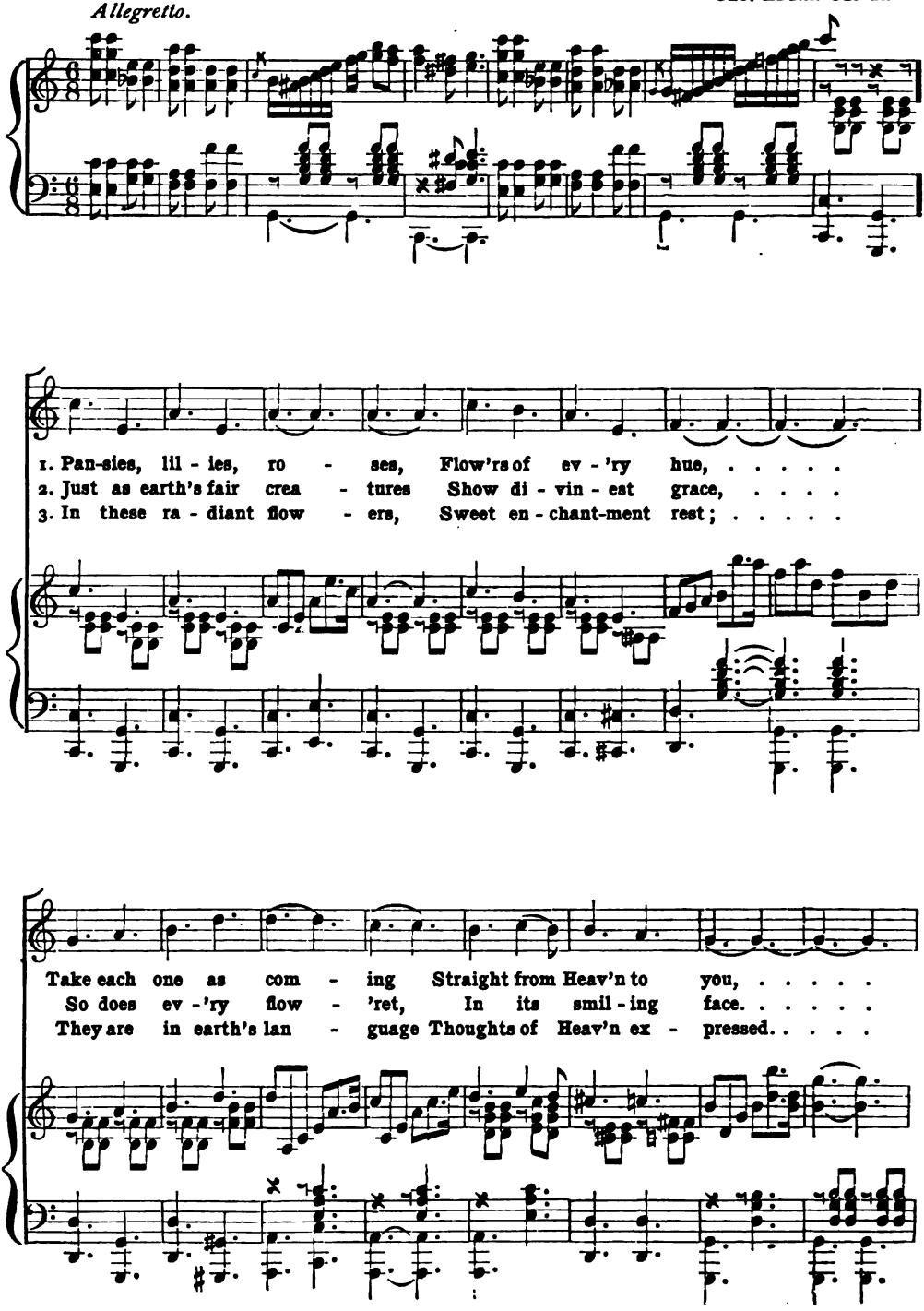
dim. *rall. e dim - in - u - en - - do.*
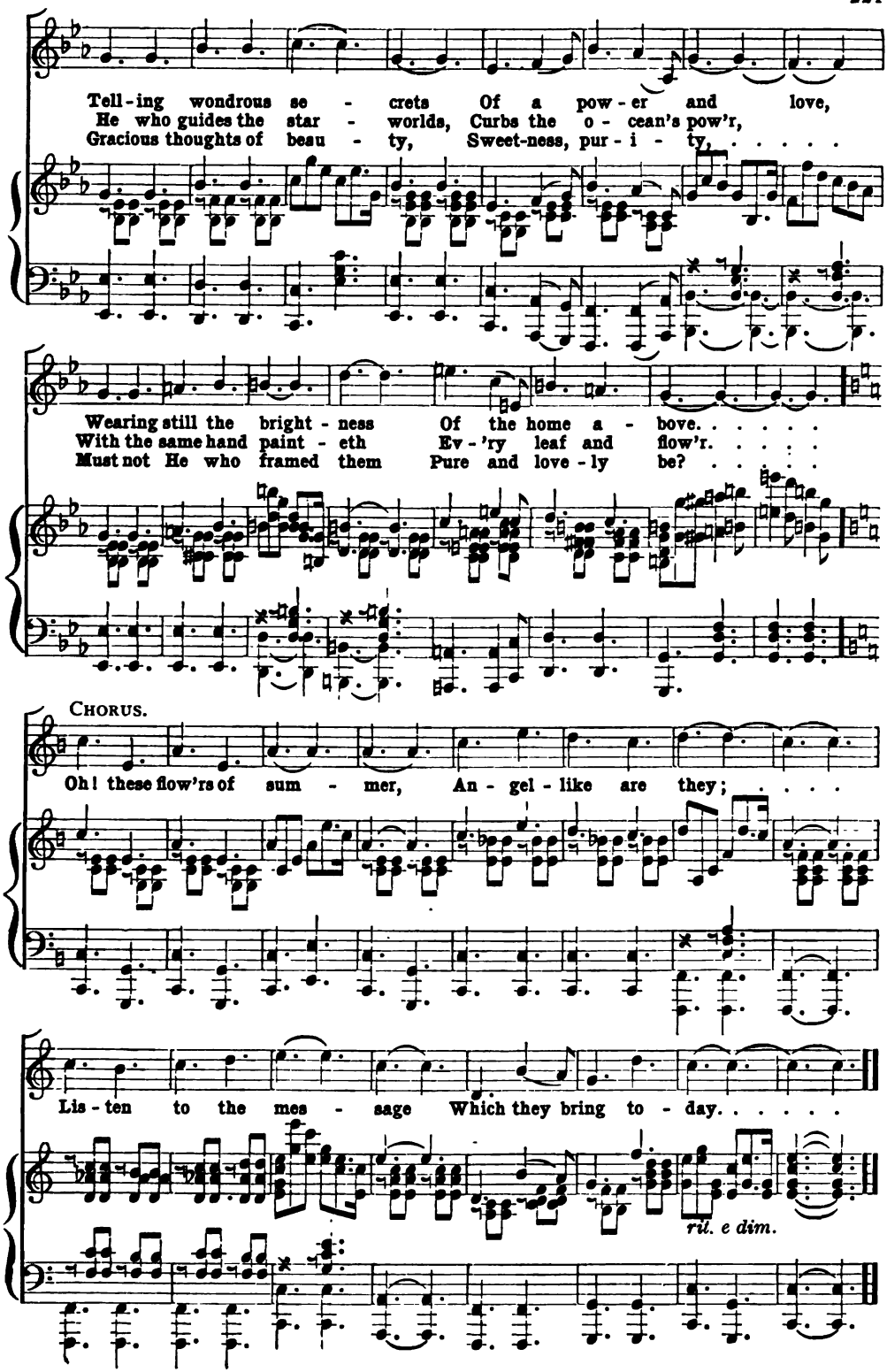
p

No. 103. FLOWER SONG

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER
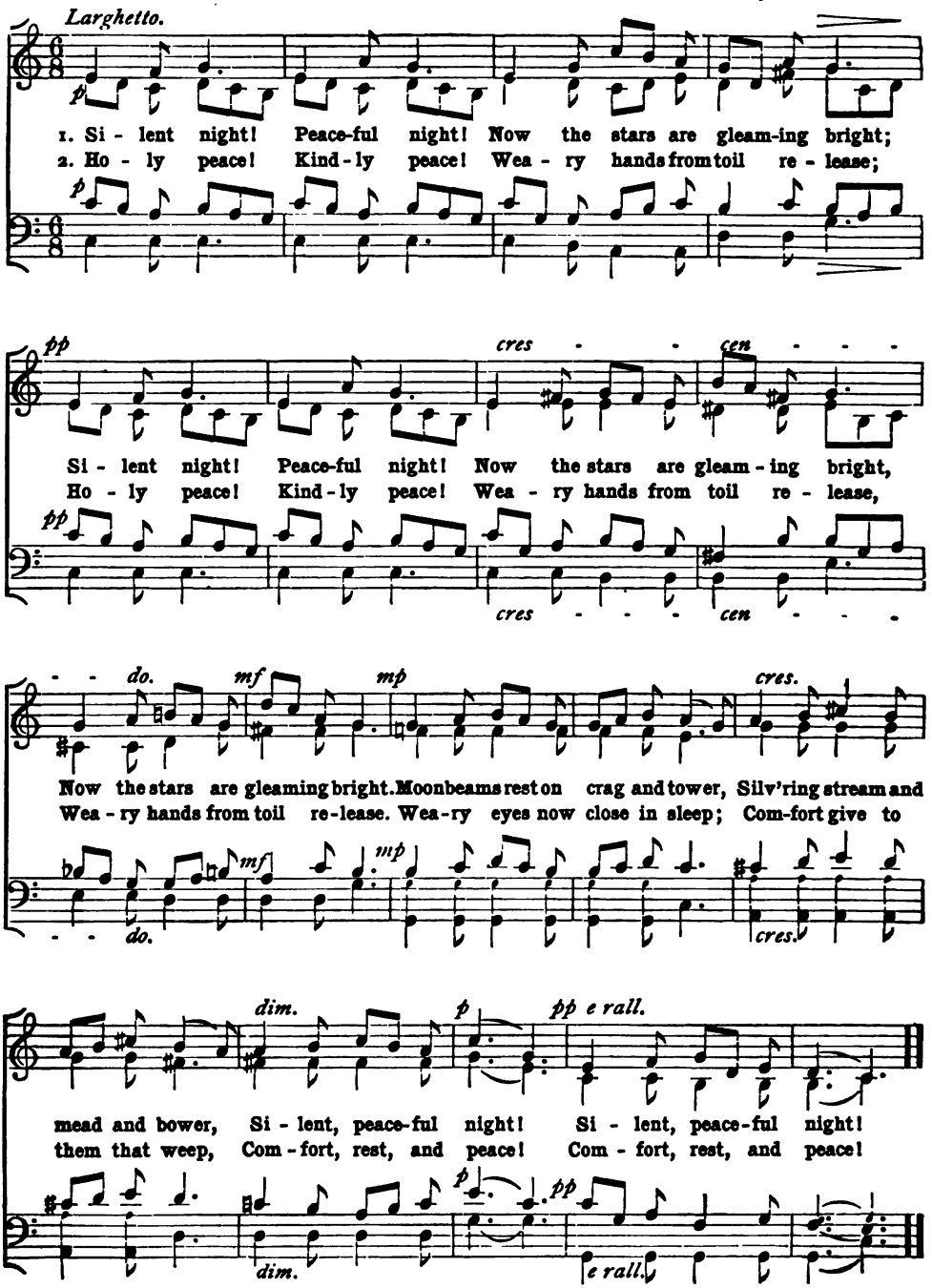
Allegretto.




Tell-ing wondrous se - crets Of a pow-er and love,
He who guides the star - worlds, Curbs the o - cean's pow'r,
Gracious thoughts of beau - ty, Sweet-ness, pur-i - ty,
Wearing still the bright - ness Of the home a - bove.
With the same hand paint - eth Ev-'ry leaf and flow'r.
Must not He who framed them Pure and love-ly be?
CHORUS.
Oh! these flow'rs of sum - mer, An - gel - like are they;
Lis-ten to the mes - sage Which they bring to - day.
ril. e dim.

No. 104. SILENT NIGHT

ALFRED BELL JOSEPH BARNBY

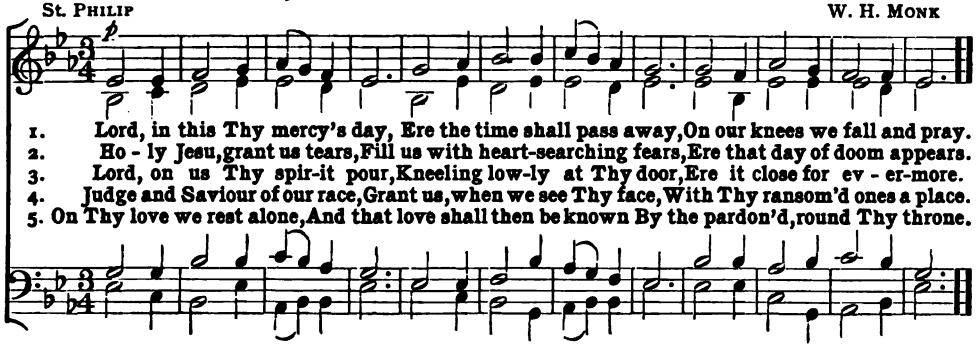


Part IV

SONGS OF DEVOTION
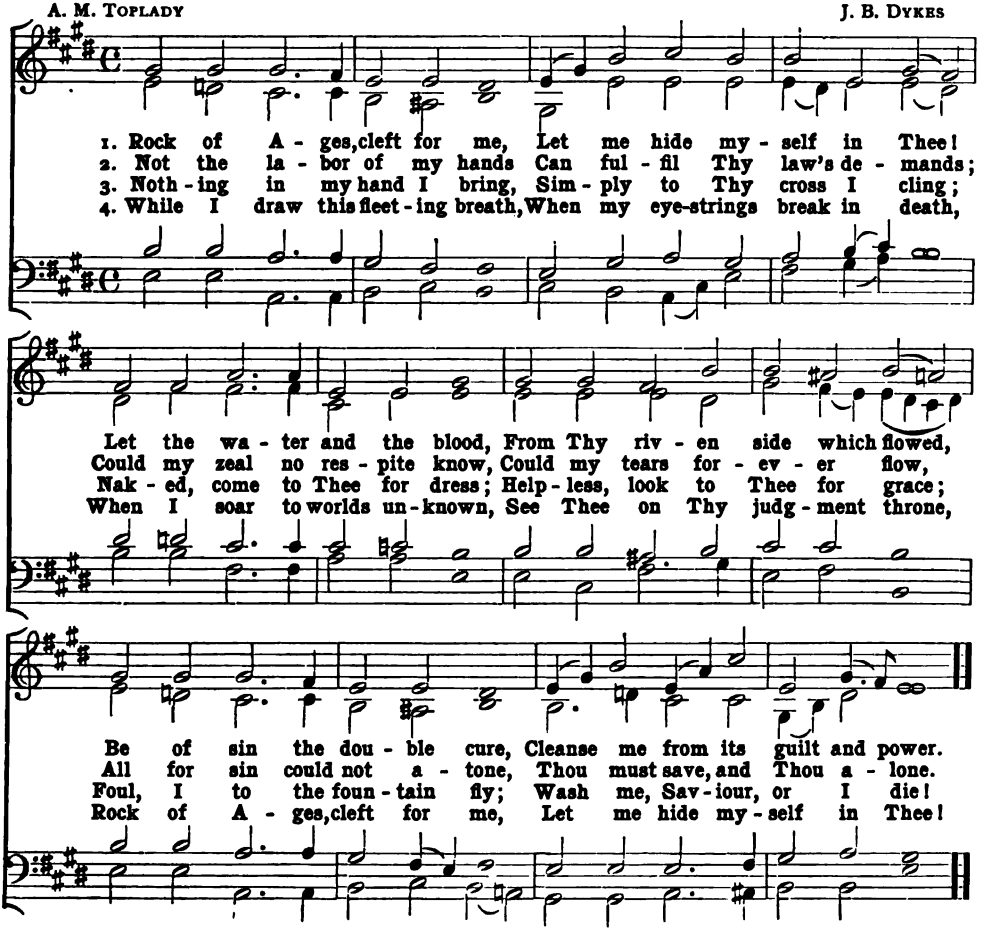
No. 1. LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY

St. PHILIP — W. H. MONK
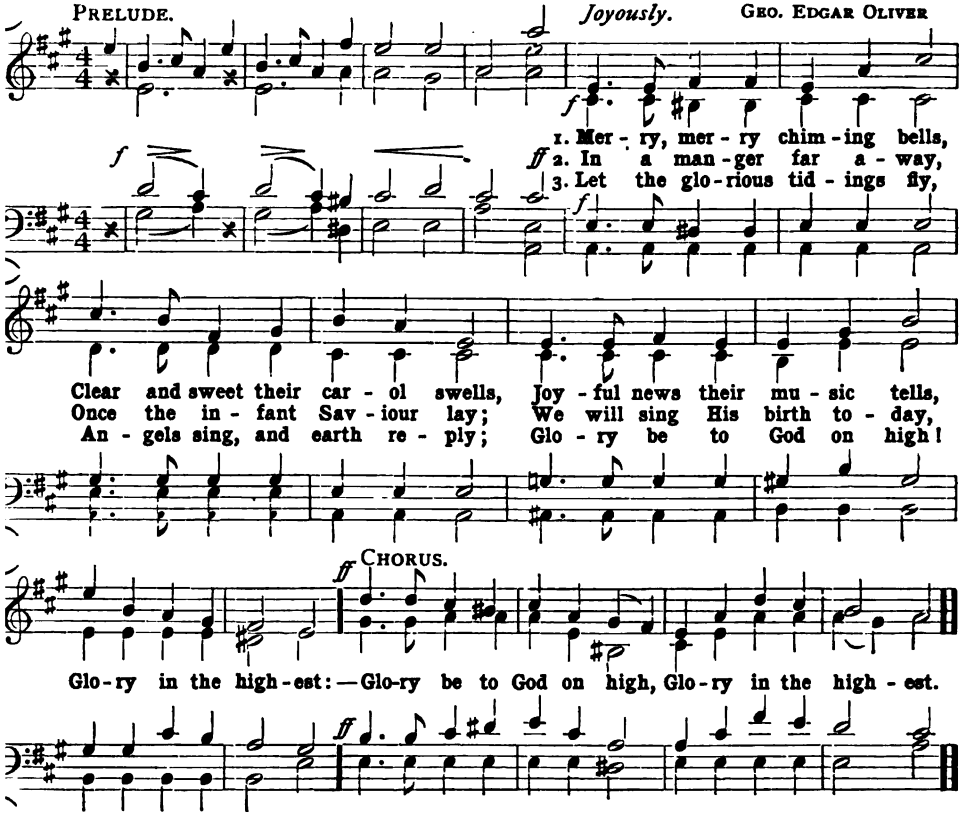


No. 2. ROCK OF AGES

A. M. TOPLADY — J. B. DYKES
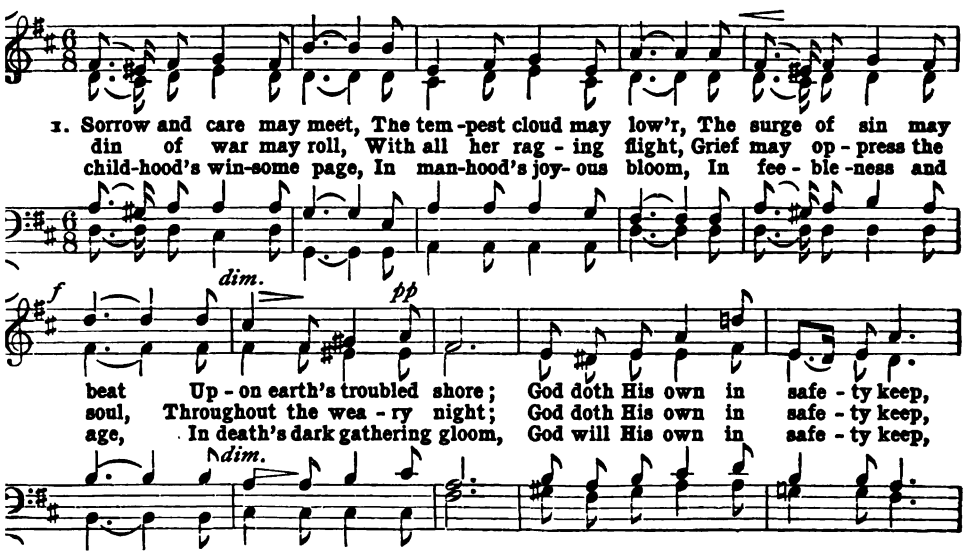


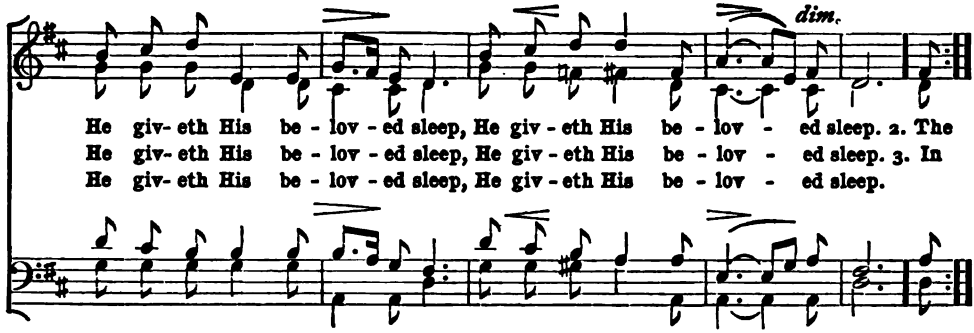
From Tucker's Hymnal, by permission of the publishers, the Century Co.

No. 3. MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS



No. 4. HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

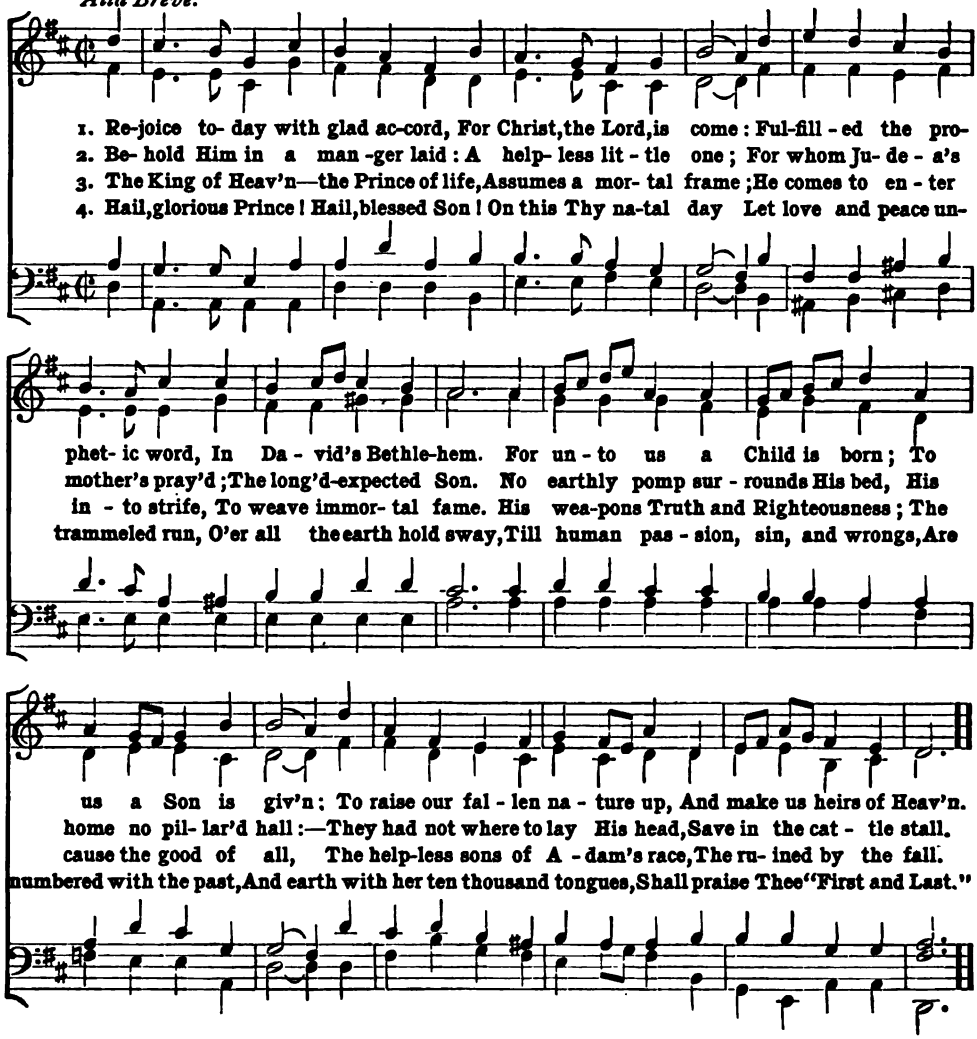




No. 5. REJOICE TO-DAY

REV. HENRY R. BALDWIN — FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK
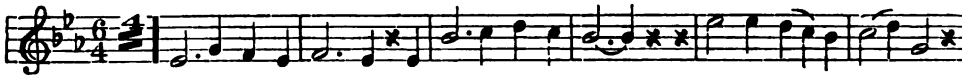
Alla Breve.
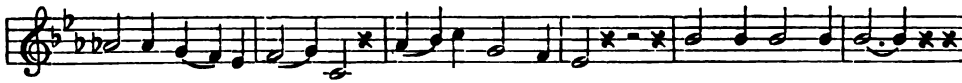


No. 6. NAZARETH *

UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

H. F. CHORLEY — CHARLES GOUNOD
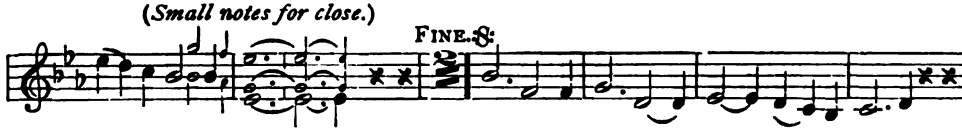


1. Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore; Lo! the Lord of Heaven
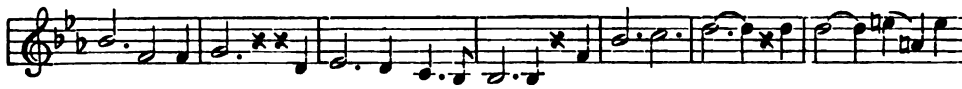


Hath to mor-tals giv - en Life for - ev - er-more, Life for-ev - er- more,
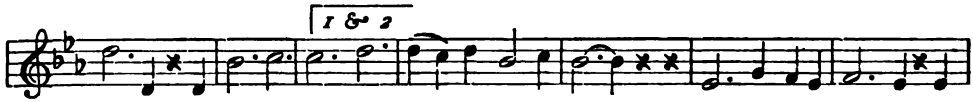
(*Small notes for close.*)
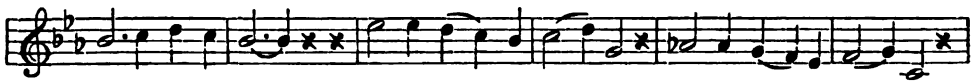


Life for-ev-er - more. . . 1. Shepherds who folded your flocks be-side you,
2. Kings from a far land, draw near and behold Him,
3. Wind, to the ce - dars proclaim the joyful story,
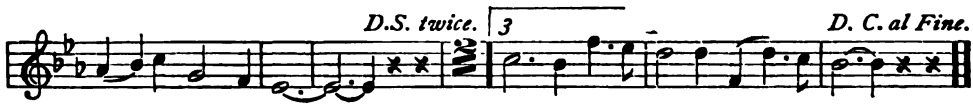


Tell what was told by an - gel voi-ces near; To you this night is born He who will
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come, Your crowns cast down, with robe royal en-
Wave of the sea, the tid -ings bear a - far, The night is gone! beheld in all its



guide you Tho' paths of peace to liv - ing wa-ters clear. Tho' poor be the chamber, come
fold Him; Your King descends to earth from brighter home.
glo - ry, All broad and



here, come and a- dore, Lo! the Lord in Heaven, Hath to mortals giv - en
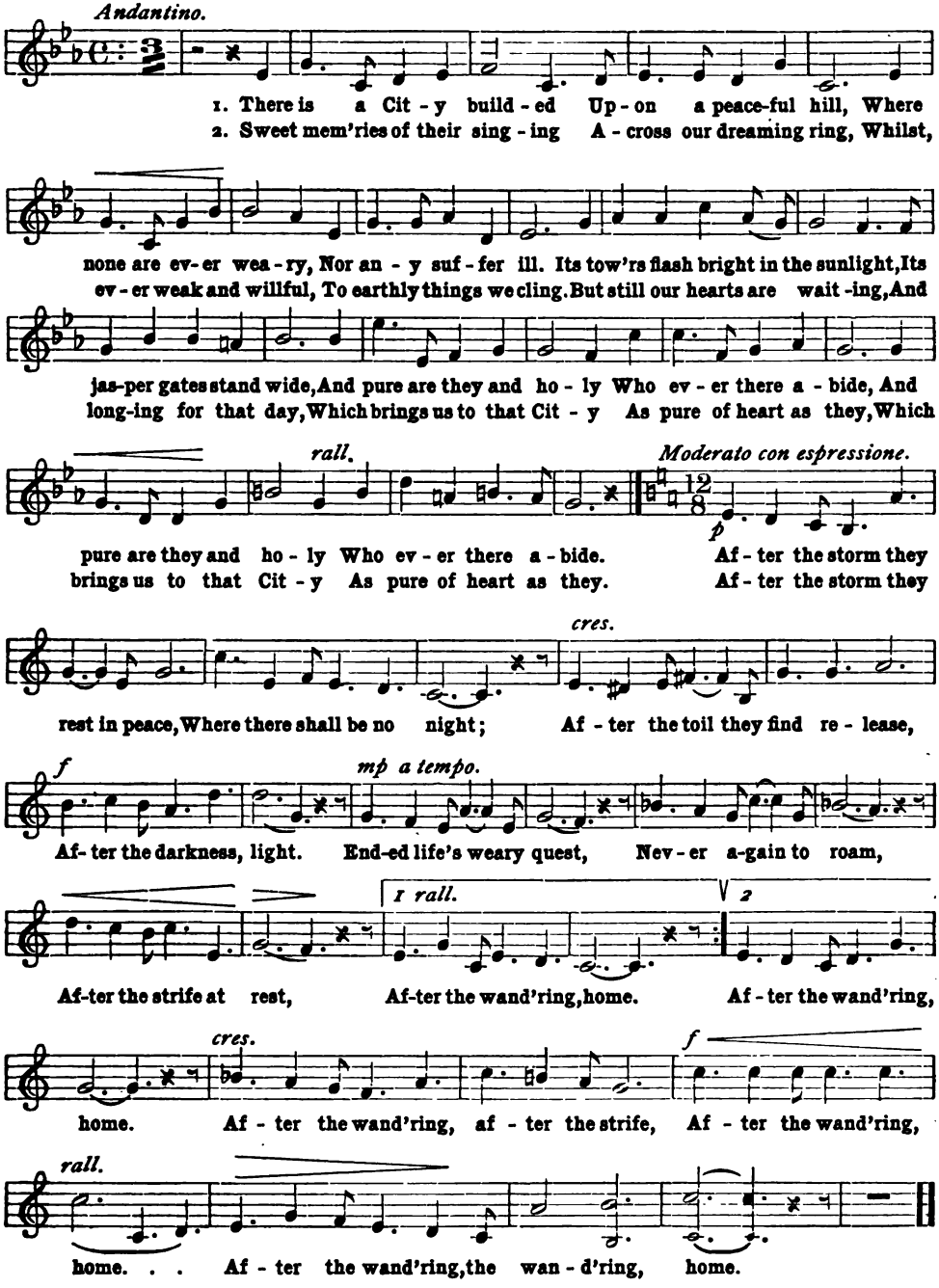


Life for-ev - er - more. . . bright ris-es th' eter-nal morn- ing star.

* The piano accompaniment may be had at any music store. Let various combinations of voices be used in ferent verses of the song.

No. 7. SION *
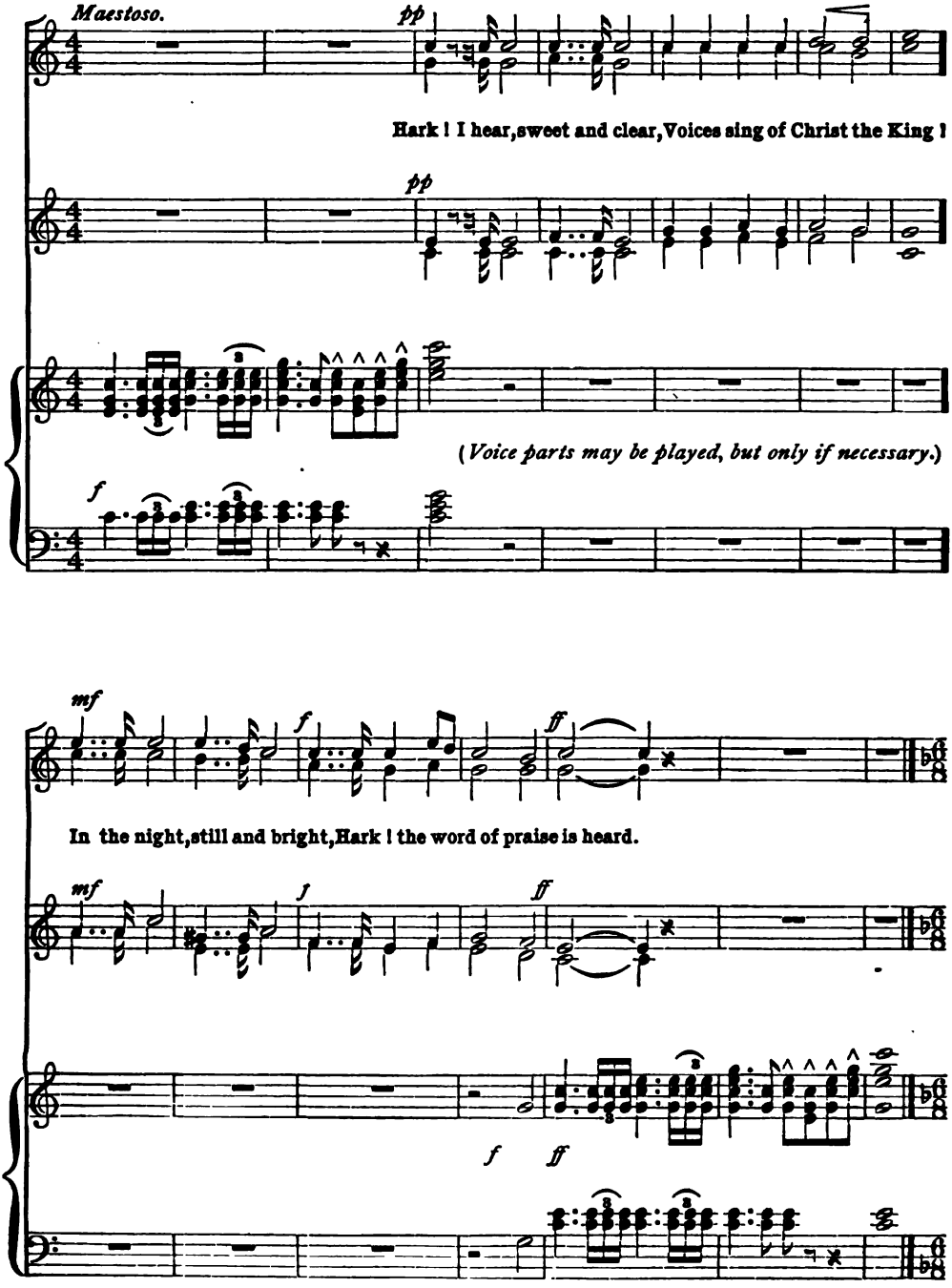
UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT
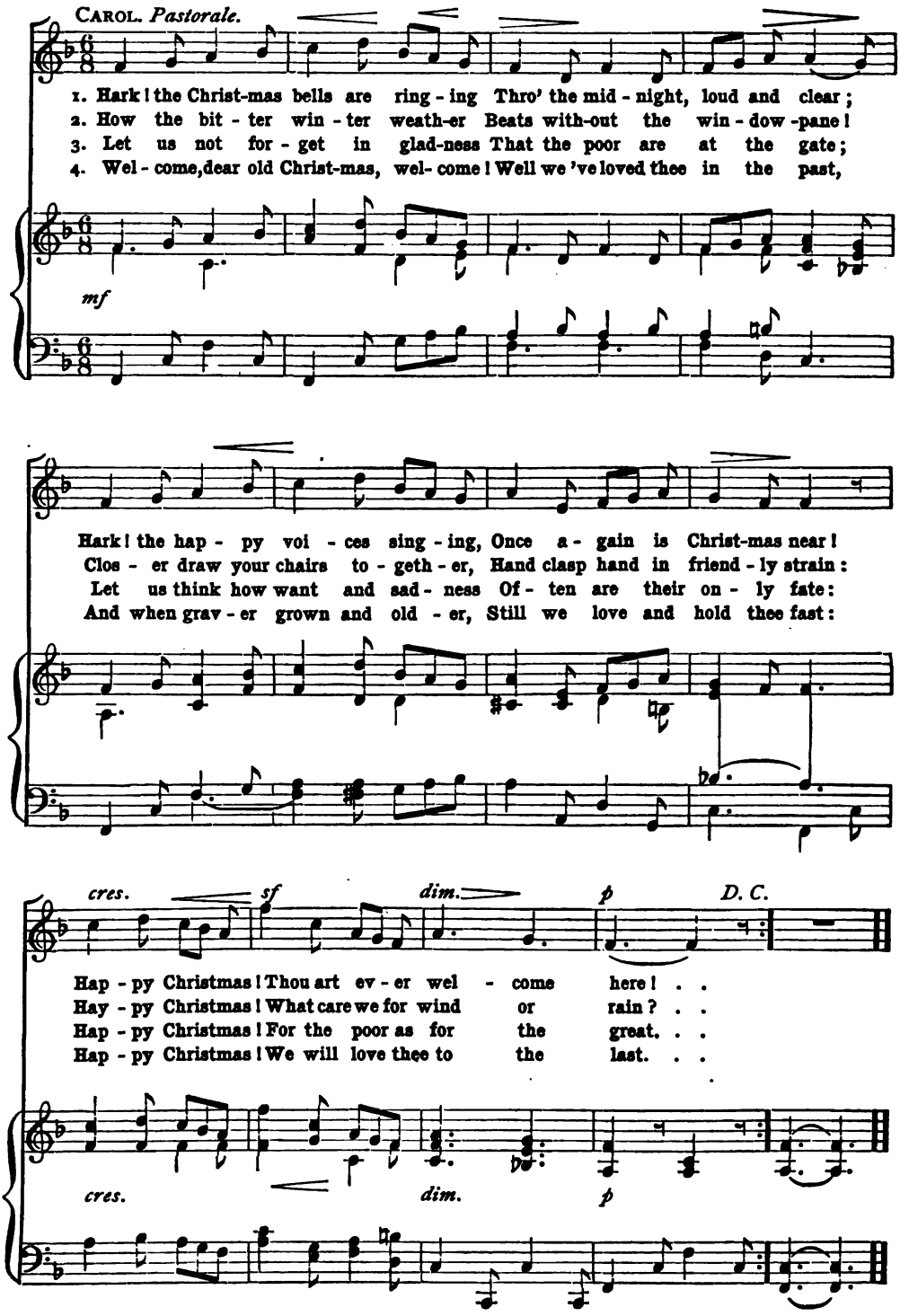
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM PAUL RODNEY



* This song with piano-forte accompaniment may be obtained at any music store.
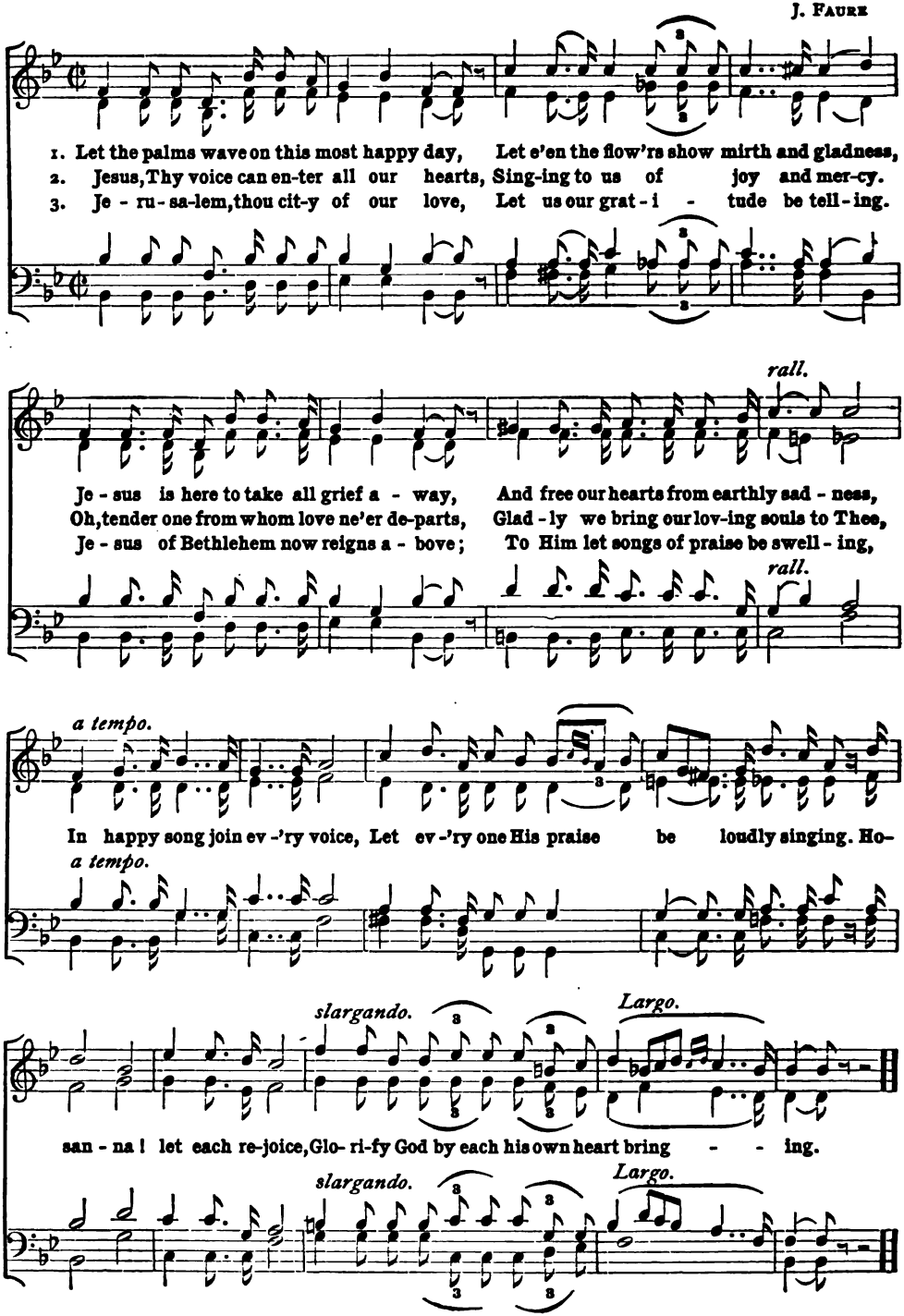
No. 8. CHRISTMAS FANFARE AND CAROL




CAROL. *Pastorale.*
1. Hark! the Christ-mas bells are ring - ing Thro' the mid - night, loud and clear;
2. How the bit - ter win - ter weath-er Beats with-out the win - dow -pane!
3. Let us not for - get in glad-ness That the poor are at the gate;
4. Wel - come,dear old Christ-mas, wel- come! Well we 've loved thee in the past,
mf
Hark! the hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Once a - gain is Christ-mas near!
Clos - er draw your chairs to - geth - er, Hand clasp hand in friend - ly strain:
Let us think how want and sad - ness Of - ten are their on - ly fate:
And when grav - er grown and old - er, Still we love and hold thee fast:
cres. *sf* *dim.* *p* *D. C.*
Hap - py Christmas! Thou art ev - er wel - come here! . .
Hay - py Christmas! What care we for wind or rain? . .
Hap - py Christmas! For the poor as for the great. . .
Hap - py Christmas! We will love thee to the last. . .
cres. *dim.* *p*

No. 9. THE PALMS

J. FAURE
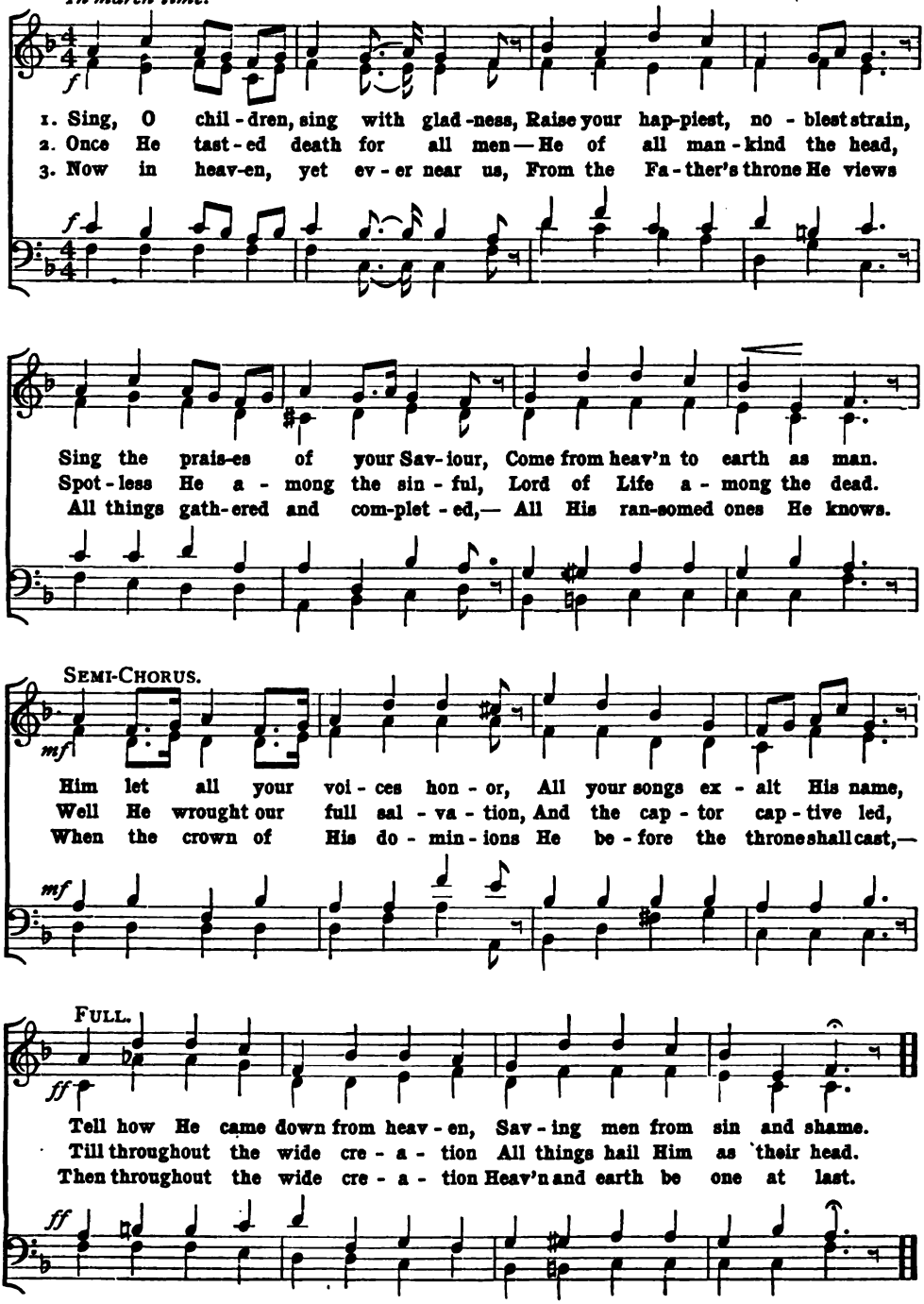


No. 10. SING, O CHILDREN, SING WITH GLADNESS

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

F. R.

In march time.



No. 11. WAKE! AND TUNE YOUR YOUTHFUL VOICES

(CHRISTMAS CHORUS.)

JOHN G. ROBINSON — FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

Maestoso.

f

1. Wake! and tune your youth-ful voi-ces, 'T is the an-ni-versary morn, When all heav'n and
2. Shout a-loud your songs of glad-ness, On this joy-ful Christmas morn, Let no dis-mal

earth re-joic-es, O-ver Christ, our Sav-iour born. An-gels came from brightest glo-ry,
ray of sad-ness Dim the day when Christ was born! Giv-ing joy for ev-'ry sor-row,

Sing-ing car-ols of His birth, And the shep-herds spread the sto-ry,
Peace to ev-'ry trou-bled breast, Point-ing out a bright to-mor-row

ritard. *ff tempo.*

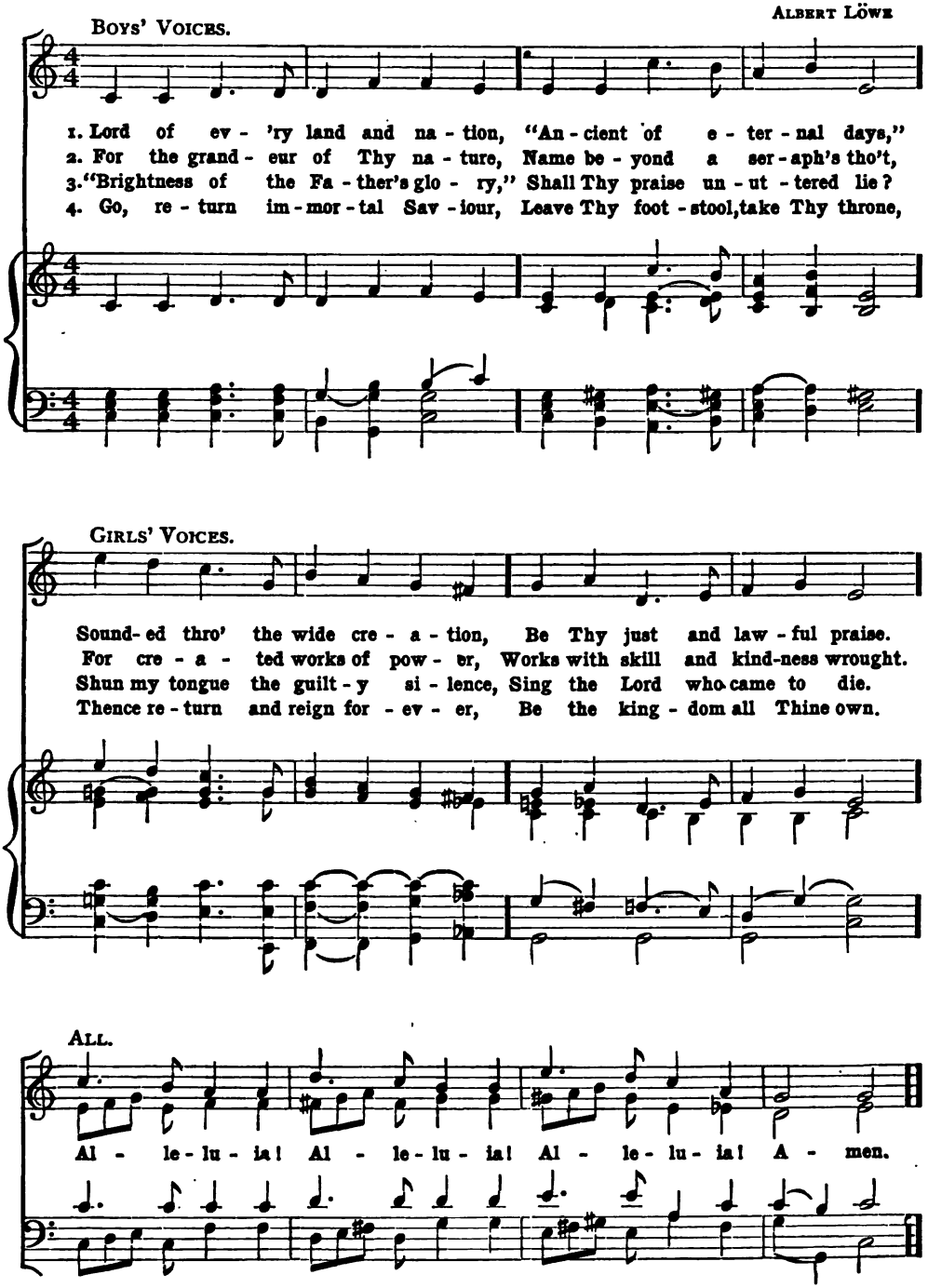
"Peace, good-will to men on earth!" Wake! and tune your youthful voi-ces, 'T is the an-ni-
Where the wea-ry all find rest.

ff

ver-sary morn, When all heav'n and earth re-joic-es O-ver Christ, our Sav-iour born!

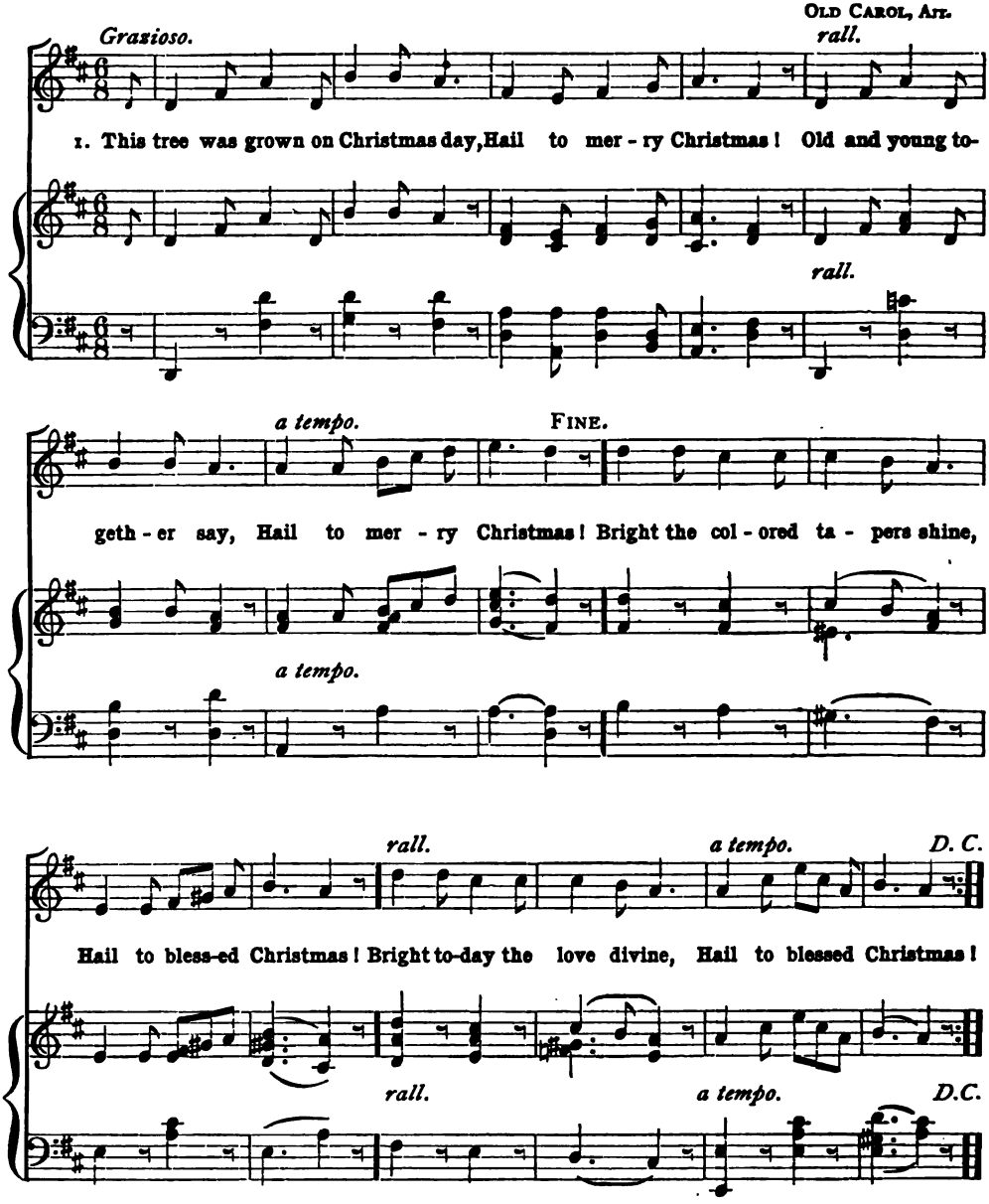
No. 12. ALLELUIA

ALBERT LÖWE



No. 13. THE CHRISTMAS TREE

OLD CAROL, ARR.



2 Gifts hang here for every one;
Hail to happy Christmas!
God gave man this day His Son,
Hail to merry Christmas!
Bright and light our Christmas Tree;
Hail to joyful Christmas!
Bright and light our hearts must be,
Hail to joyful Christmas!

Cho. Dance, then, children, dance and sing,
Hail to merry Christmas!
All the merry chorus ring,
Hail to merry Christmas!

No. 14. THE TREES AND THE MASTER

SIDNEY LANIER J. P. MCCASKEY, by per.

Andantino.

1. In- to the woods my Mas- ter went, Clean for-spent, for-spent, In-to the woods my
2. Out of the woods my Mas- ter went—And He was well con- tent, Out of the woods my

espress.

Mas - ter came—Forspent with love and shame, For- spent with love and shame. But the
Mas - ter came—Con-tent with death and shame, Con-tent with death and shame. When

espress.

ol - ives they were not blind to Him; The lit - tle gray leaves were kind to Him;
Death and Shame would woo Him last, From un - der the trees they drew Him last,

cres. *rall.* *dim.*

The thorn tree had a mind to Him, When in - to the woods He came,
'T was on a tree they slew Him last, When out of the woods He came,

cres. *rall.* *dim.*

Andante religioso. *rall.*
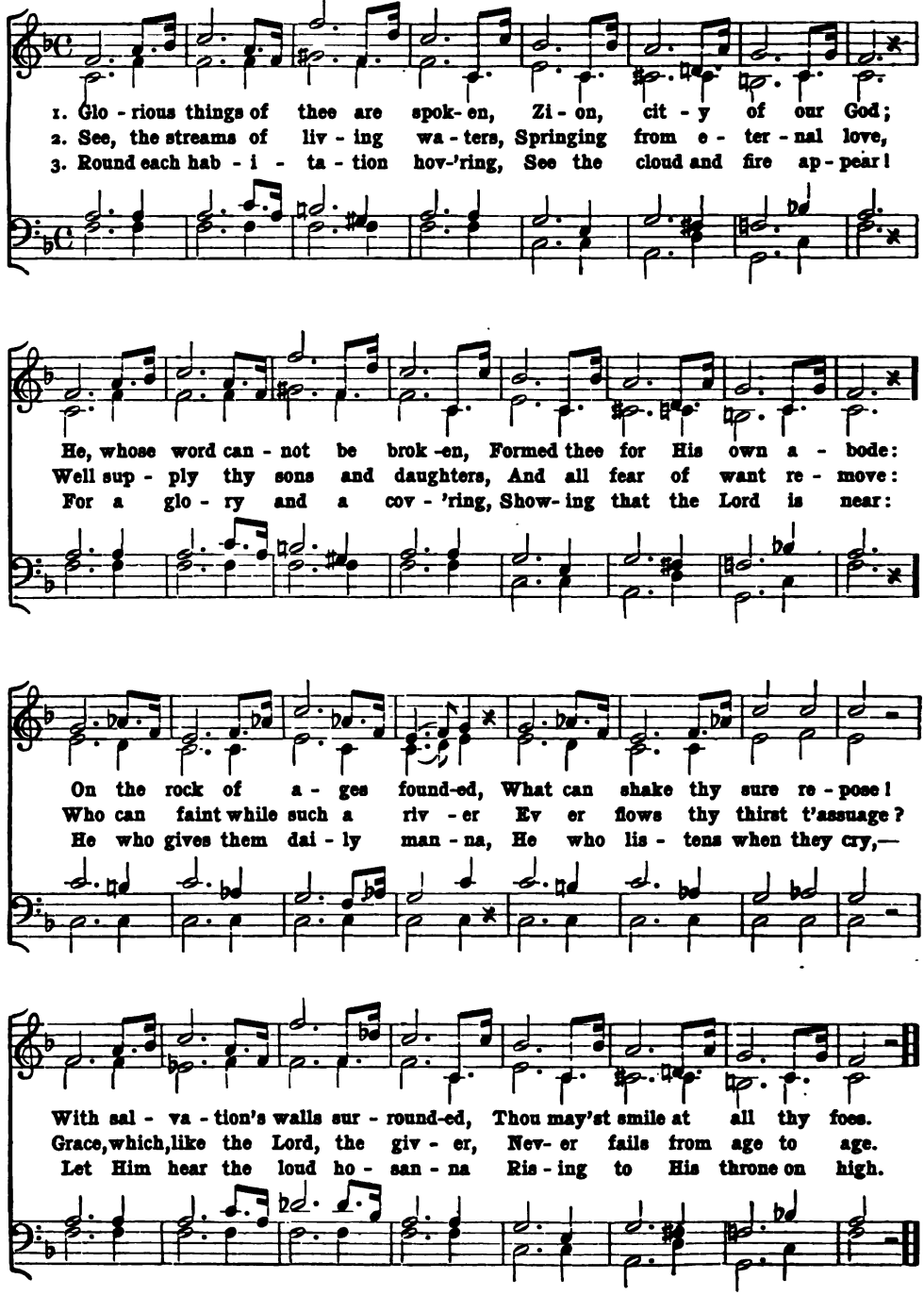
When in - to the woods He came, When in - to the woods He . . came.
When out of the woods He came, When out of the woods He . . came.

rall.

No. 15. GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.
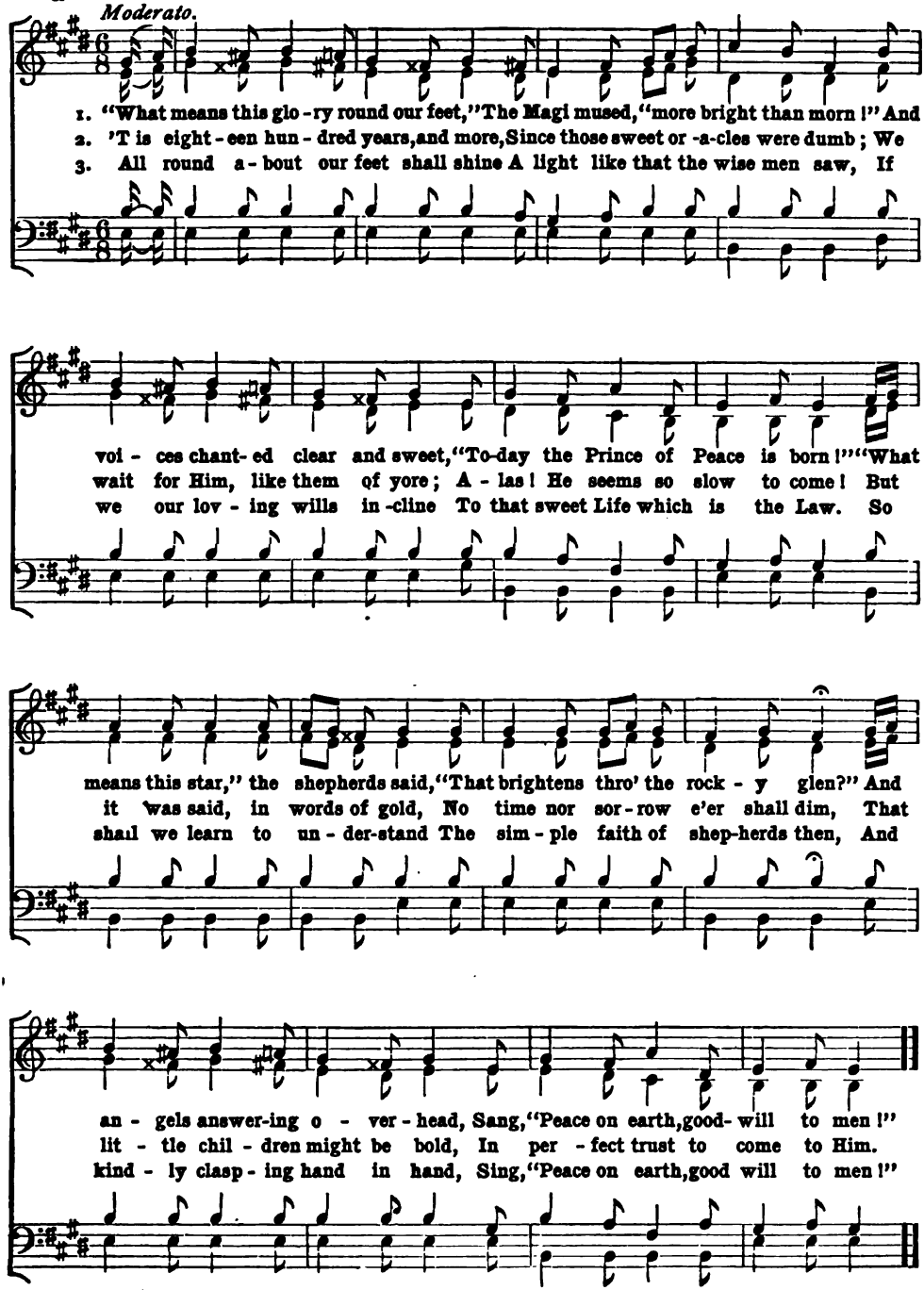
ROSSINI
From "THE STABAT MATER"
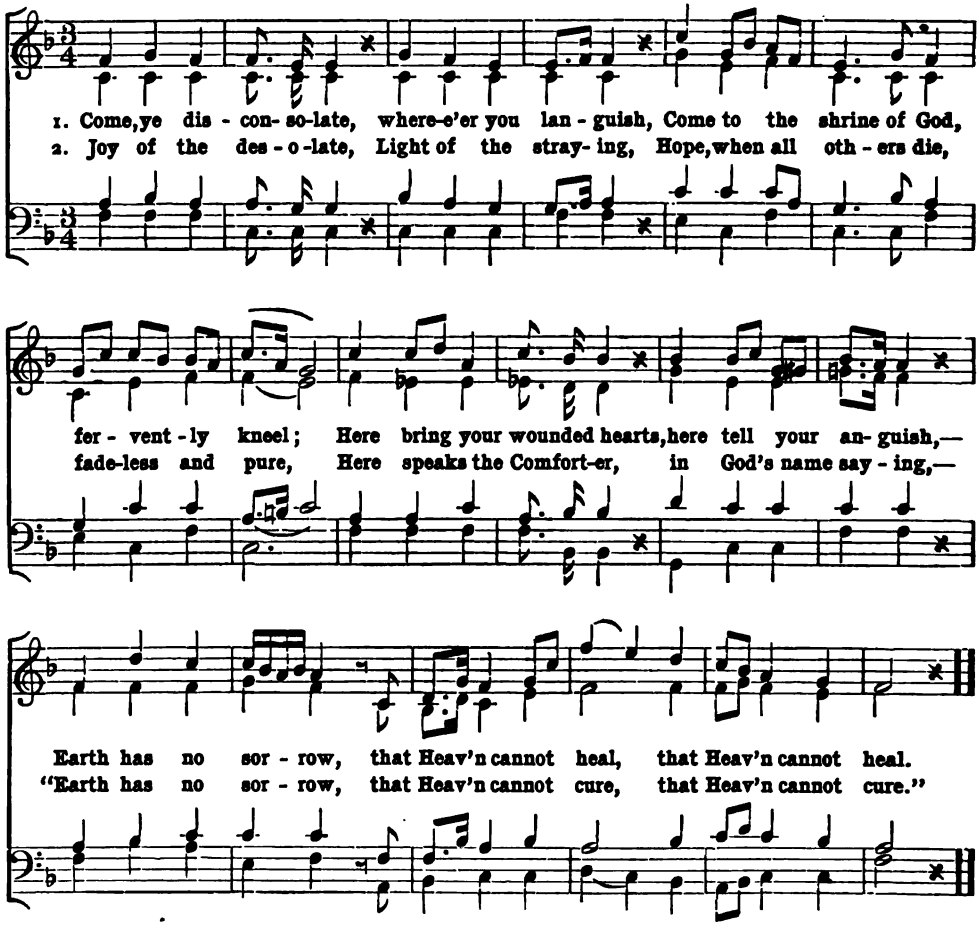


No. 16. PEACE ON EARTH

J. R. LOWELL DONIZETTI

Moderato.



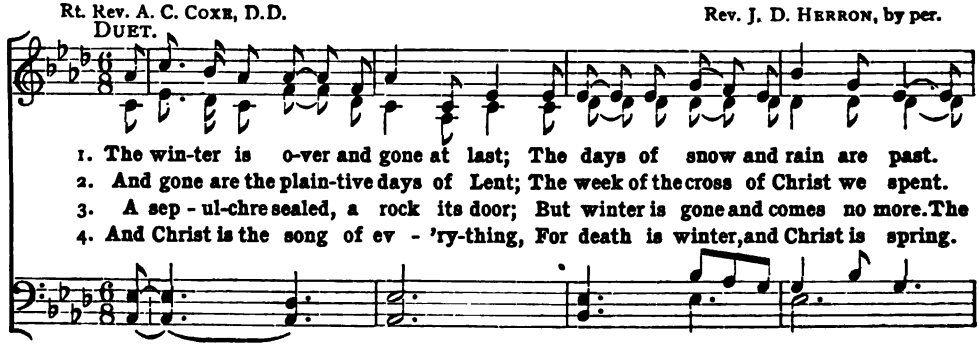
No. 17. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE
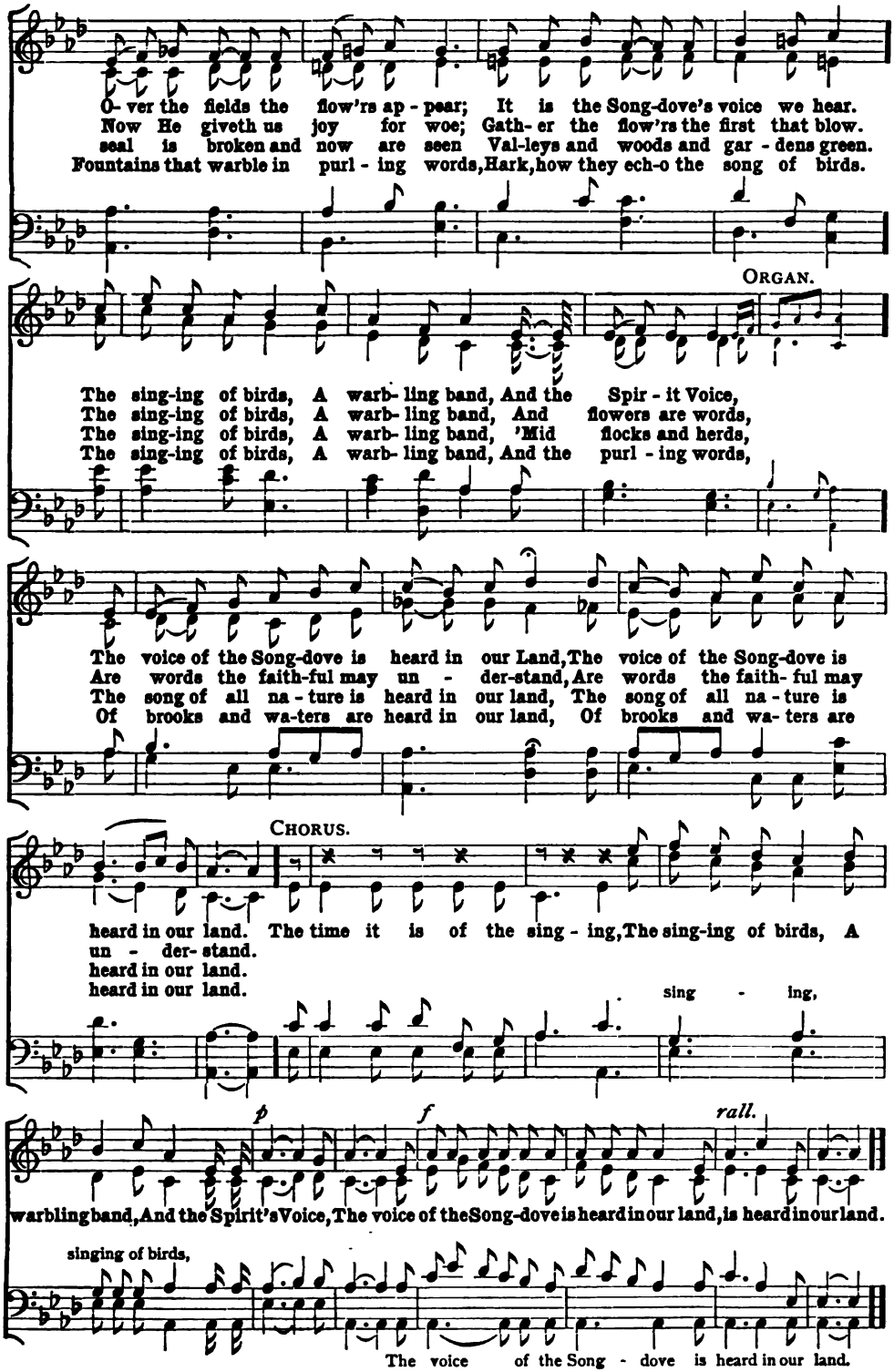


No. 18. THE BIRD SONG

CAROL FOR EASTER
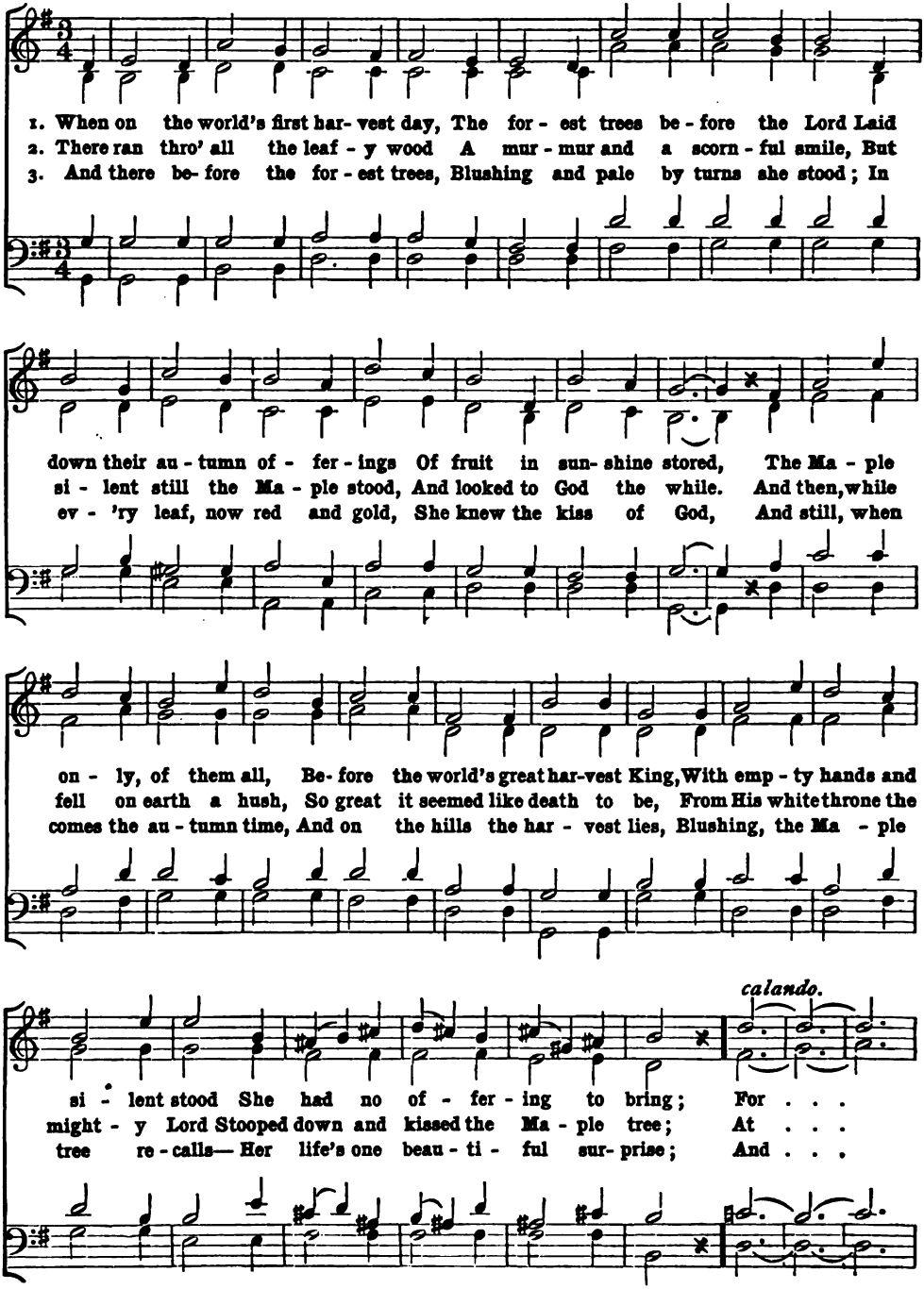
Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D. Rev. J. D. Herron, by per.

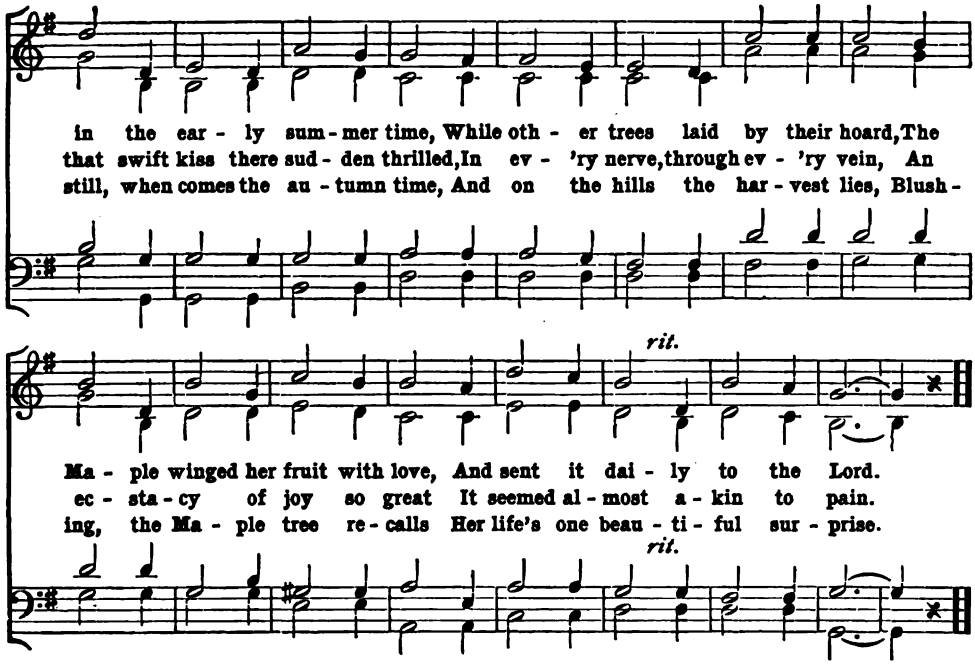



O- ver the fields the flow'rs ap - pear; It is the Song-dove's voice we hear.
Now He giveth us joy for woe; Gath- er the flow'rs the first that blow.
seal is broken and now are seen Val-leys and woods and gar - dens green.
Fountains that warble in purl - ing words, Hark, how they ech-o the song of birds.
ORGAN.
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, And the Spir - it Voice,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, And flowers are words,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, 'Mid flocks and herds,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, And the purl - ing words,
The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our Land, The voice of the Song-dove is
Are words the faith-ful may un - der-stand, Are words the faith- ful may
The song of all na - ture is heard in our land, The song of all na - ture is
Of brooks and wa-ters are heard in our land, Of brooks and wa- ters are
CHORUS.
heard in our land. The time it is of the sing - ing, The sing-ing of birds, A
un - der- stand.
heard in our land.
heard in our land.
sing - ing,
p
f
rall.
warbling band, And the Spirit's Voice, The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land, is heard in our land.
singing of birds,
The voice of the Song - dove is heard in our land.

No. 19. THE BLUSHING MAPLE TREE

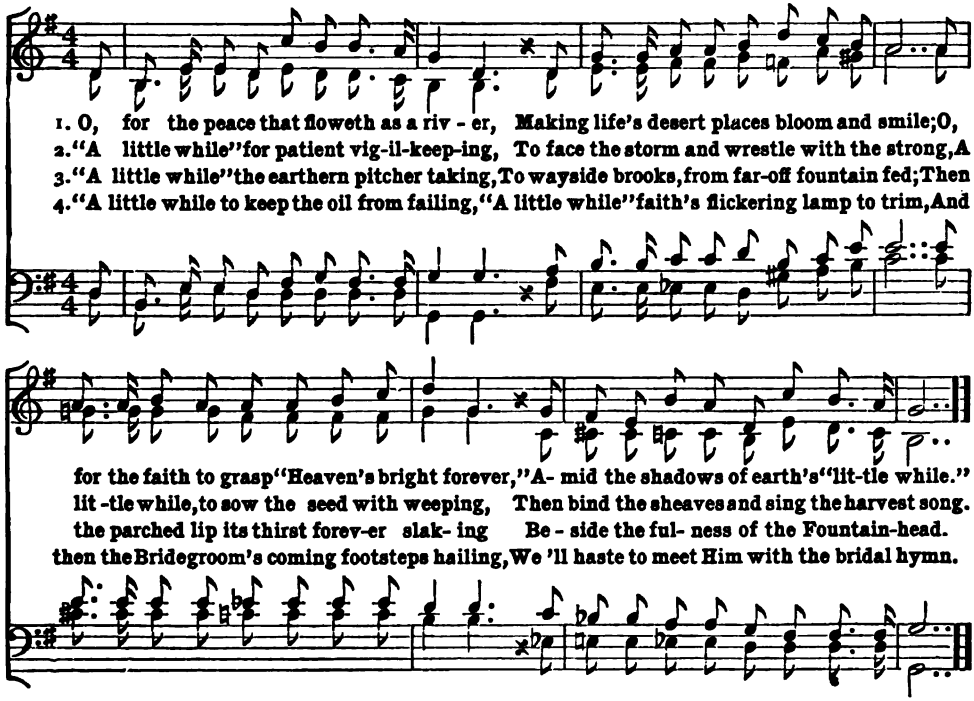
HAMILTON AÏDÈ J. P. MCCASKEY, by per.
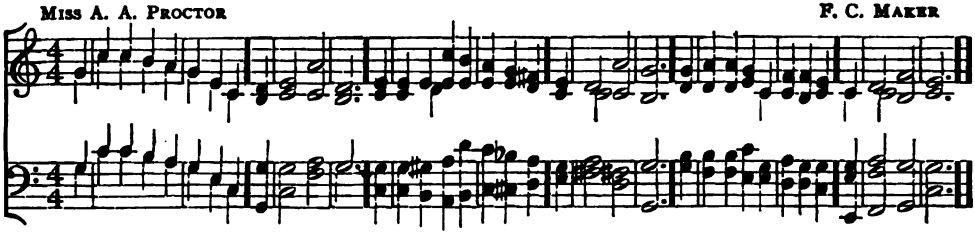




No. 20. A LITTLE WHILE

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON — Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



No. 21. WENTWORTH

MISS A. A. PROCTOR F. C. MAKER



1 Dear Lord, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
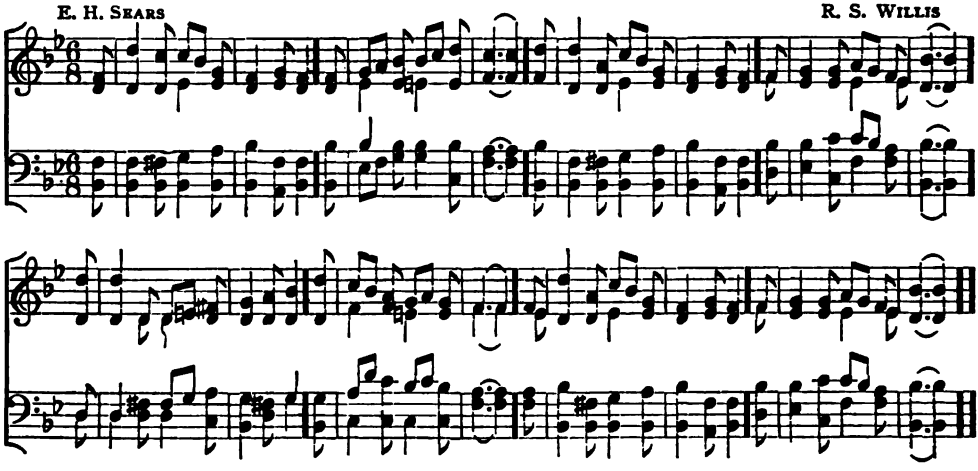
2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
I have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

No. 22. WILLIS

E. H. SEARS R. S. WILLIS



1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
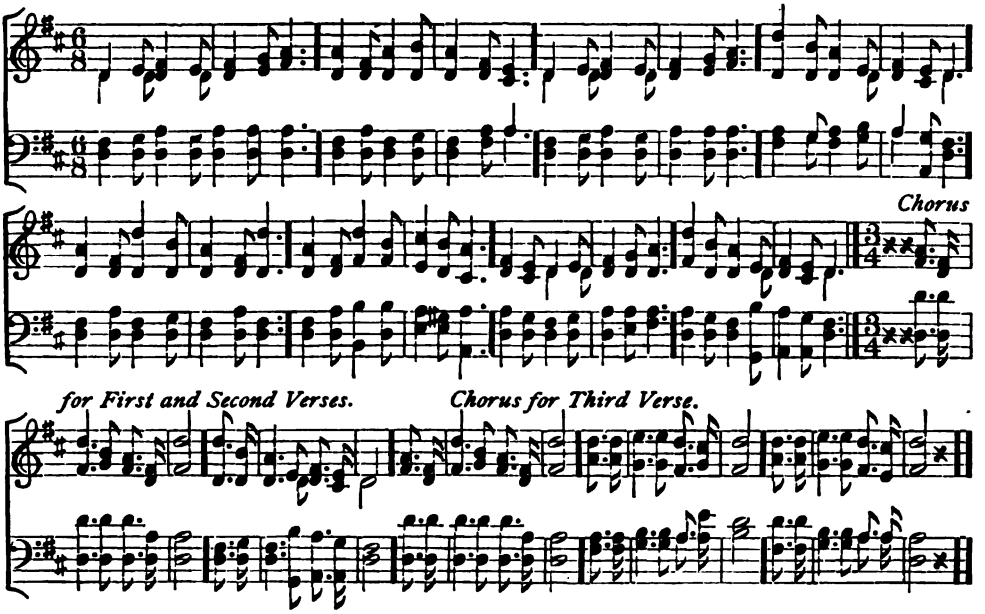
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

No. 23. WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825 LOWELL MASON
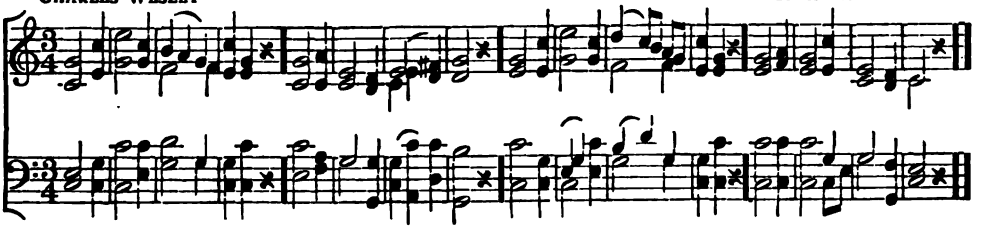


1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain height
See that glory-beaming star;
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope and joy foretell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth.
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes it flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.
Traveler, Lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

No. 24. RATHBUN

CHARLES WESLEY ITHAMAR CONKEY



1 Hail! Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
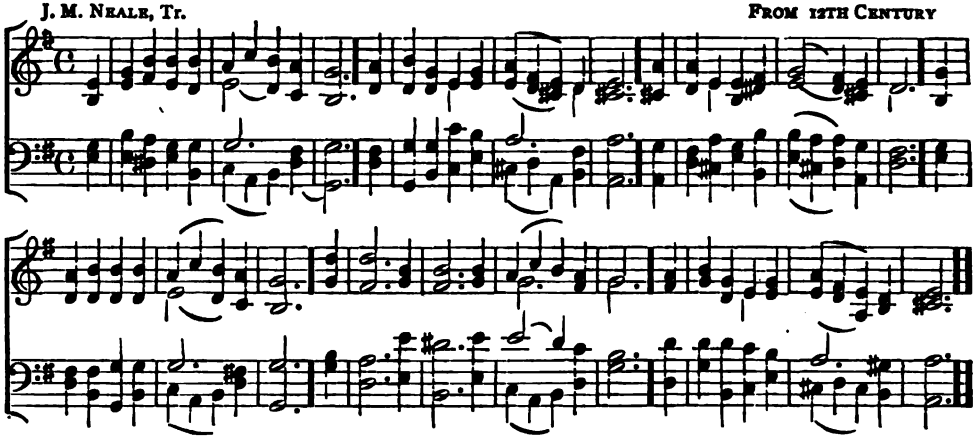
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Long desired of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

No. 25. O COME, EMMANUEL

J. M. NEALE, Tr. FROM 12TH CENTURY



1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
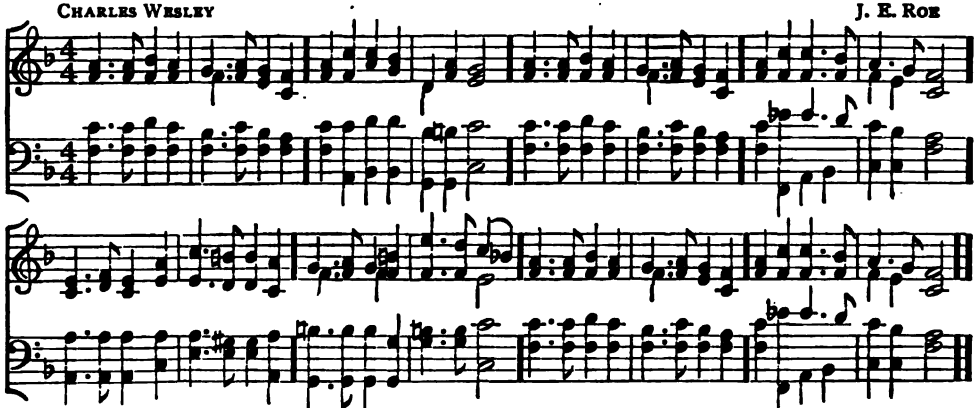
2 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

No. 26. WESTON

CHARLES WESLEY J. E. ROE
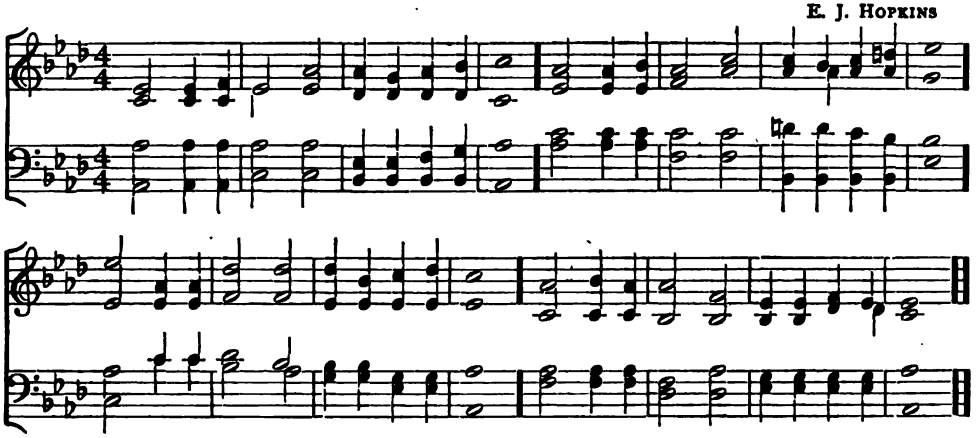


1 Love divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 27. PARTING HYMN

E. J. HOPKINS



1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
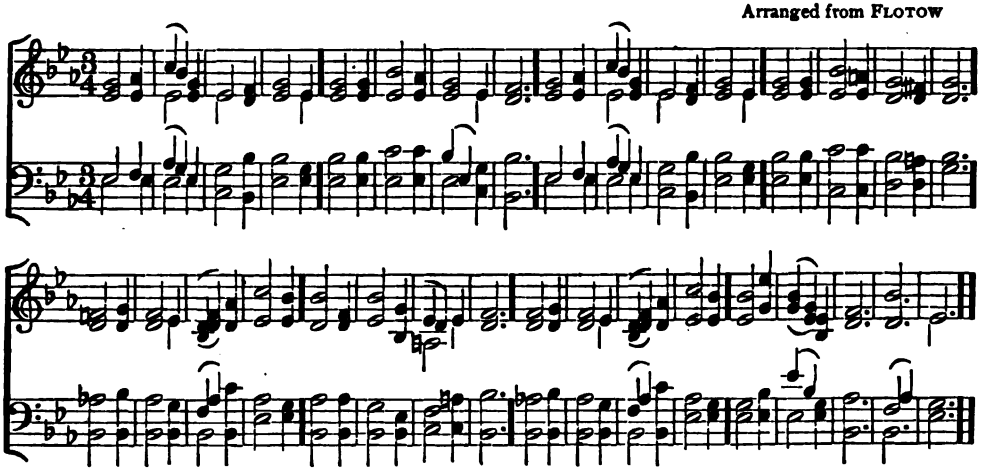
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

No. 28. LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART

Arranged from FLOTOW
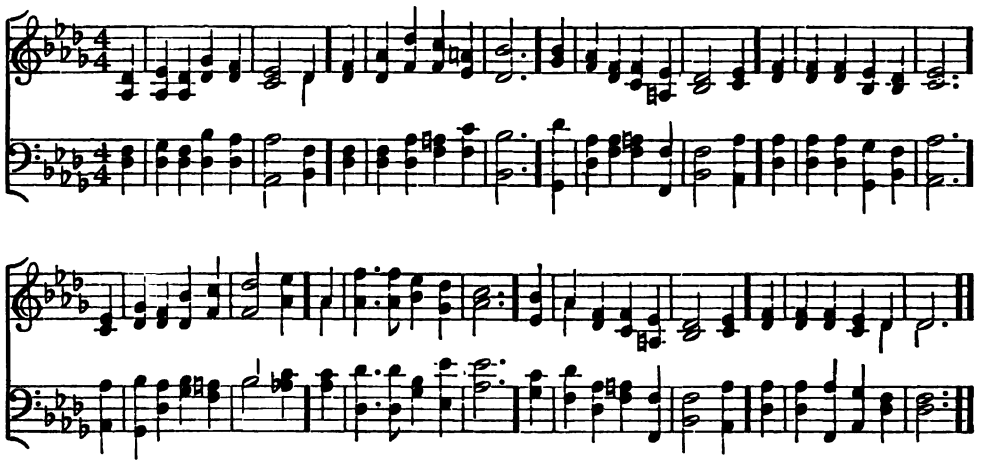


1 Lord, with glowing heart I 'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let Thy grace my soul's chief treasure
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

No. 29. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

ST. BERNARD, A.D. 1150. NEALE, Tr. ALEXANDER EWING



1 Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
I know not — oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
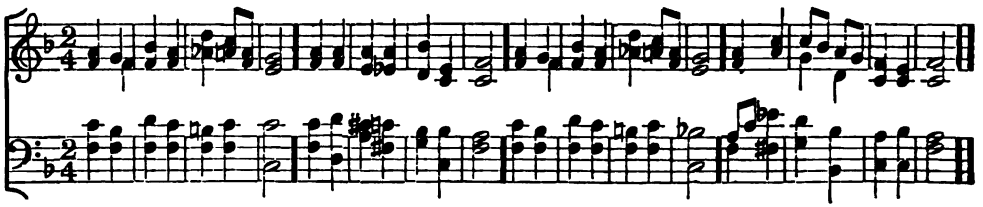
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that see'st no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

No 30. SEYMOUR

G. W. DOANE WEBER



1 Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.
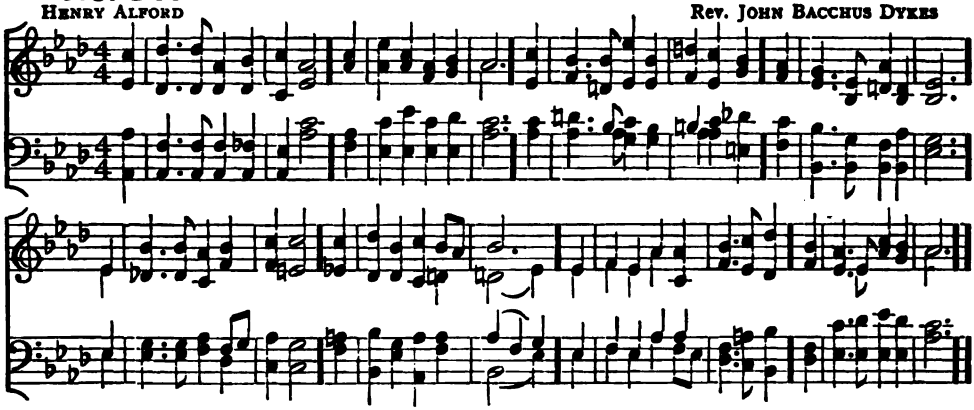
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes,— without, within,—
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

No. 31. ALFORD

HENRY ALFORD — Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES
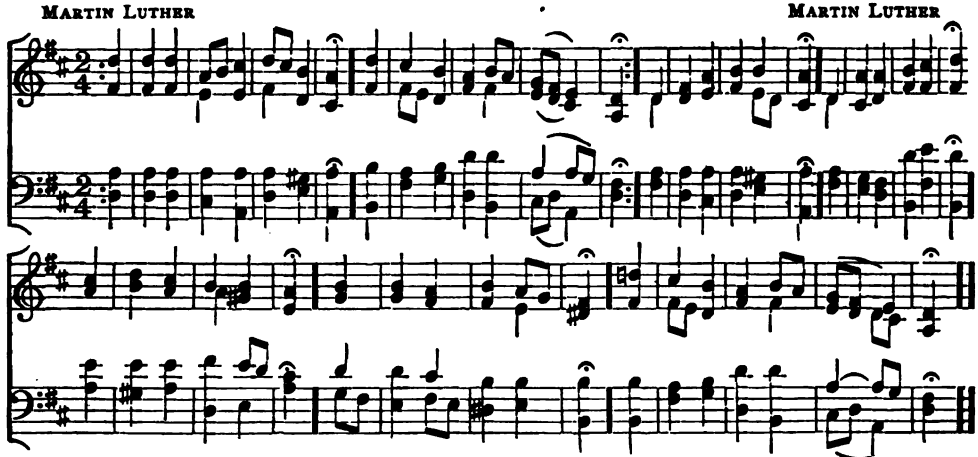


1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

No. 32. EIN FESTE BURG

MARTIN LUTHER — MARTIN LUTHER
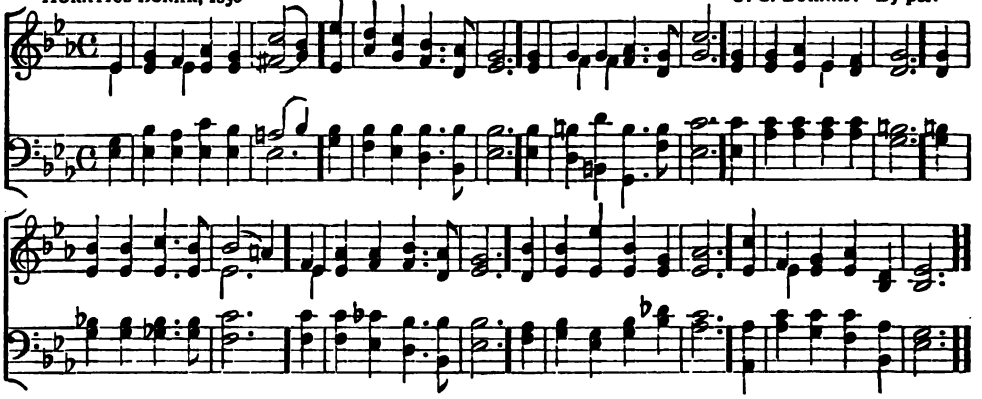


1. A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe:
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 His word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

No. 33. BAXTER

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856 U. C. BURNAP. By per.
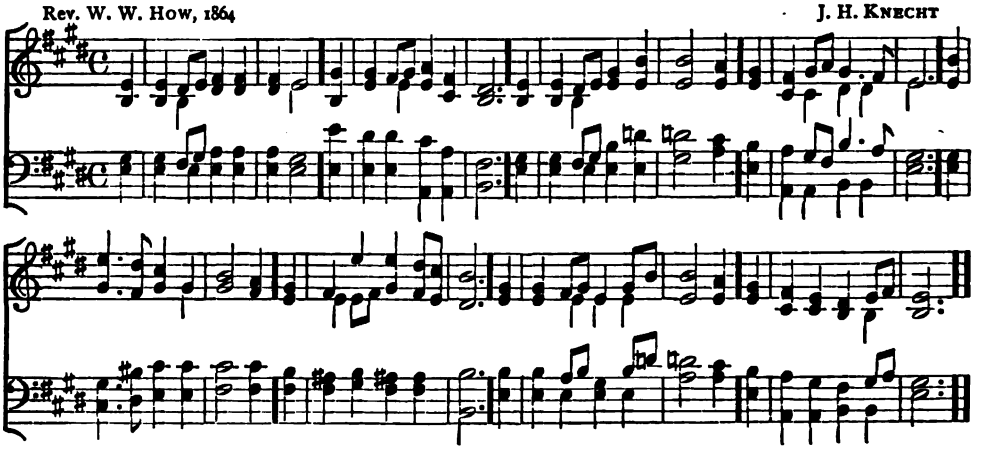


1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

No. 34. O JESU, THOU ART STANDING

Rev. W. W. How, 1864 J. H. KNECHT
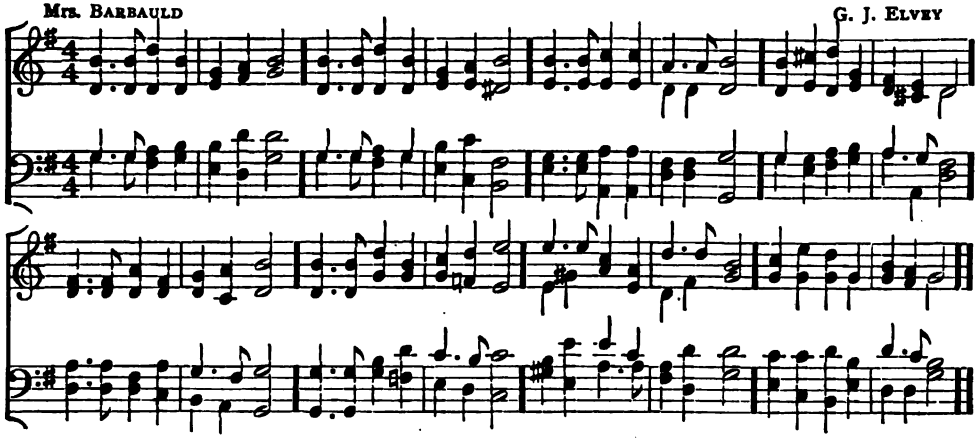


1 O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred,
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

No. 35. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

Mrs. Barbauld G. J. Elvey
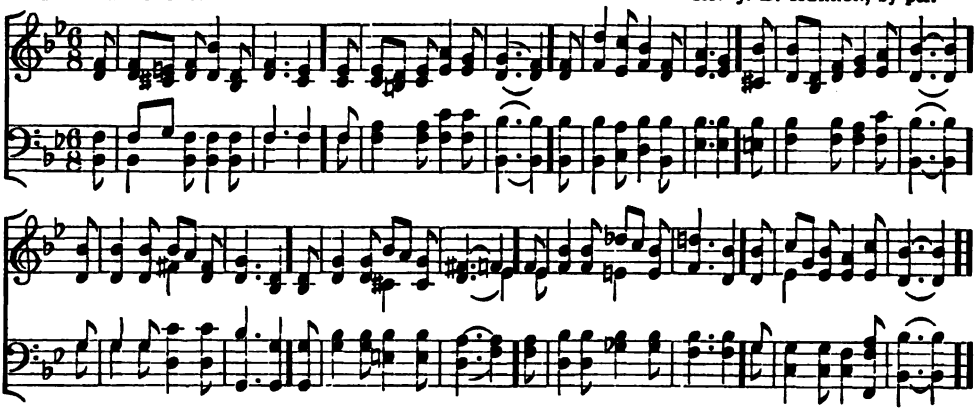


1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;
These, Great God, to Thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And, for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

No. 36. FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY

Bernard of Cluny Rev. J. D. Herron, by per.



1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy holy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
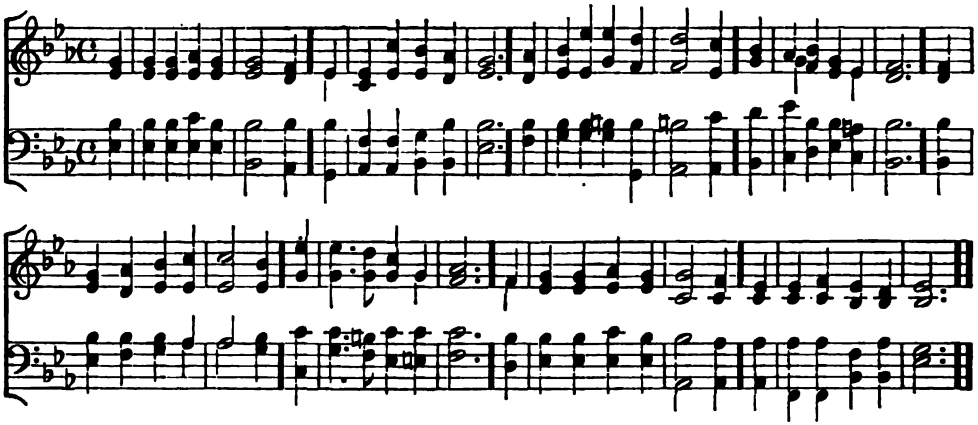
2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

No. 37. AURELIA

SAMUEL J. STONE — S. S. WESLEY



1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heav'n He came and sought her,
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
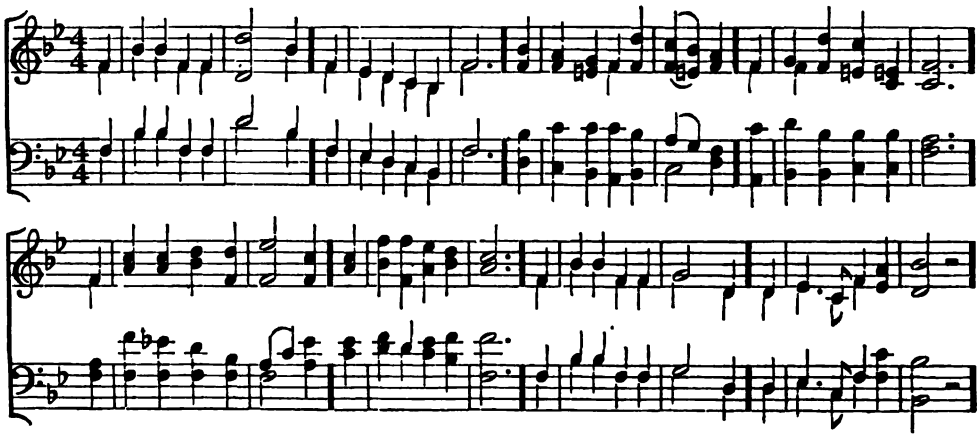
3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
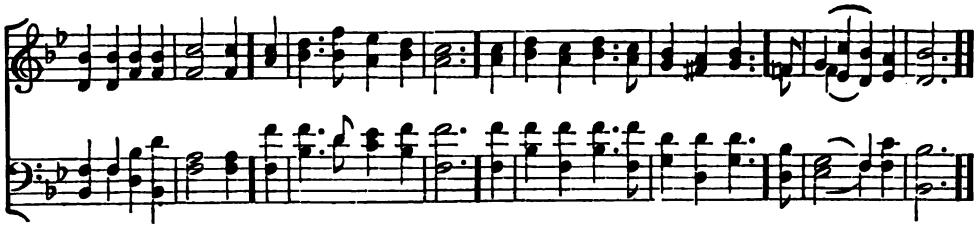
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

No. 38. WIR PFLÜGEN

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, Tr. CAMPBELL — J. A. P. SCHULZ
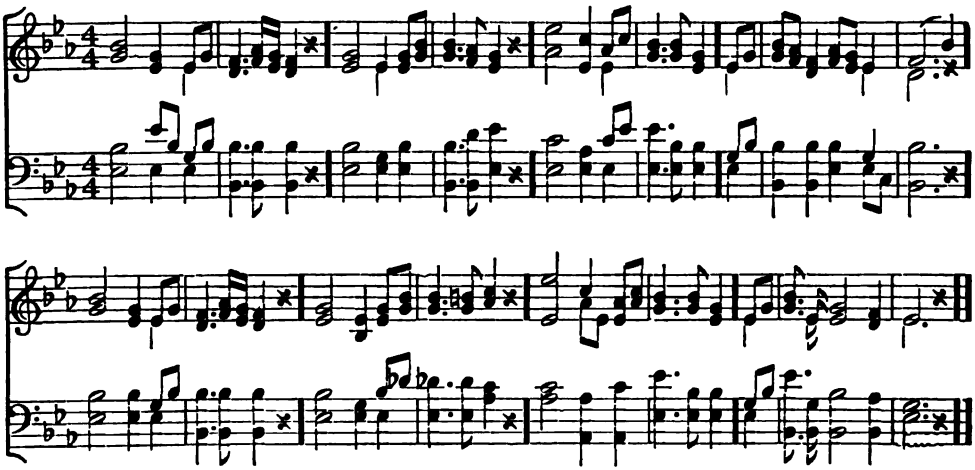




1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star:
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what, Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

No. 39. JEWETT

BENJ. SCHMOLKE C. M. VON WEBER
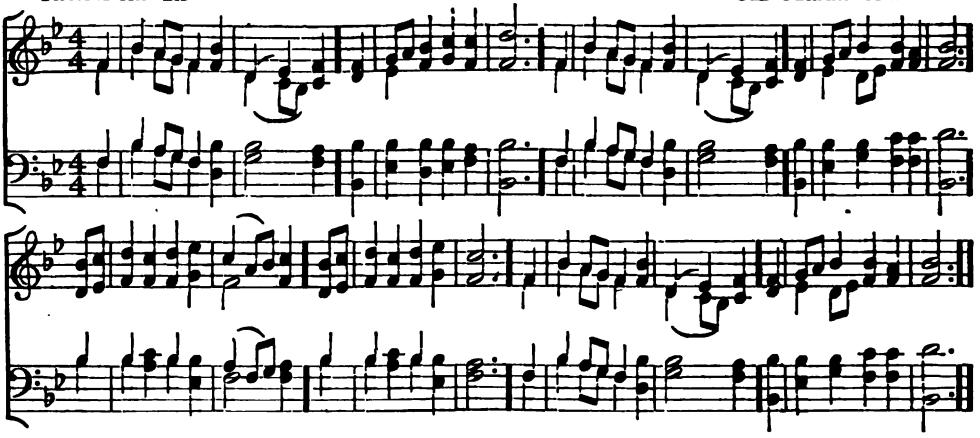


1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 40. ELLACOMBE

THOMAS HAWEIS — OLD GERMAN MELODY
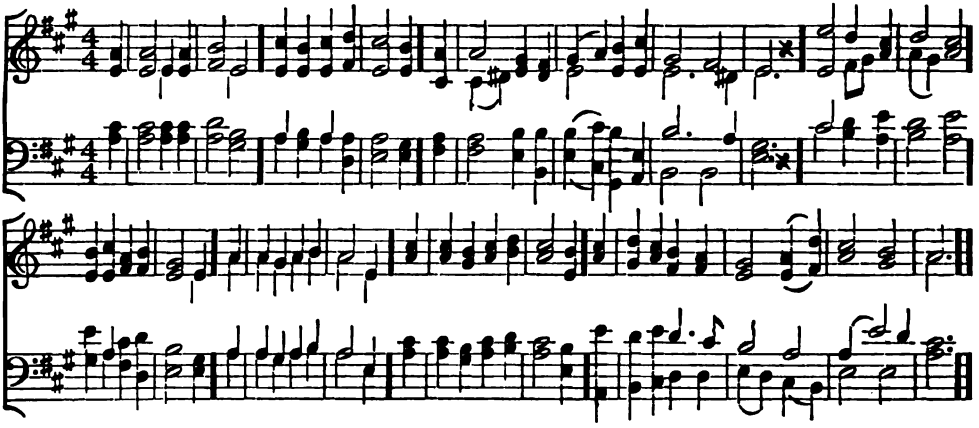


1 To Thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul, exulting, sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, Thou shalt hear:
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee:
What would an angel more?

No. 41. ADESTE FIDELES

JOHN READING (?)
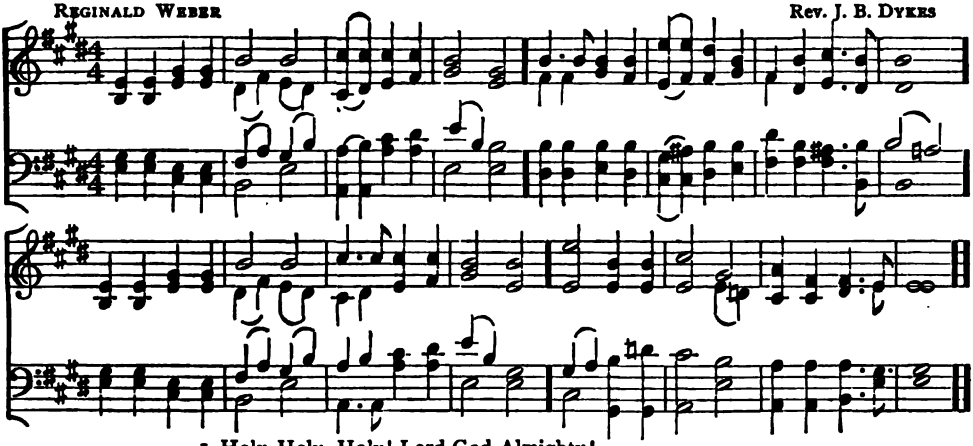


1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Sing, choirs of Angels;
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest!
O come, etc.

3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
O come, etc.

No. 42. NICÆA

REGINALD WEBER — Rev. J. B. DYKES



1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity.
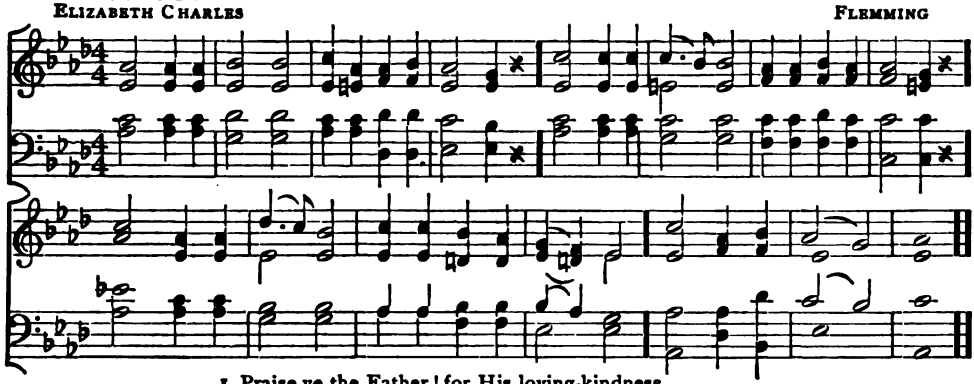
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

No. 43. FLEMMING

ELIZABETH CHARLES — FLEMMING
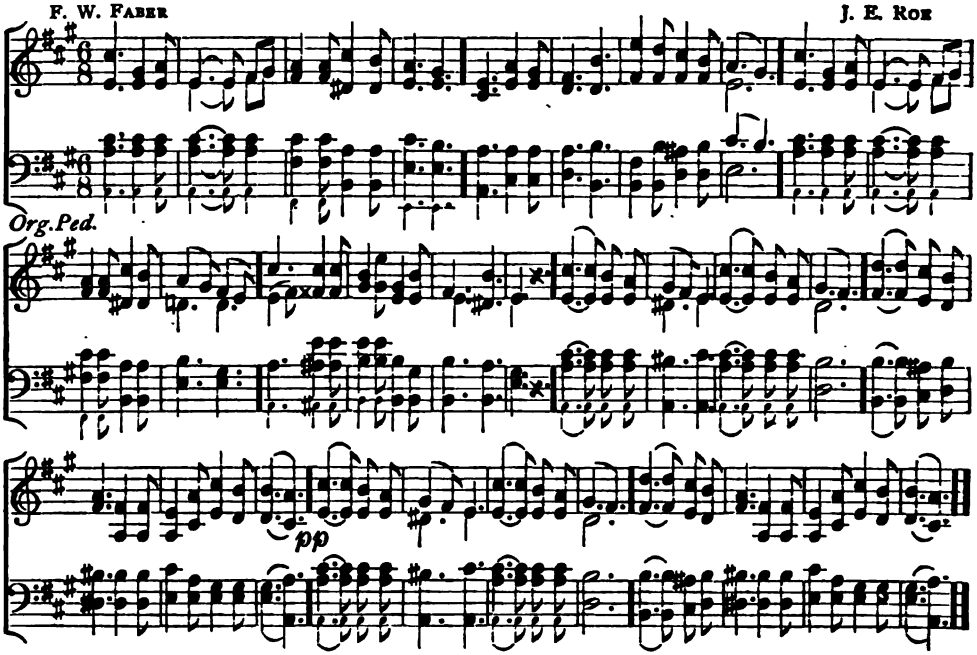


1 Praise ye the Father! for His loving-kindness,
Tenderly cares He for His erring children;
Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God!

No. 44. HARK! HARK, MY SOUL

F. W. Faber J. E. Roe



1 Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night,
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
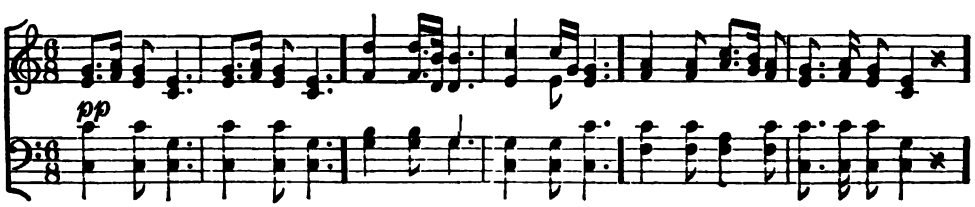
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, thro' the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
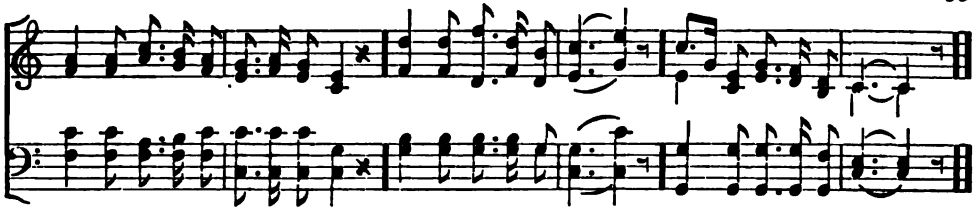
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing.
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angles of Jesus, etc.

No. 45. SILENT NIGHT

Michael Haydn





1 Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

1 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht,
Nur das traute hoch heilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
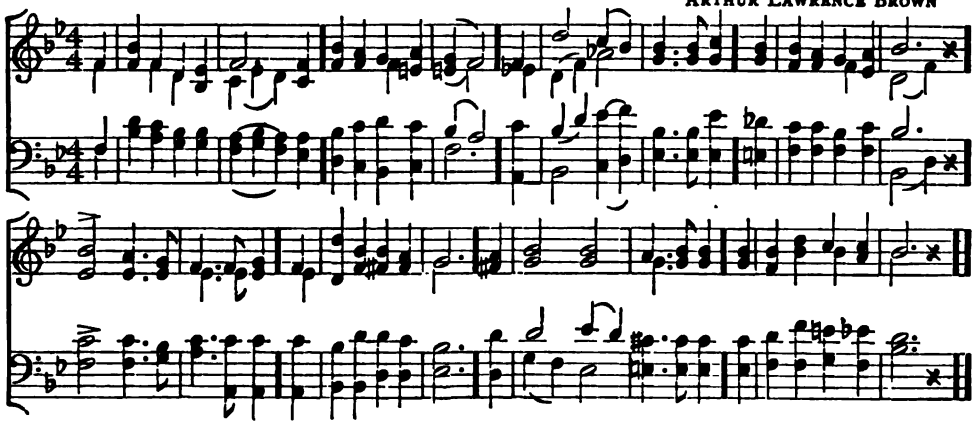
2 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Hirten erst kund gemacht;
Durch der Engel Halleluja!
Tönt es laut von fern und nah:
Christ, der Retter, ist da!
Christ, der Retter, ist da!

3 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Gottes Sohn, o wie lacht,
Lieb aus deinem göttlichen Mund.
Da uns schlägt dir rettende Stund',
Christ, in deiner Geburt,
Christ, in deiner Geburt.

No. 46. GLAD LIGHT

CAROL FOR EASTER

ARTHUR LAWRENCE BROWN



1 Glad light illumes this day,
For now his race is run,
And Christ's dear Saint with joy
His heavenly robe has won.
O joyous day! for now
This Champion of the Lord,
Through death's short agony
Has gained his sure reward.

2 The honors of the world
And wealth, he cast away,
He left its desert paths,
And trod the royal way.
O joyous day! etc.

3 O happy brother! thou
Hast found, in glory bright,
The eternal Father's Son,
Who led thee on to light.
O joyous day! etc.
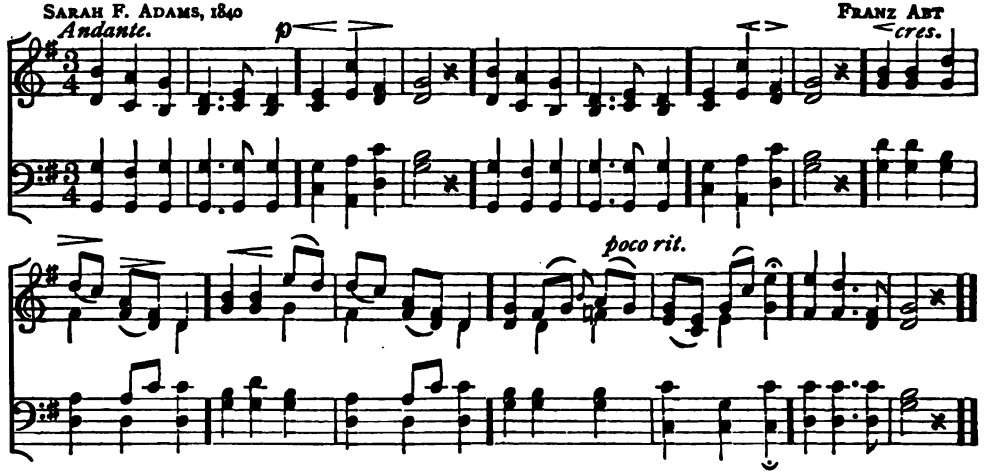
4 Thou, in this vale of tears
Didst for His presence sigh,
He, with His fulness now,
Thy soul doth satisfy.
O joyous day! etc.

5 Thee, Angel choirs salute,
As partner of their state,
Rejoice, thou happy Saint!
For thy reward is great.
O joyous day! etc.

6 We leave our sins, and raise
Our humble prayers with thine,
That we may live and grow,
In Christ the living Vine
O joyous day! etc.

No. 47. NEARER TO THEE

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840 — FRANZ ABT



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
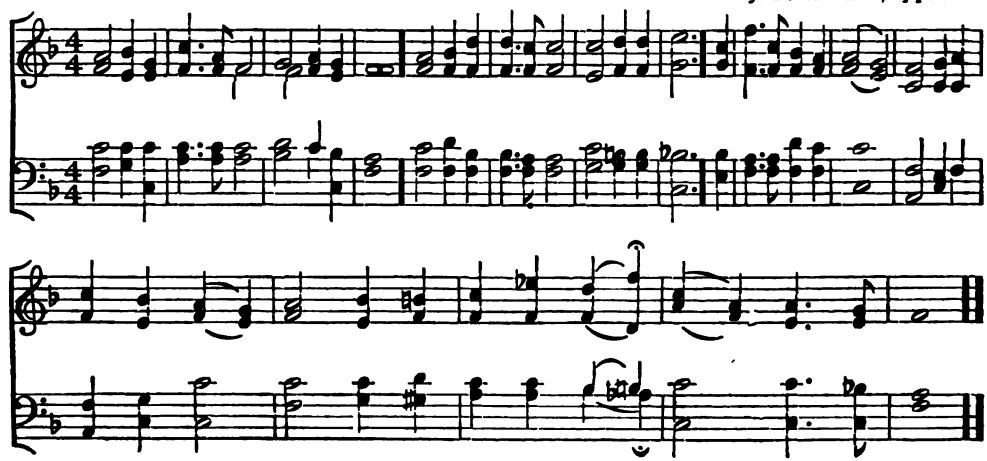
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
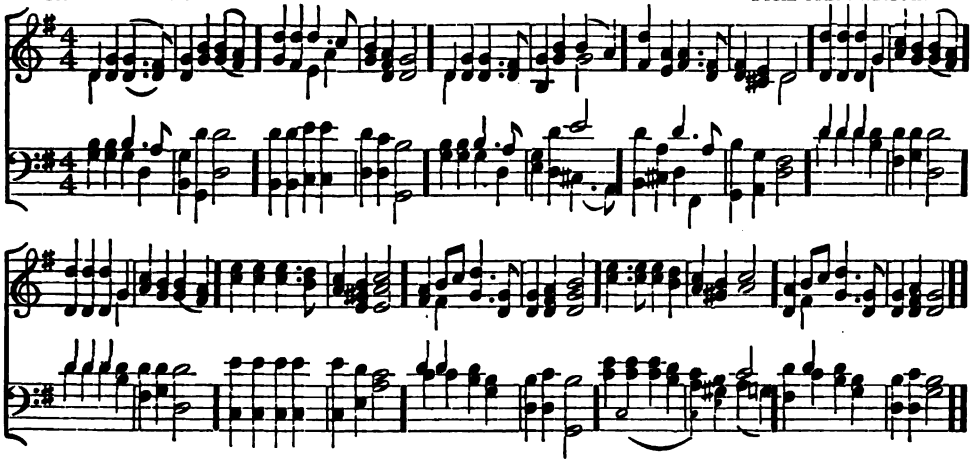
No. 48. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

J. D. HERRON, by per.



No. 49. MENDELSSOHN

CHARLES WESLEY — From MENDELSSOHN

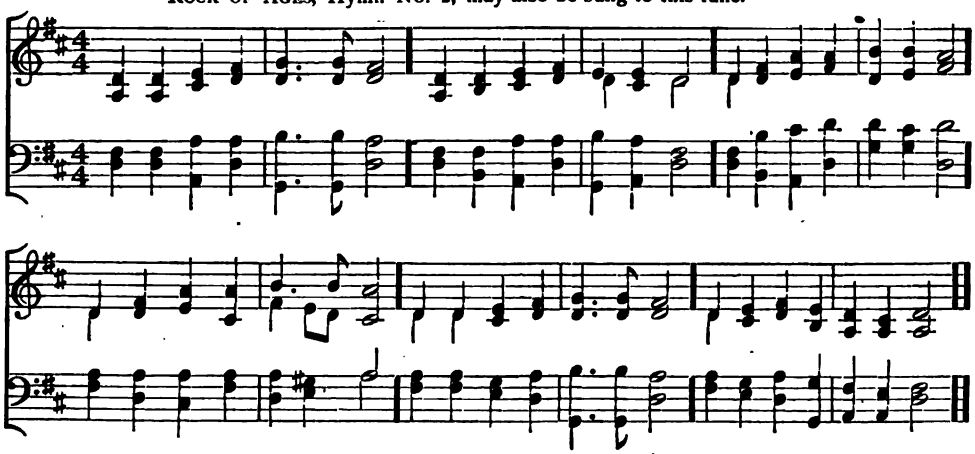


1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

No. 50. THE DIVINE PILOT

E. HOPPER ROCK OF AGES, Hymn No. 2, may also be sung to this tune. RICHARD REDHEAD



1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
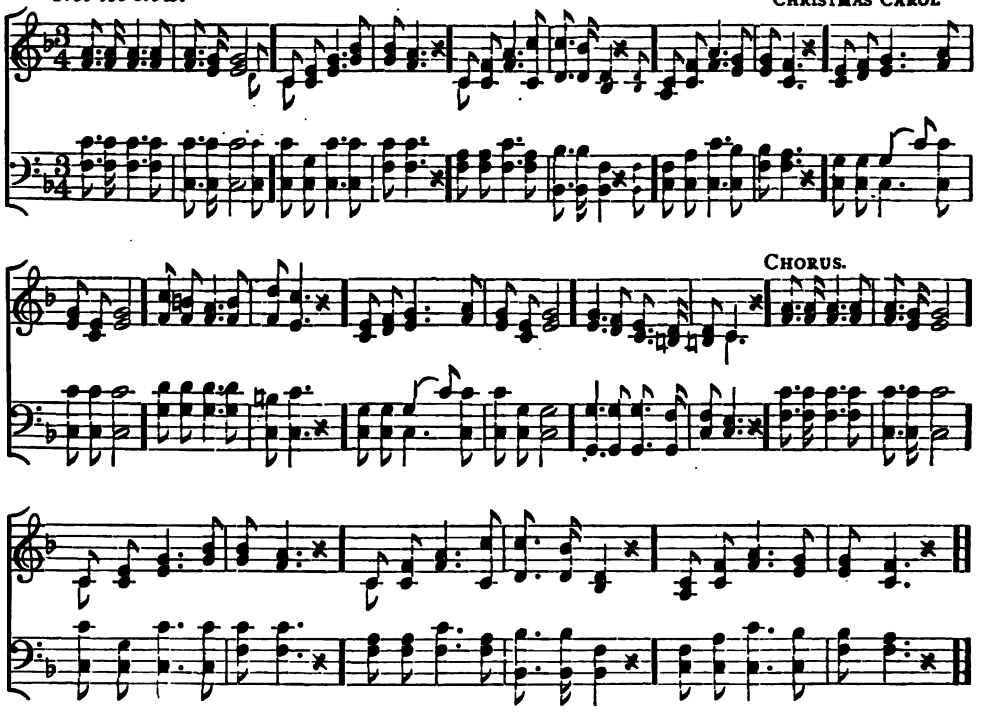
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

No. 51. CHRISTMAS TIME.

Not too slow.

CHRISTMAS CAROL
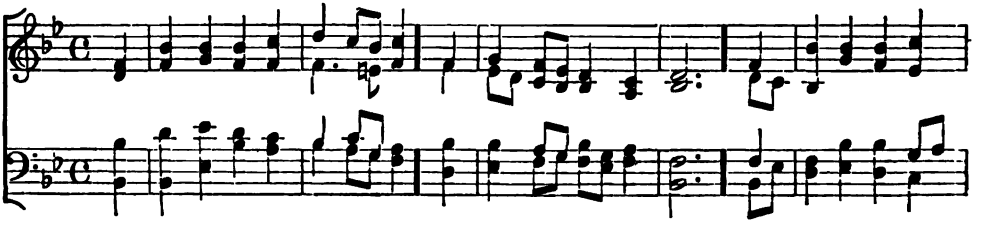


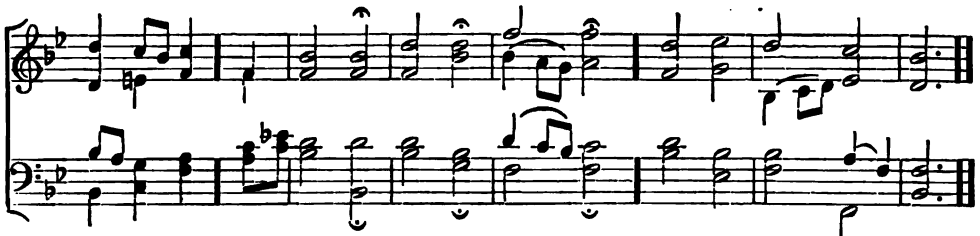
1 Christmas time is come again,
Christmas pleasures bringing;
Let us join our voices now,
And Christmas songs be singing.
Years ago, one starry night,
Thus the story 's given,
Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains,
Sang the songs of heaven.
Glory be to God on high!
Peace, goodwill to mortals!
Christ, the Lord, is born to-night,
Heaven throws wide its portals.

2 Angels sang, let men reply,
And children join their voices;
Raise the chorus loud and high,
Earth and heaven rejoices.
When we reach that happy place
Joyous praises bringing,
Then, before our Father's face,
We shall still be singing.
Glory be to God on high!
Peace, goodwill to mortals!
Christ, the Lord, is born to-night,
Heaven throws wide its portals.

No. 52. CORONATION

(OLD TUNE)





1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.
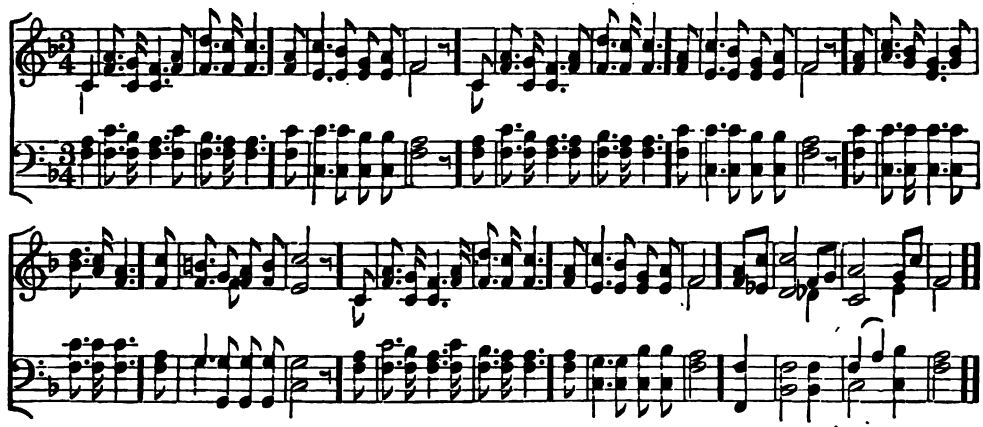
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 53. DEVOTION

ANNA STEELE — GERMAN



1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay,
Unconscious of decay.

2 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies,
Immortal in the skies.

No. 54. THE BIRD LET LOOSE
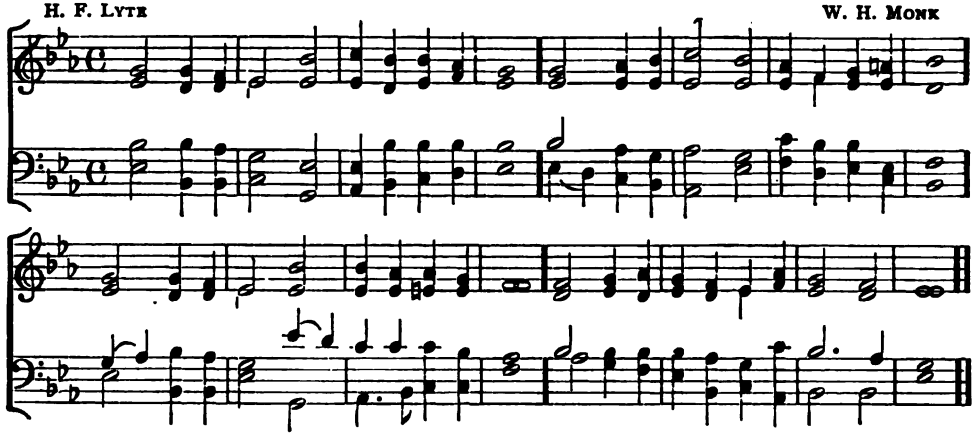
THOMAS MOORE

1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings,
Thy freedom in her wings.

No. 55. ABIDE WITH ME

H. F. LYTE W. H. MONK



1 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
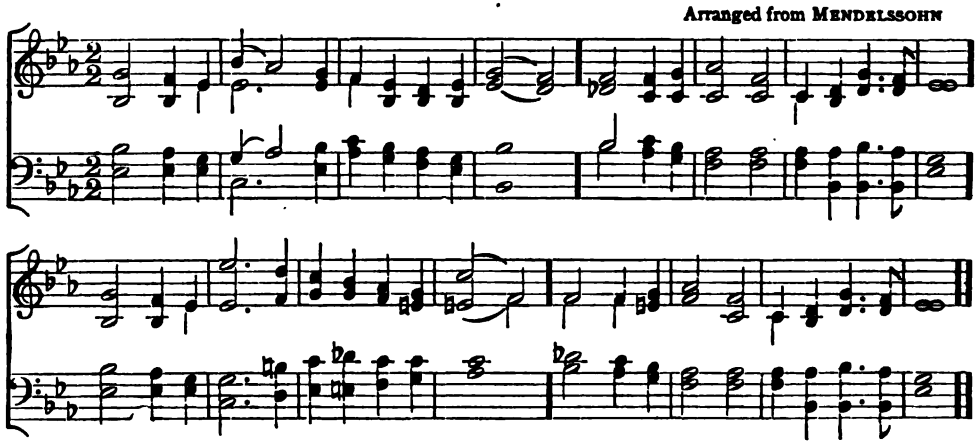
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

No. 56. CONSOLATION

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN



1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.
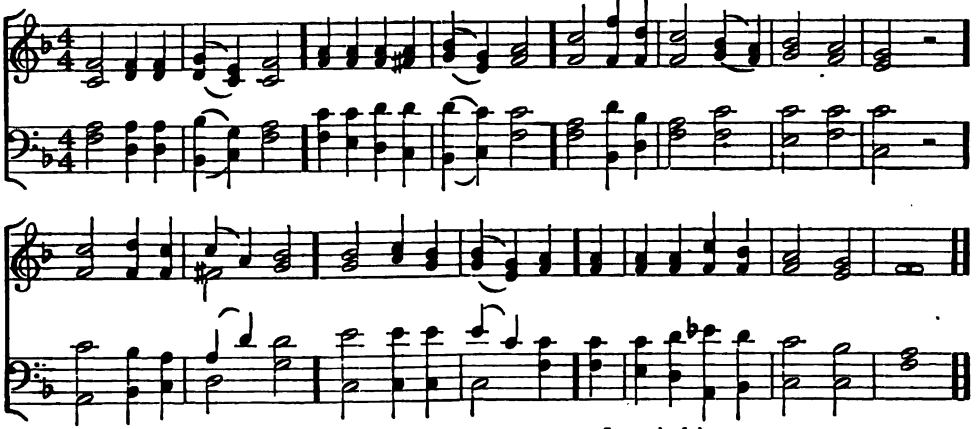
2. Lord, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I 'll tune the grateful lay.

3. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

No. 57. CRUSADER'S HYMN

FROM THE 12th CENTURY

Arranged by R. S. WILLIS



1 Fairest Lord Jesus!
Ruler of all nature!
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
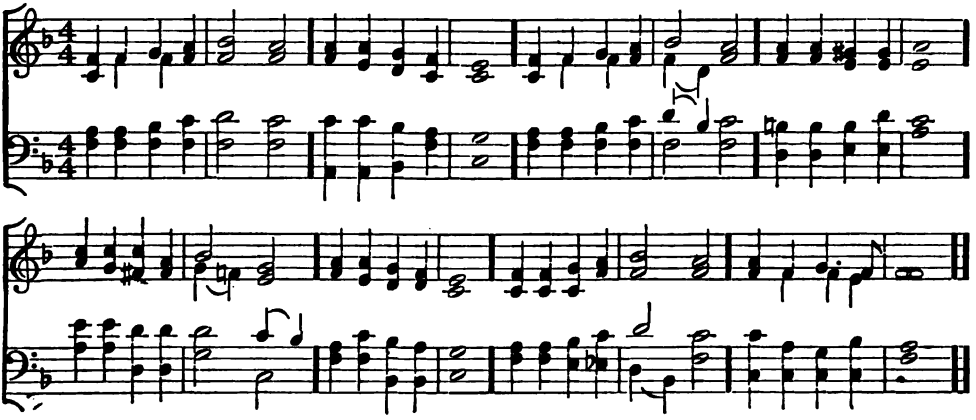
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

No. 58. ASPIRATION

G. THRING

J. B. DYKES
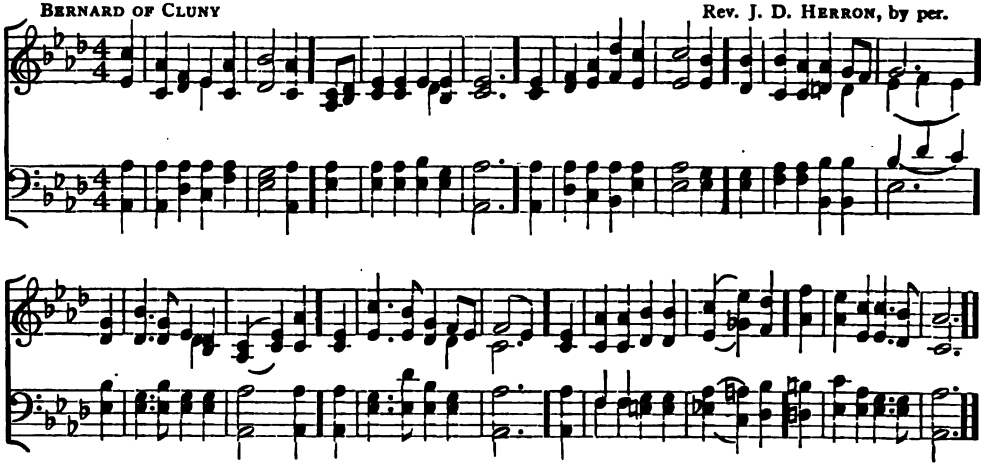


1 Saviour, blessed Saviour!
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King!
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, giving
Praises to their King!

No. 59. BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION

BERNARD OF CLUNY — Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.
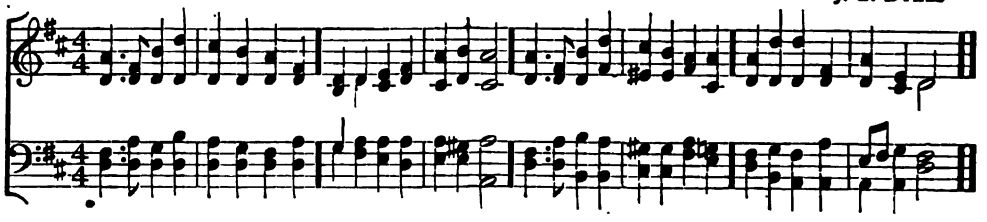
3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and trust Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live and hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

No. 60. ST. OSWALD

J. B. DYKES



1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
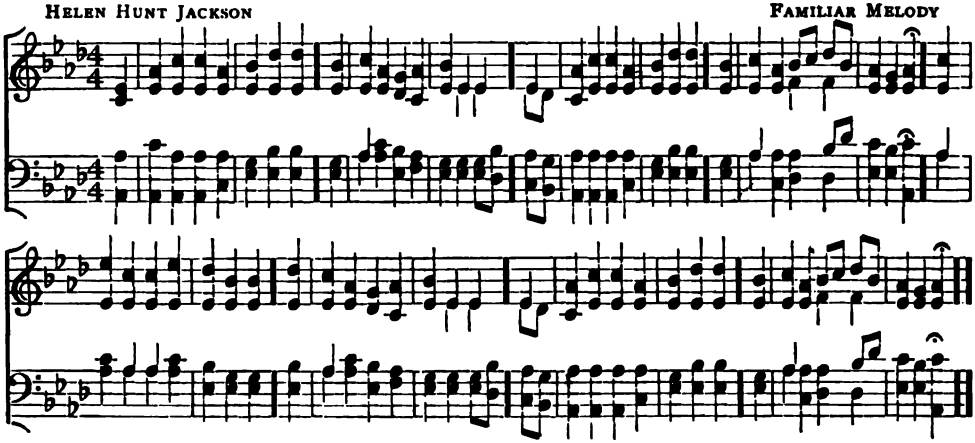
4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

No. 61. A LAST PRAYER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON — FAMILIAR MELODY
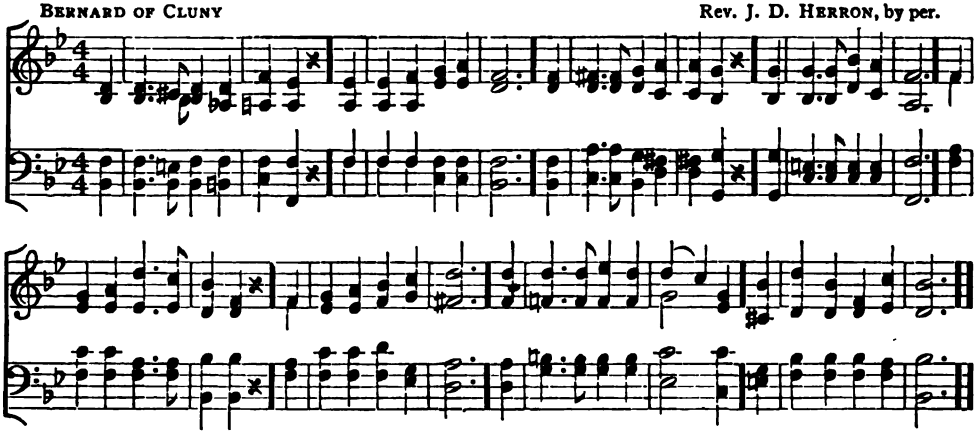


1 Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;
So clear I see that things I thought
Were right and harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

2 So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the call thy leaders gave.
In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee.

No. 62. THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL

BERNARD OF CLUNY — Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
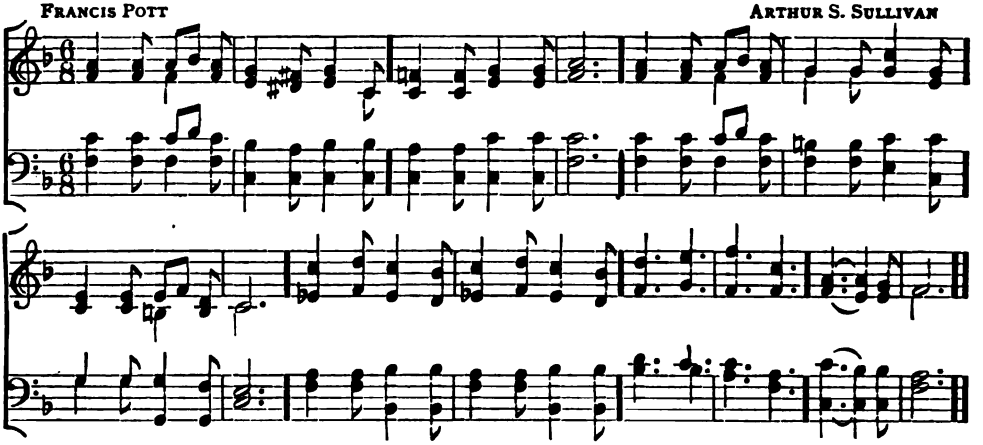
2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead:
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

3 'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

No. 63. ANGEL VOICES

FRANCIS POTT ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN
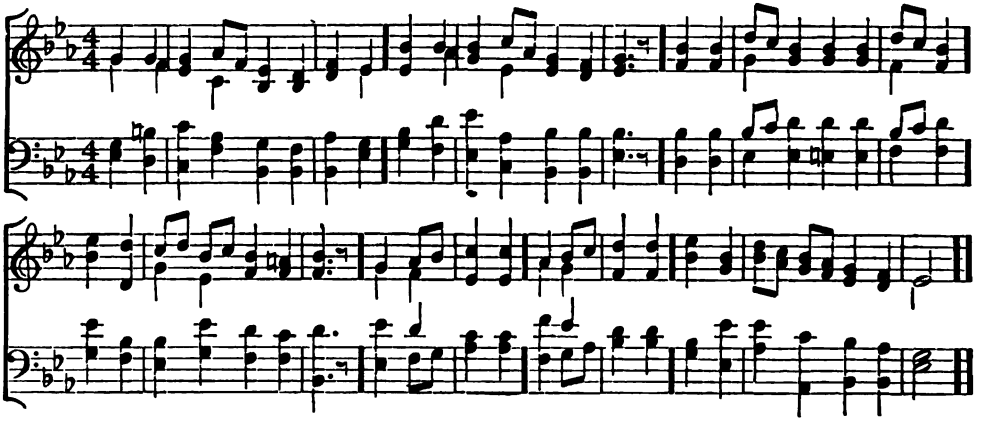


1 Angel voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, forever ringing
Rest not day nor night.
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

No. 64. LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US

JAMES EDMESTON GOUNOD
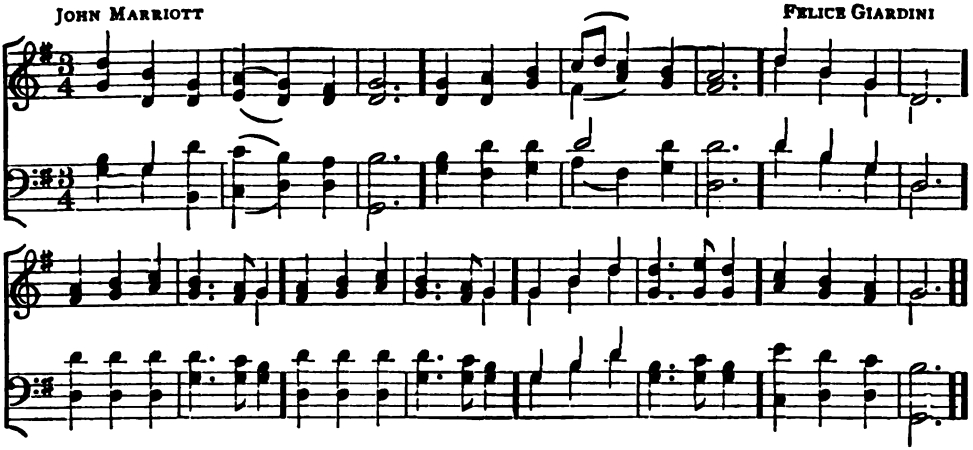


1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea,
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

No. 65. ITALIAN HYMN

JOHN MARRIOTT FELICE GIARDINI



1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

3 Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

No. 66.
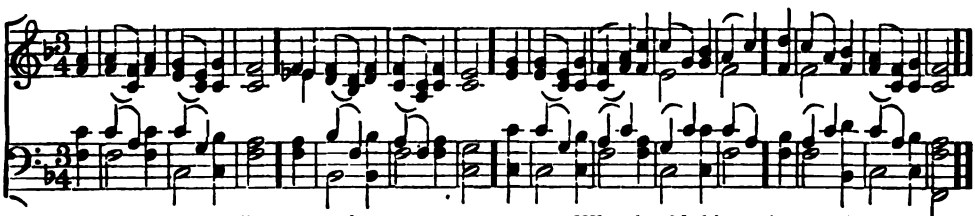
1 Come, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Make Thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart,
Rule Thou in every heart,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

No. 67. DENNIS

H. G. NÄGELI



1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
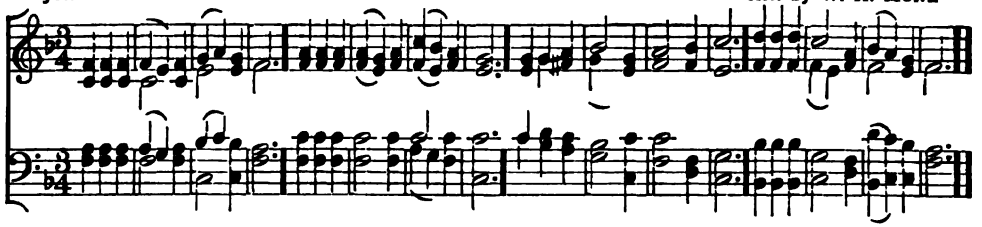
2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell!
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I 'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

No. 68. HURSLEY

JOHN KEBLE — ARR. by W. H. MONK



1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
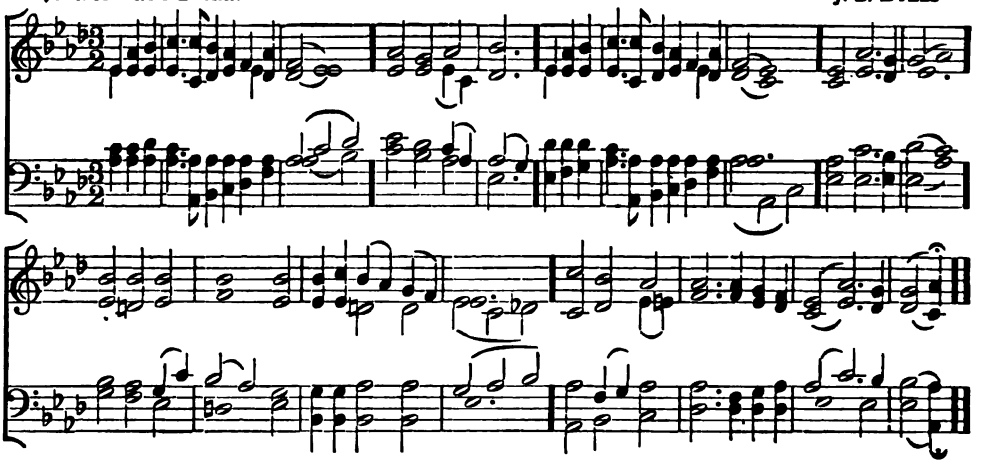
2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

3 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 69. LUX BENIGNA

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — J. B. DYKES



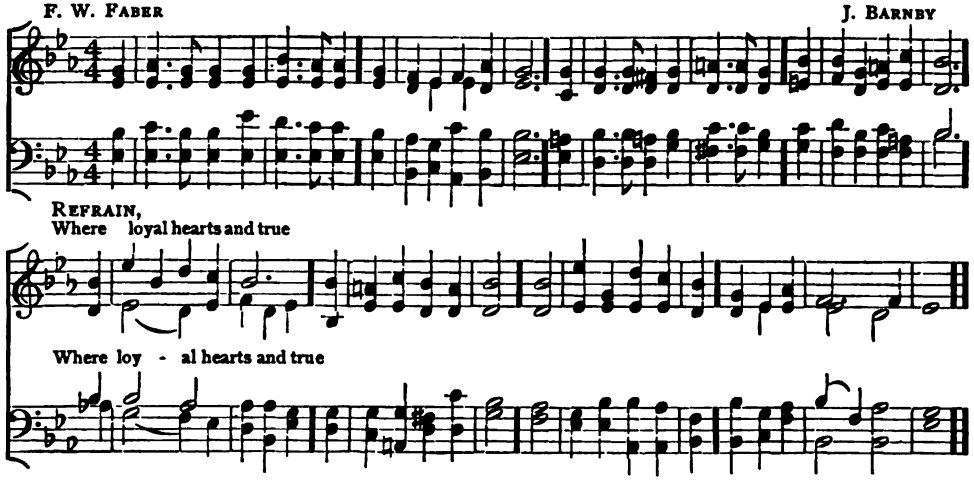
1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose my path and see; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 70. PARADISE

F. W. FABER J. BARNBY
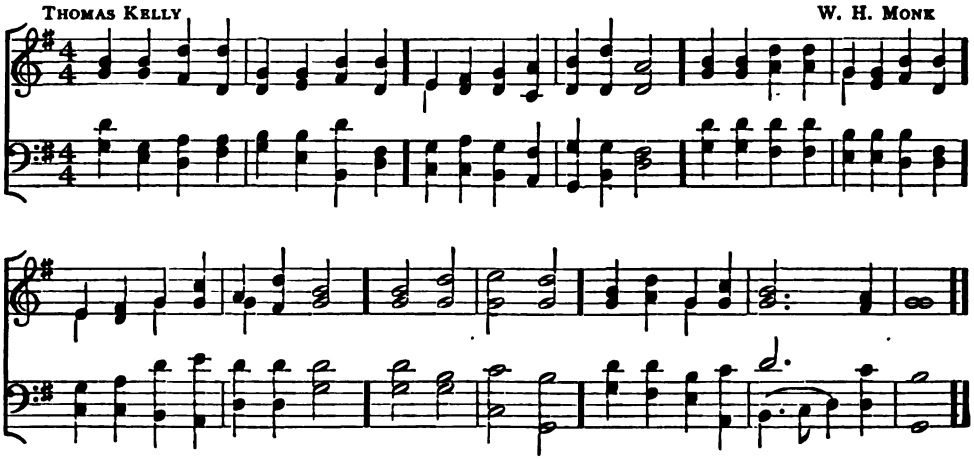


1 O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts, etc.

No. 71. CORONÆ

THOMAS KELLY W. H. MONK
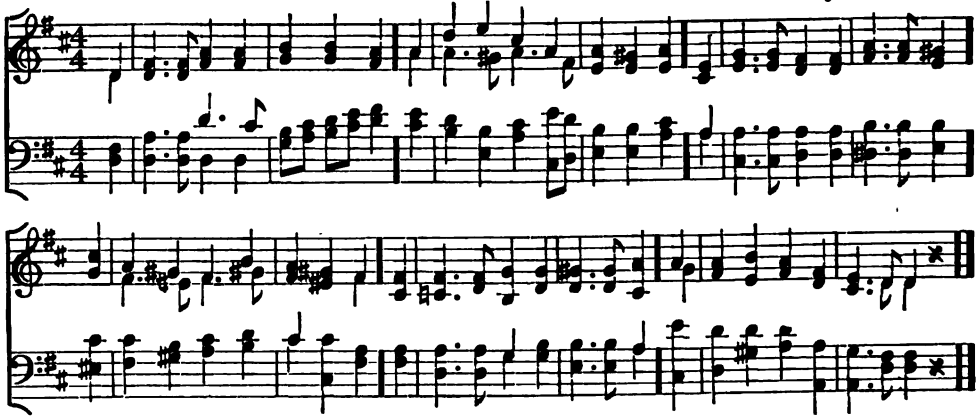


1 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

2 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

3 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

No. 72. MELITA

J. B. DYKES



1 Let glory be to God on high:
Peace be on earth as in the sky:
Good will to men, we bow the knee,
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.
We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing,
Almighty Father, Heavenly King.
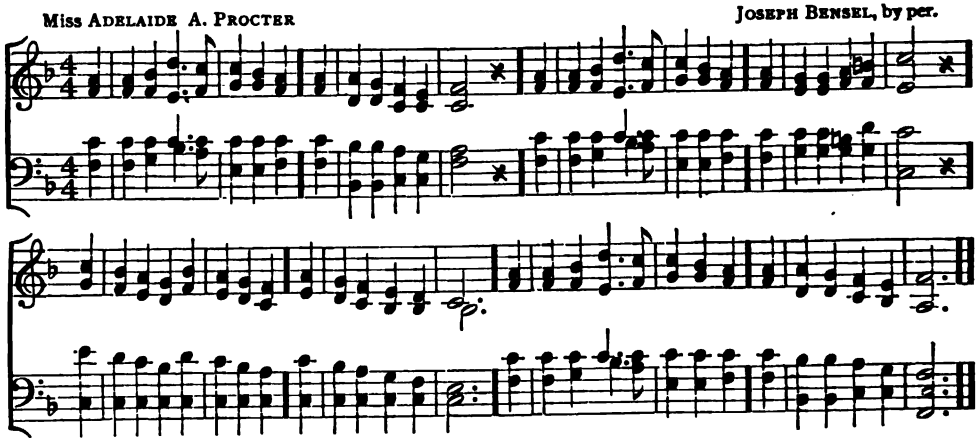
2 O Lord, the sole-begotten Son,
Who bore the crimes which we had done;
Son of the Father, who wast slain
To take away the sins of men;
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt,
For all the world, and all its guilt; —

3 Have mercy on us, through Thy blood;
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God!
For Thou art holy; Thou alone,
At God's right hand, upon His throne,
In all His glory, art adored,
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, one Lord.

No. 73. THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS

Miss ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

JOSEPH BENSEL, by per.
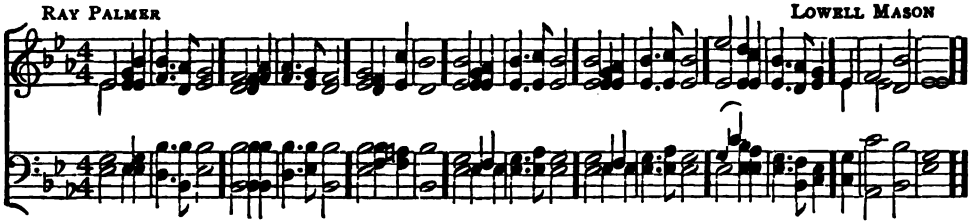


1 The shadows of the evening hours,
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers,
The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord.
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine: —
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

No. 74. OLIVET

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine!
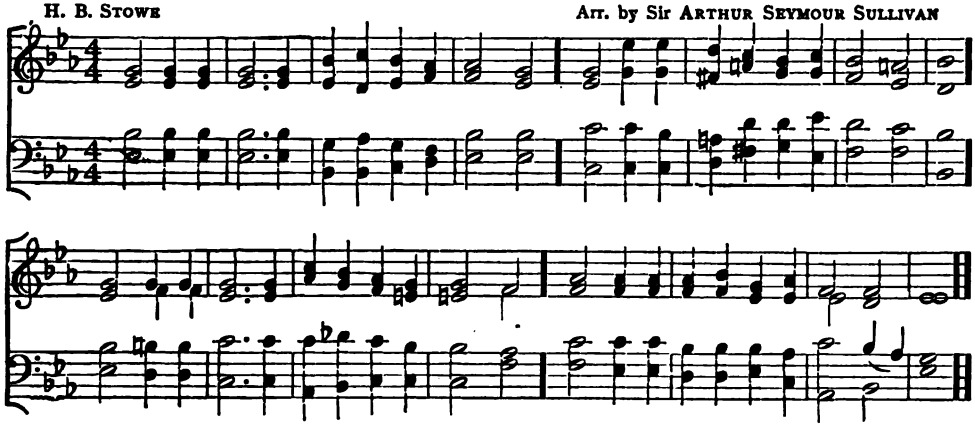
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above!
A ransomed soul!

No. 75. MARLBOROUGH

H. B. STOWE — ARR. by Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN



1 Still, still with Thee, when rosy morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
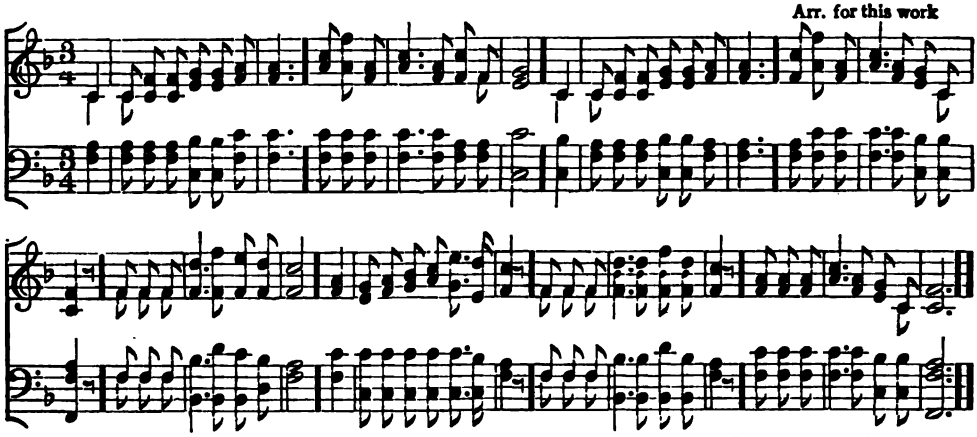
2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wing o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, more fair than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

No. 76. ADDISON

Arr. for this work



1 The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
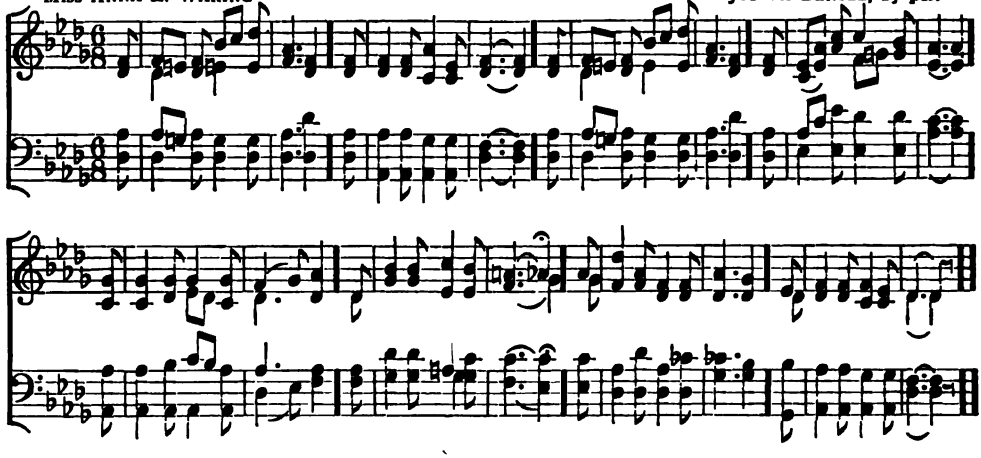
2 Soon as the evening's shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

No. 77. IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

Miss ANNA L. WARING

JOSEPH BENSEL, by per.
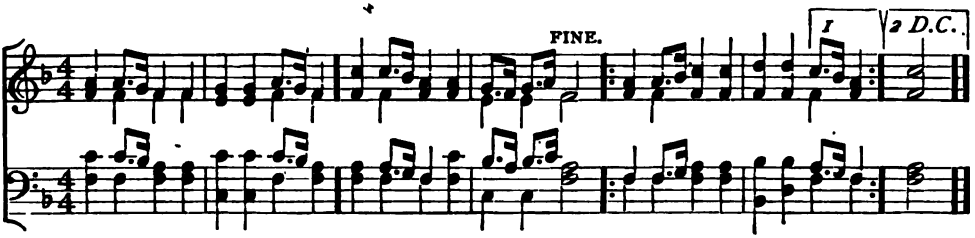


1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh;
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free:
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 78. ROUSSEAU'S HYMN

ANNIE HERBERT — J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1775
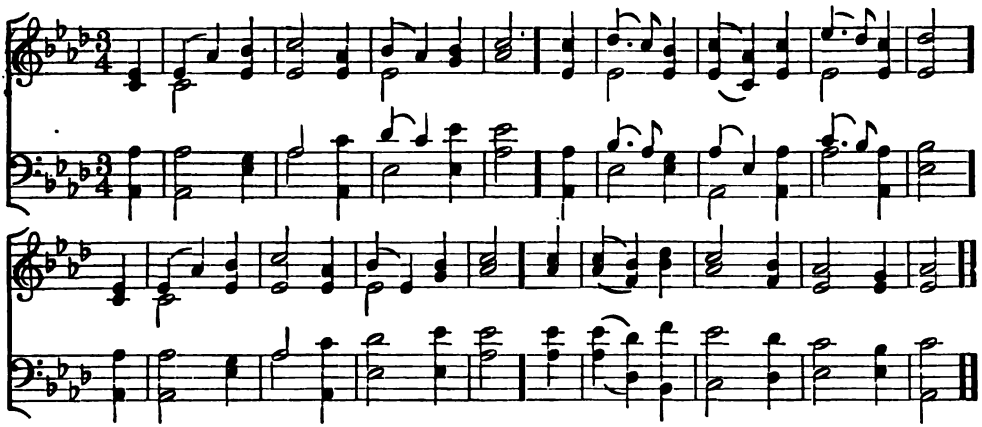


1 When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away.

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the anguish of to-day;
When the weary watch is ever,
And the mists have rolled away.

3 When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known,
Low beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we 'll bide the shadows,
Till the mists have rolled away.

No. 79. AVON

THOMAS MOORE — V. C. T.



1 There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity!

2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace His love,
And meekly wait that moment when
His touch shall turn all bright again.

No. 80. WHEN I SURVEY

ISAAC WATTS

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.
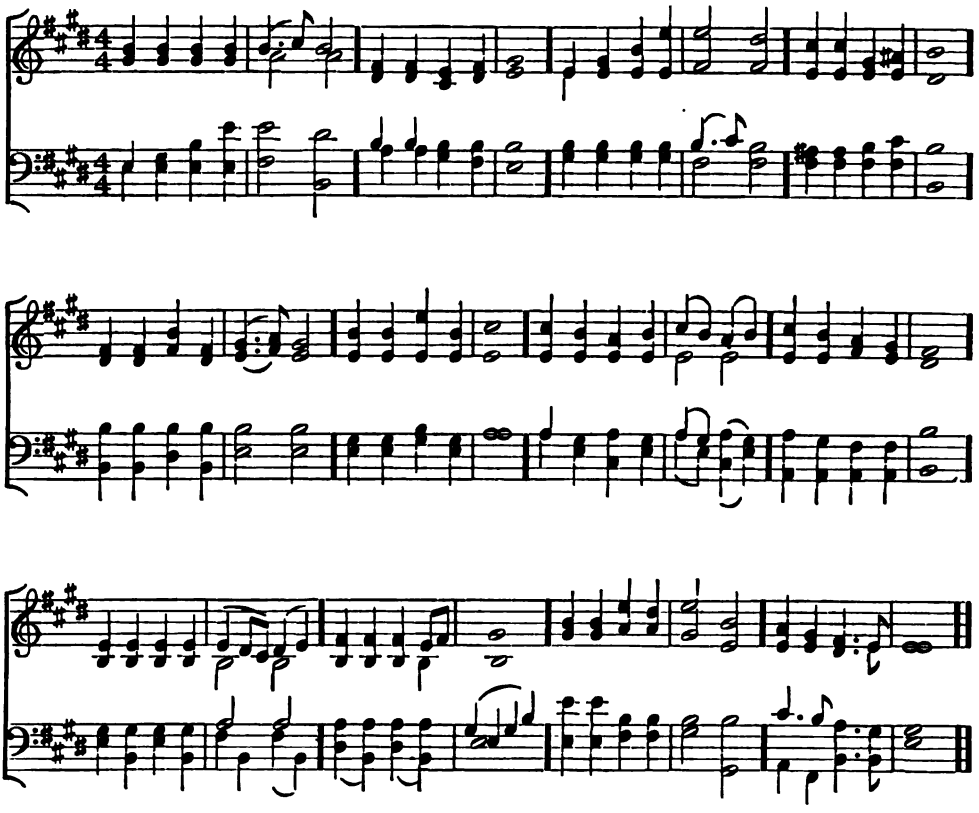
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charmed me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 81. CHRISTUS VICTOR

SABINE BARING-GOULD — Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN



1 Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee,
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
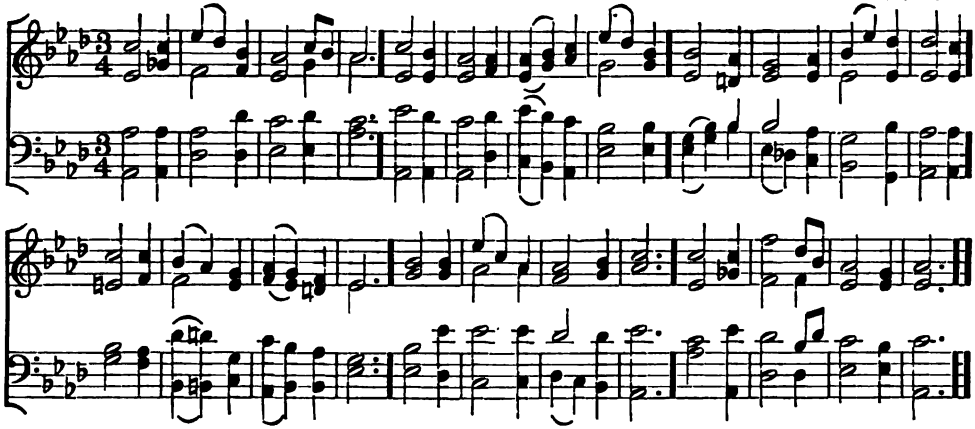
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading,
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

No. 82. ALLES MIT GOTT

GROBE



FIRST HYMN

Adapted from Rev. C. A. WALWORTH

1 Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
All in heaven above adore Thee;
All on earth Thy sceptre claim.
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising;
In unceasing chorus praising,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill the heavens with sweet accord.
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

No. 83.

SECOND HYMN

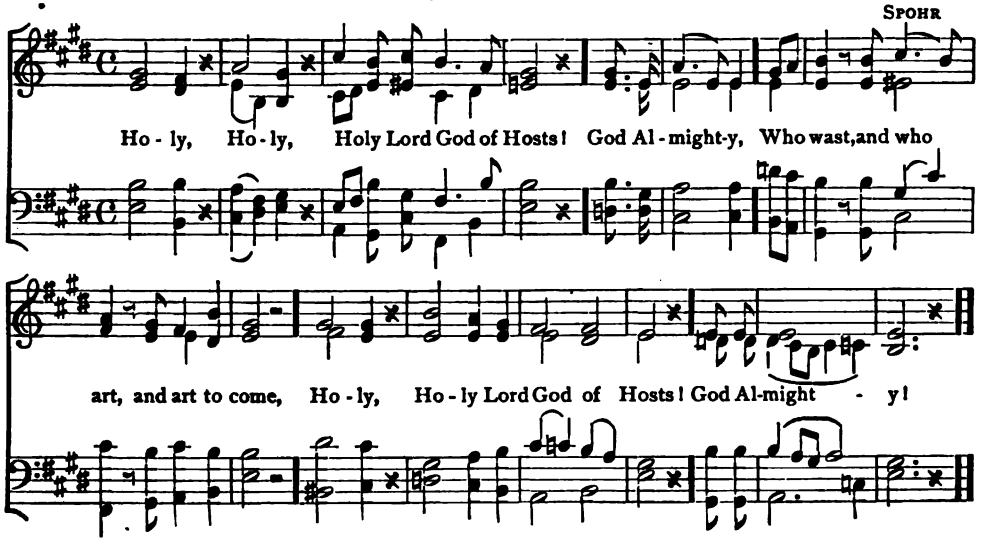
1 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!
Kindlich muszt du ihm vertrauen;
Darfst auf eig'ne Kraft nicht bauen;
Demuth schützt vor stolzem Wahn.
‖: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an! :‖

2 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!
Die sich ihn zum Führer wählen,
Können nie das Ziel verfehlen;
Sie nur geh'n auf sich'rer Bahn.
‖: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an! :‖

3 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!
Muth wird dir dein Helfer senden;
Froh wirst du dein Werk vollenden;
Denn es ist in Gott gethan.
‖: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an! :‖
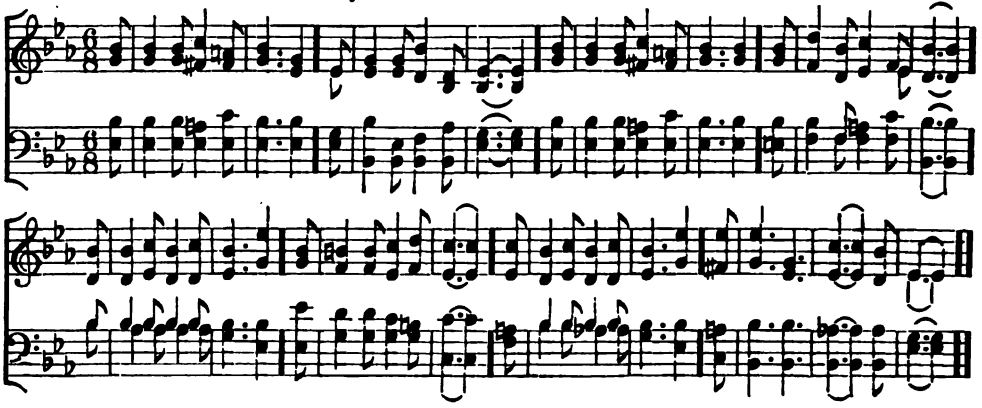
No. 84. HOLY, HOLY LORD

SPOHR



No. 85. THALBERG

Mrs. A. L. Waring — Ludden's Vocal Class Book, by per.
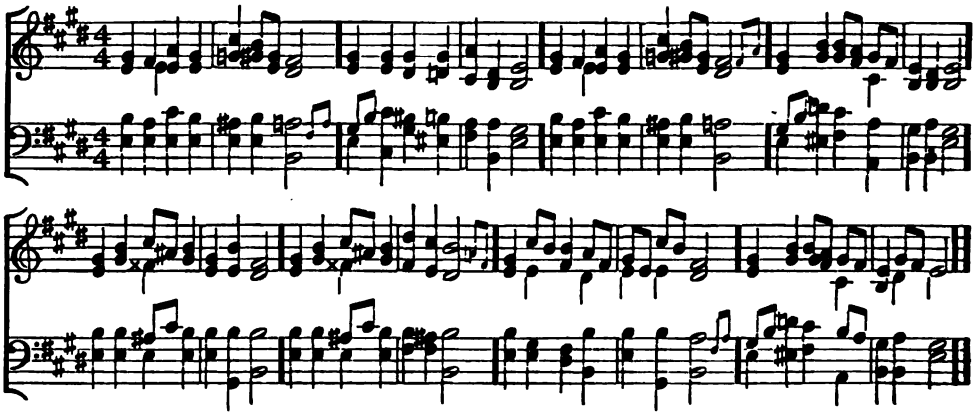


1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 86. LITANY

R. Grant — Ludden's Vocal Class Book, by per.
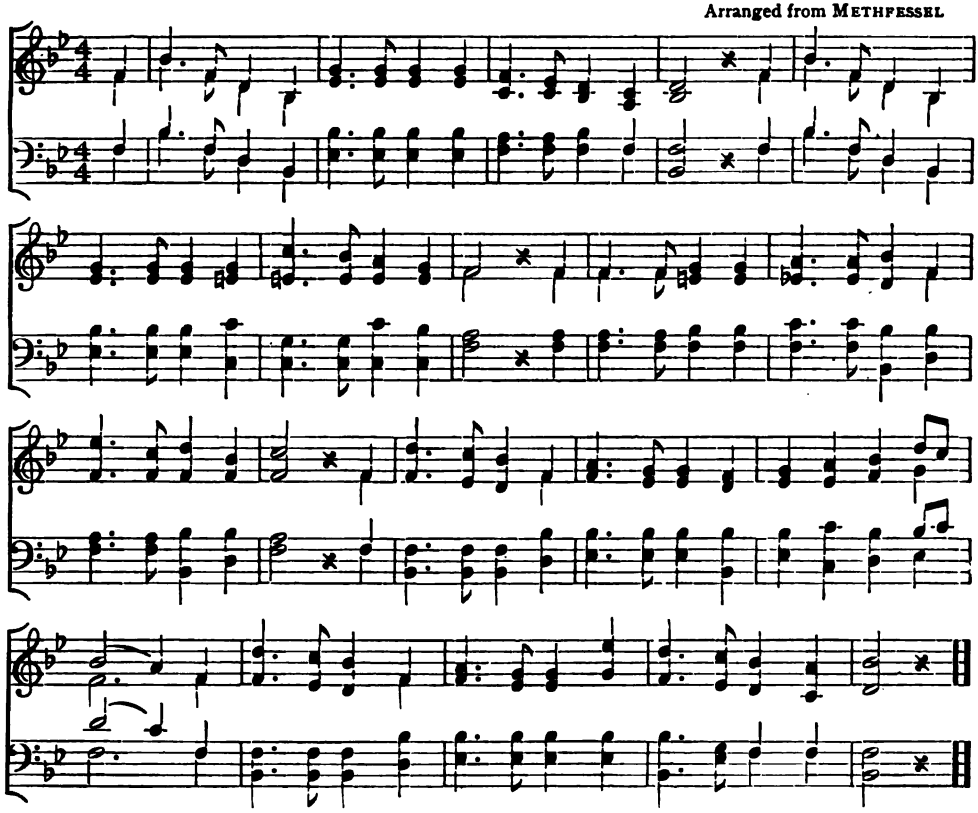


1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

No. 87. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

Arranged from METHFESSEL



1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you, and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

No. 88. SWEET WILL OF GOD
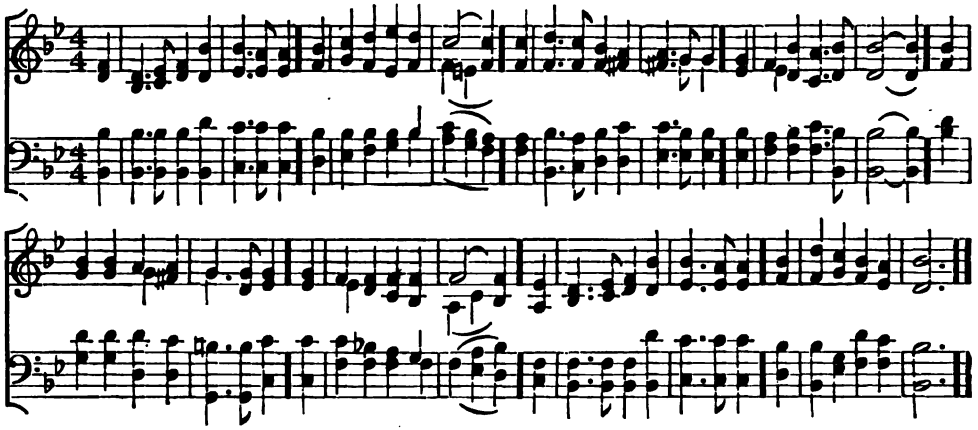
F. M. FABER

1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy days adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.
He always wins who sides with God,
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to Him when
It triumphs at His cost.

2 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will!
When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be;
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

No. 89. ALL SAINTS

W. C. BRYANT H. S. CUTLER
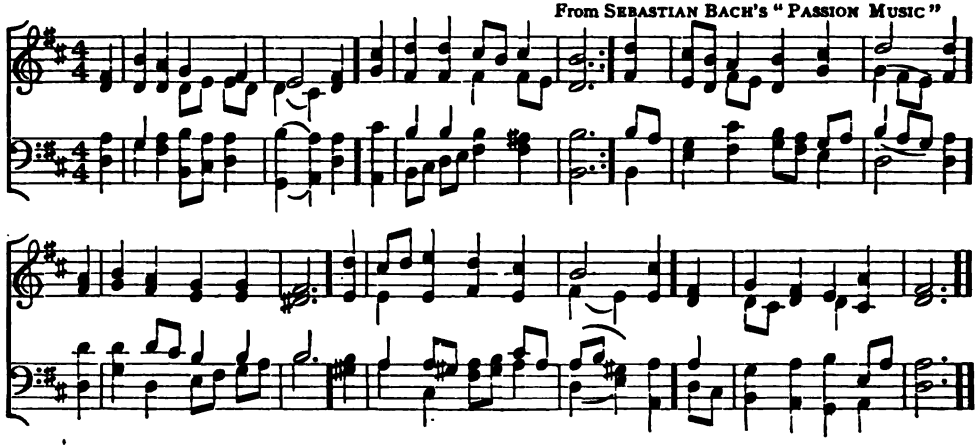


1 As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

No. 90. PASSION CHORALE.

From SEBASTIAN BACH'S "PASSION MUSIC"



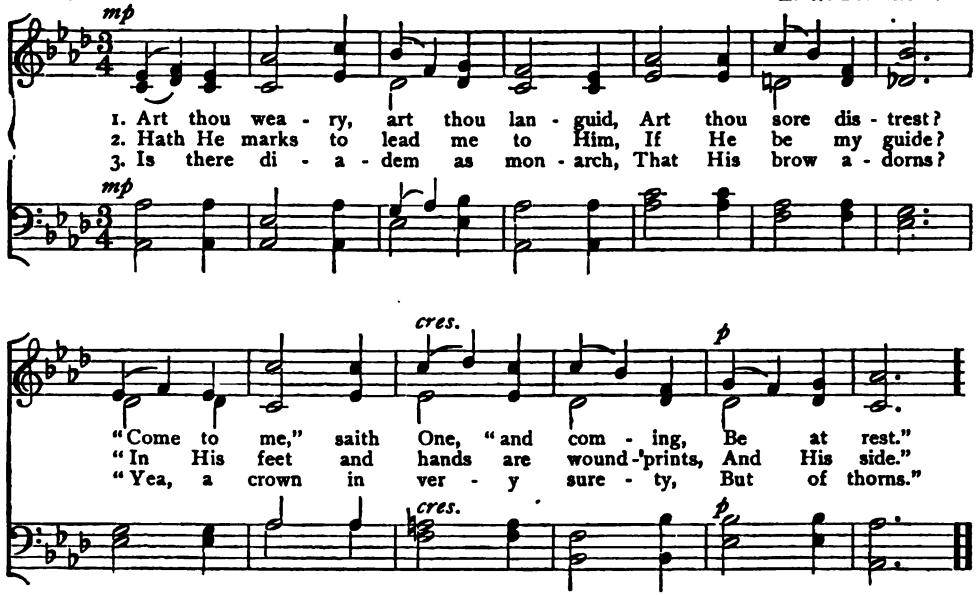
1 O Sacred Head! once wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

3 Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies happy through Thy love.

No. 91. ART THOU WEARY

ST. STEPHANOS — E. W. BULLINGER



4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."
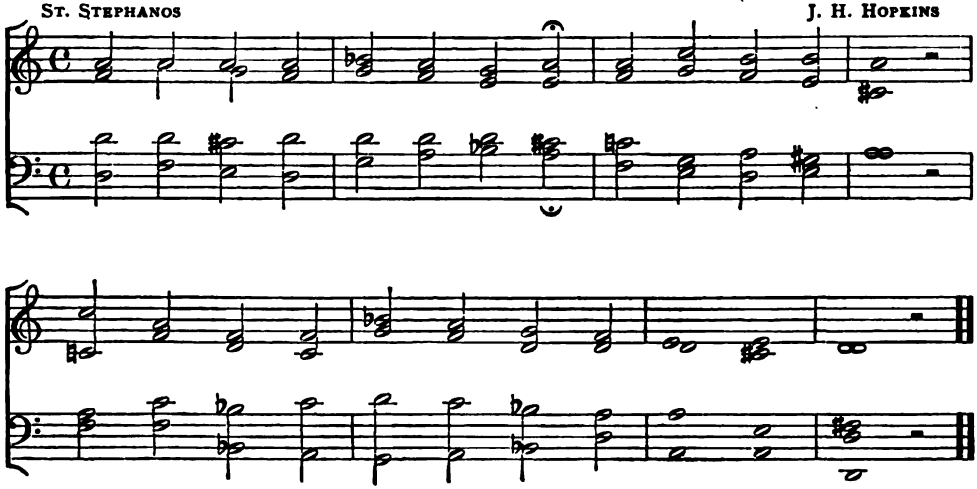
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

No. 92. ART THOU WEARY

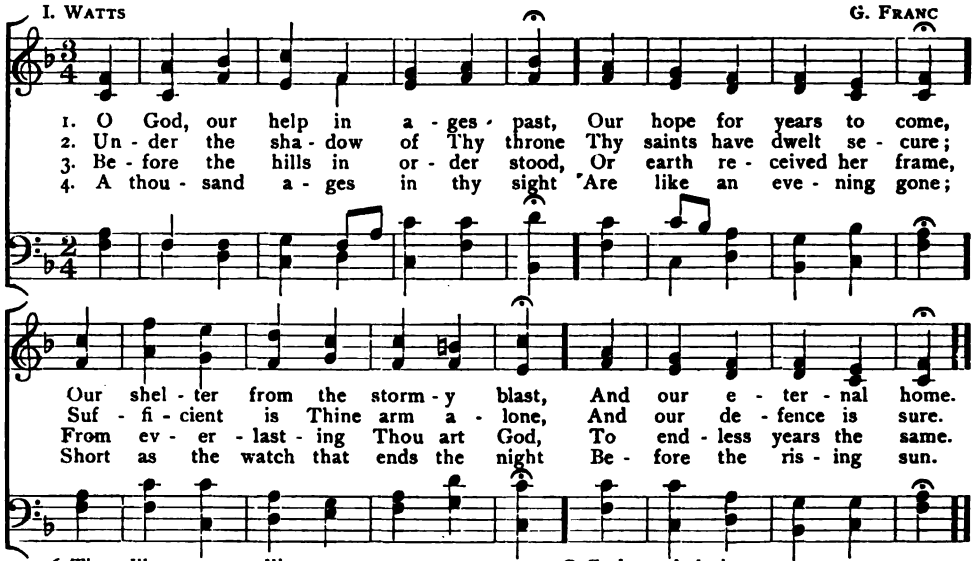
(SECOND TUNE)

ST. STEPHANOS — J. H. HOPKINS



No. 93. DUNDEE

I. WATTS G. FRANC



6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

No. 94. THOU GRACE DIVINE, ENCIRCLING ALL.

1 Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from Thy face
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!
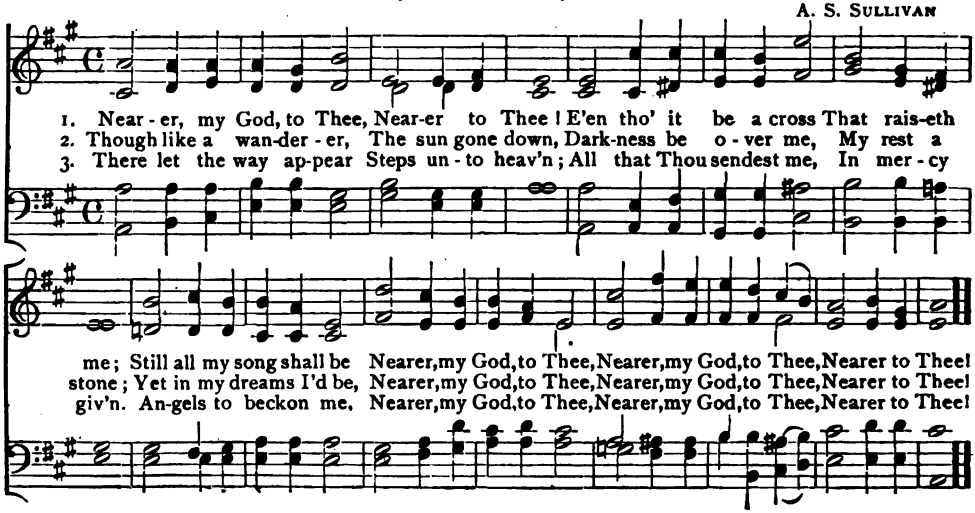
4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

6 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to Thee!
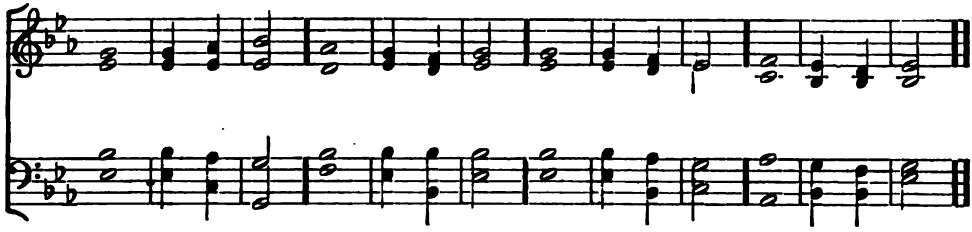
No. 95. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

A. S. SULLIVAN



No. 96. GOD'S WILL AND LOVE

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834 A. H. D. TROYTE



1 My God, my Father, | while I | stray
Far from my home on | life's rough | way,
Oh, teach me from my | heart to | say,
Thy | will be | done!

2 Though dark my path and | sad my | lot,
Let me be still and | murmur | not,
And breathe the prayer di- | vinely | taught,
"Thy | will be | done!"

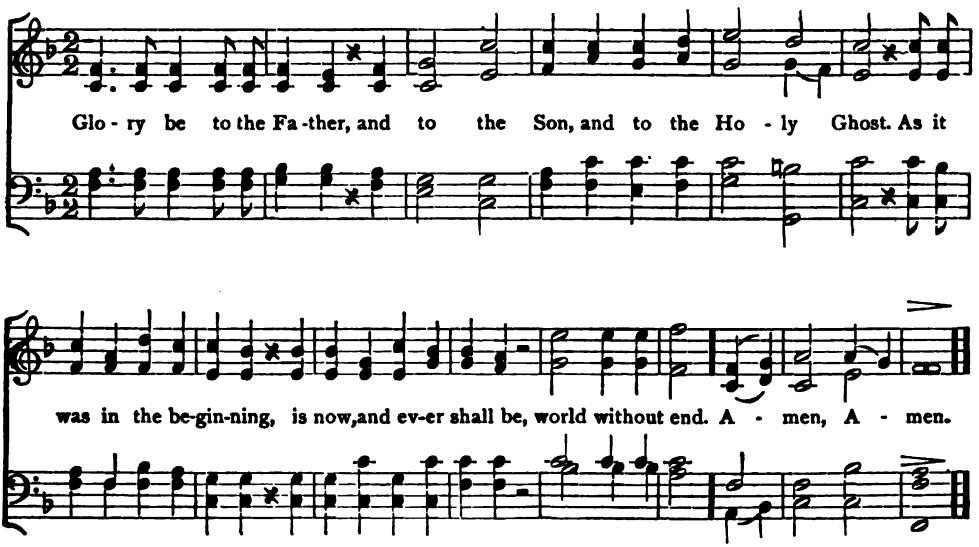
3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh
For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh!
Submissive still would | I re- | ply,
"Thy | will be | done!"

4 Though Thou hast called me | to re- | sign
What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine:
I have but yielded | what was | Thine;
Thy | will be | done!

5 Let not my fainting | heart be | blest
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest:
Thy | will be | done!

6 Renew my will from | day to | day;
Blend it with Thine, and | take a- | way
All that now makes it | hard to | say,
"Thy | will be | done!"
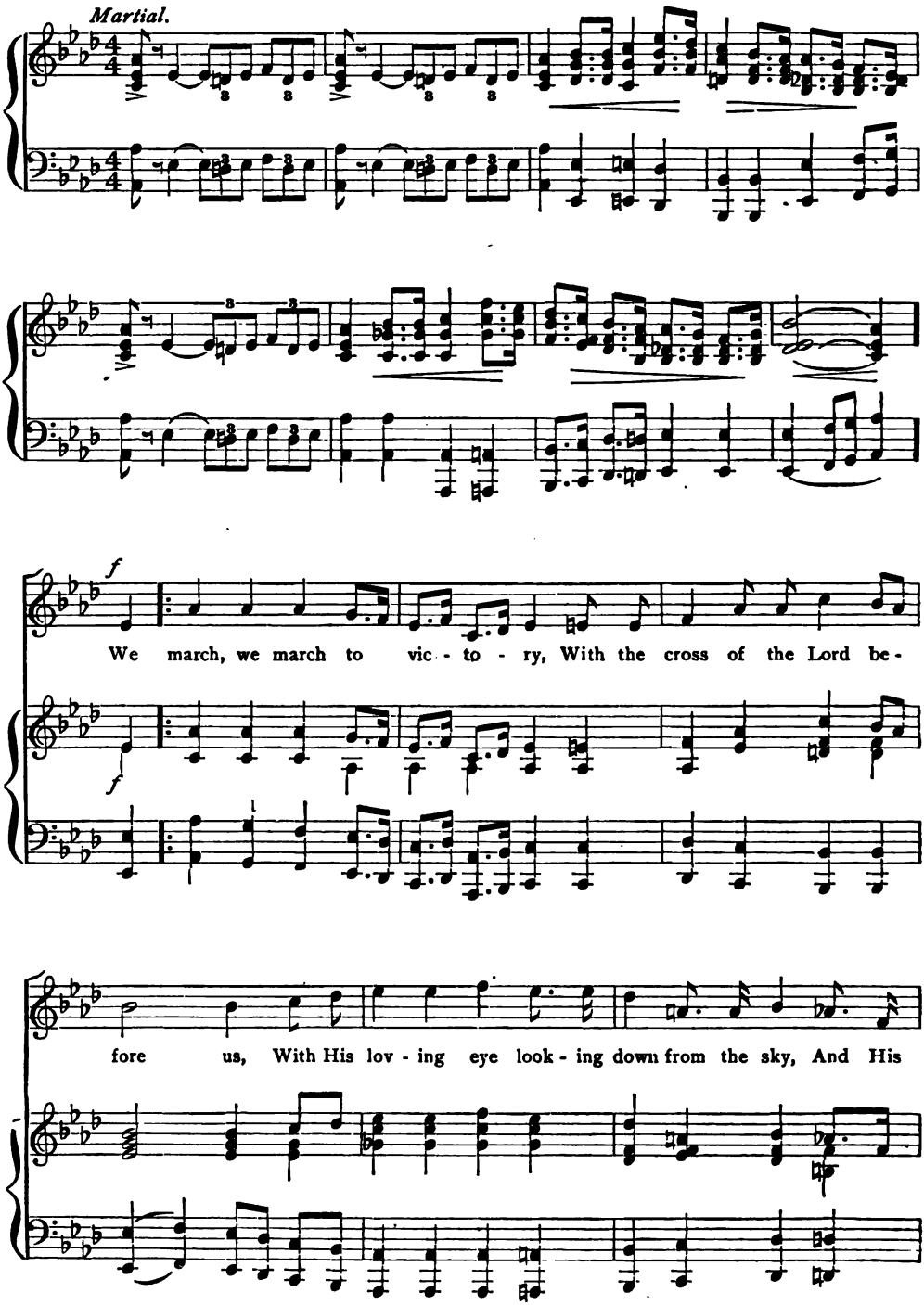
No. 97. GLORIA PATRI

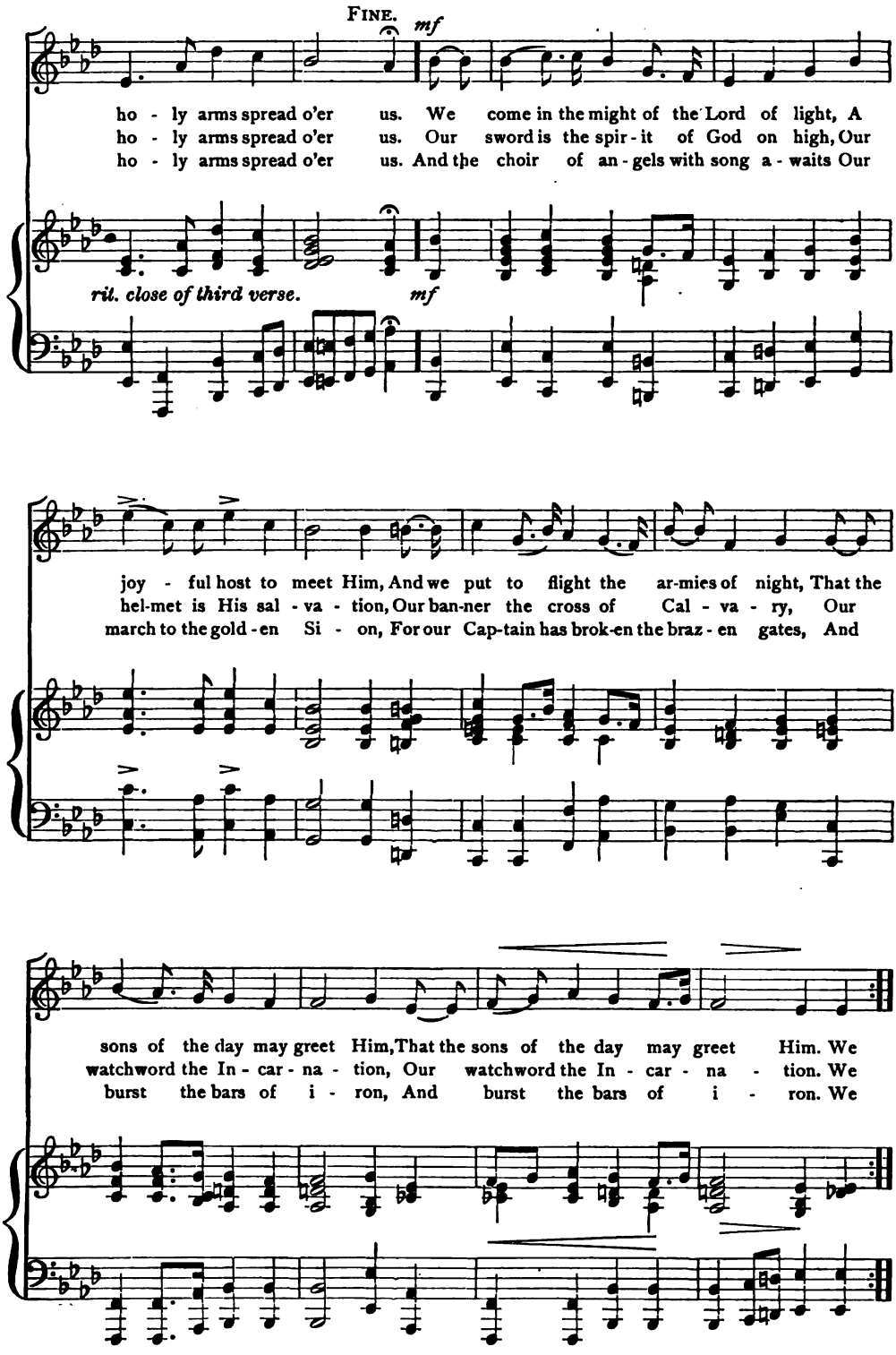


No. 98. WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY

GERALD MOULTRIE FIRST TUNE GEORGE EDGAR OLIVER

Martial.

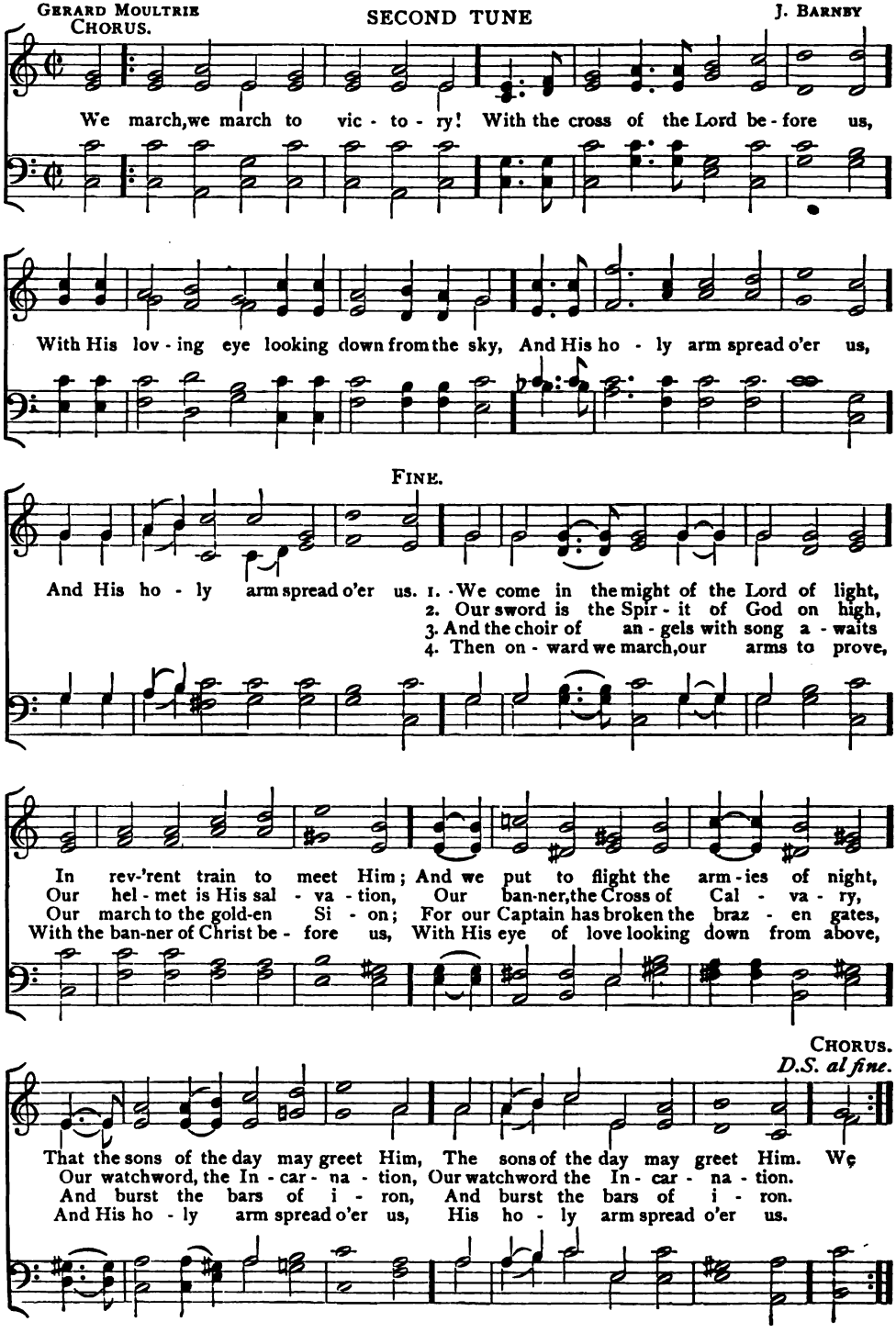



FINE.
mf
ho - ly arms spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of light, A
ho - ly arms spread o'er us. Our sword is the spir - it of God on high, Our
ho - ly arms spread o'er us. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our
ril. close of third verse.
mf
joy - ful host to meet Him, And we put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the
hel-met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban-ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our
march to the gold - en Si - on, For our Cap-tain has brok-en the braz - en gates, And
sons of the day may greet Him, That the sons of the day may greet Him. We
watchword the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion. We
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. We

No. 98a. WE MARCH, WE MARCH

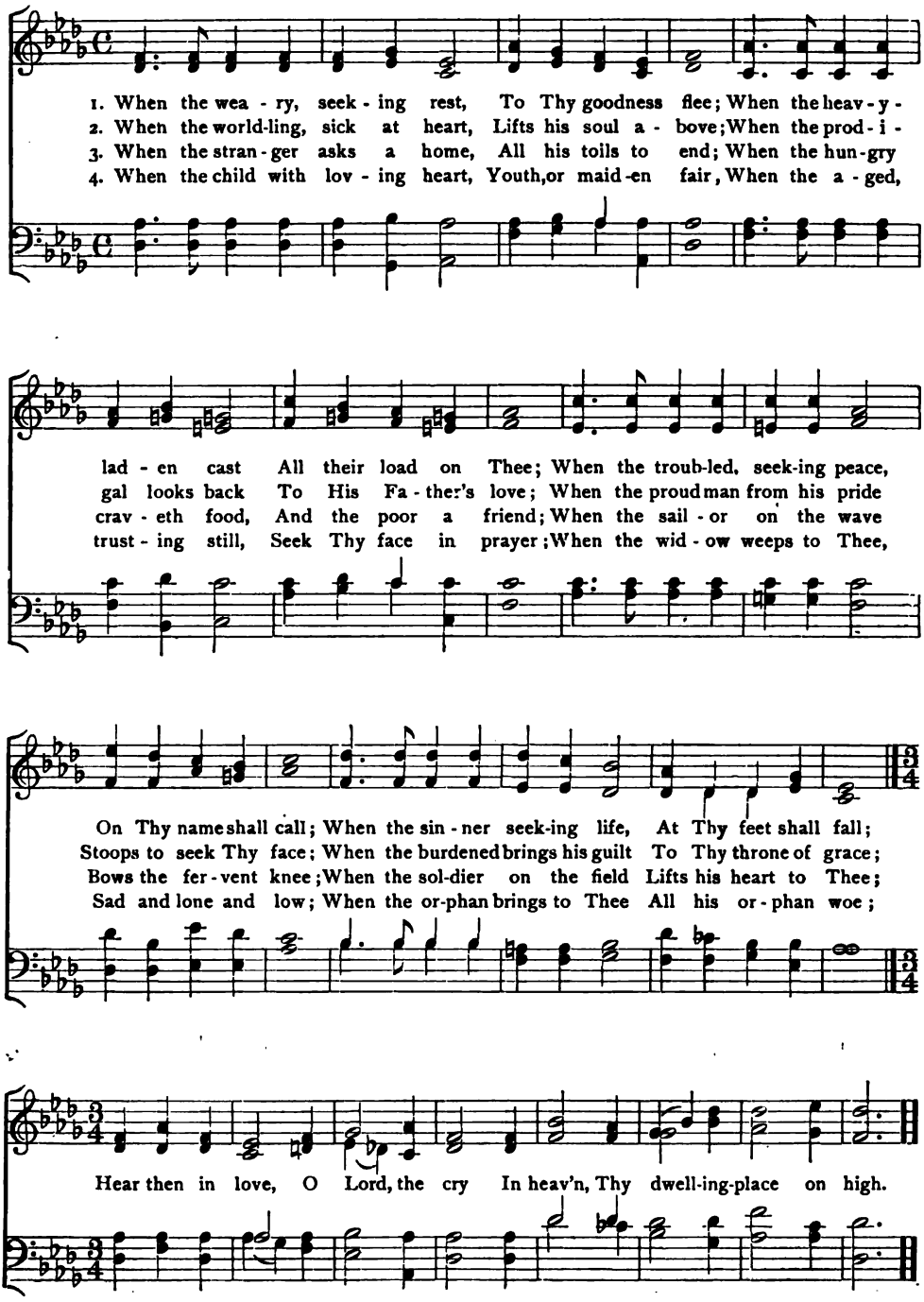
GERARD MOULTRIE — SECOND TUNE — J. BARNBY

CHORUS.
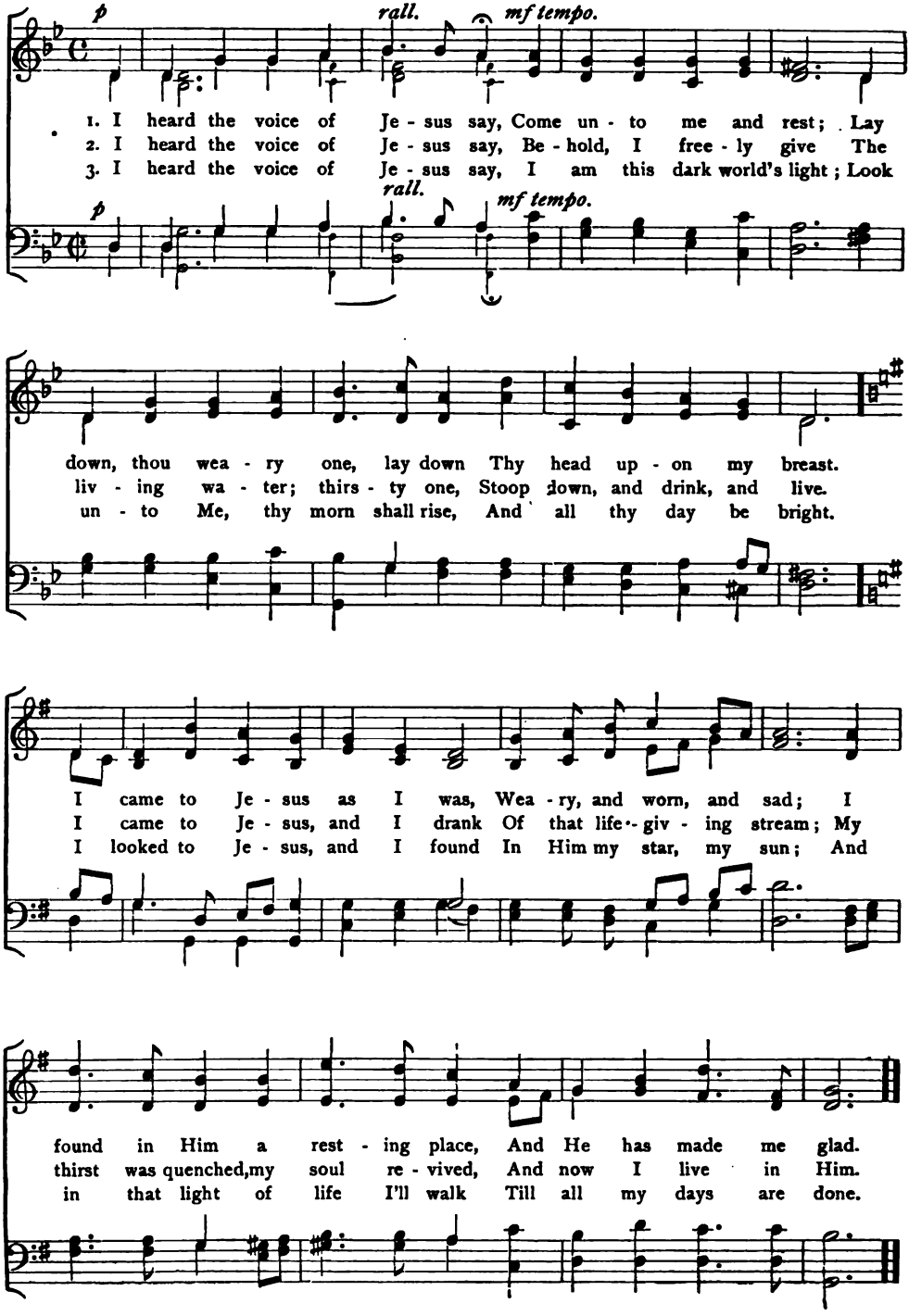


No. 99. WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST

H. BONAR J. STAINER



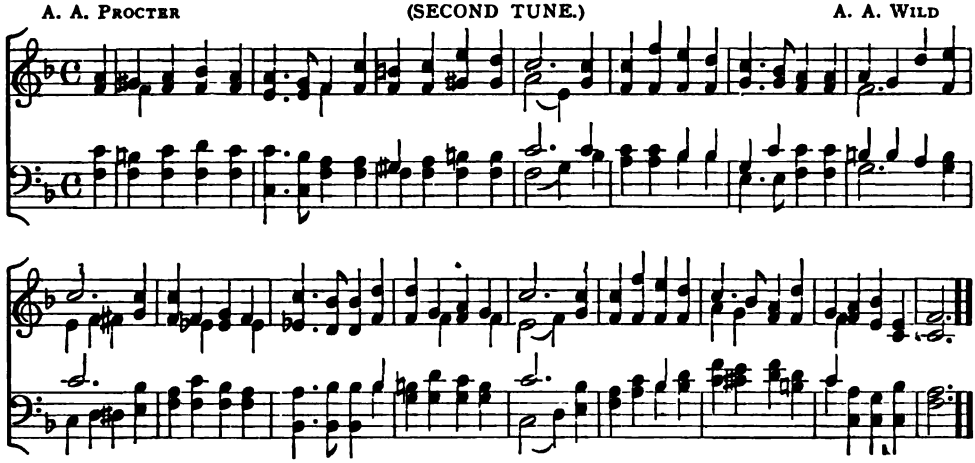
No. 100. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

H. BONAR J. B. DYKES



No. 101. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY
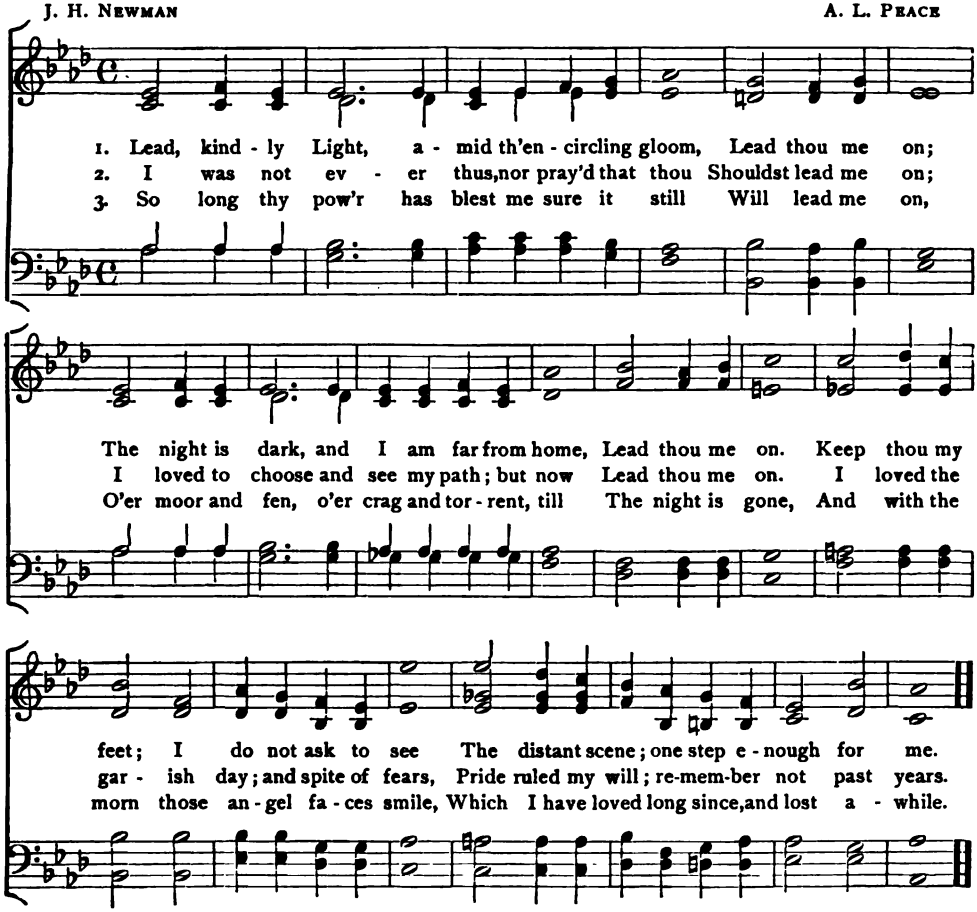
A. A. PROCTER (SECOND TUNE.) A. A. WILD



From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission.

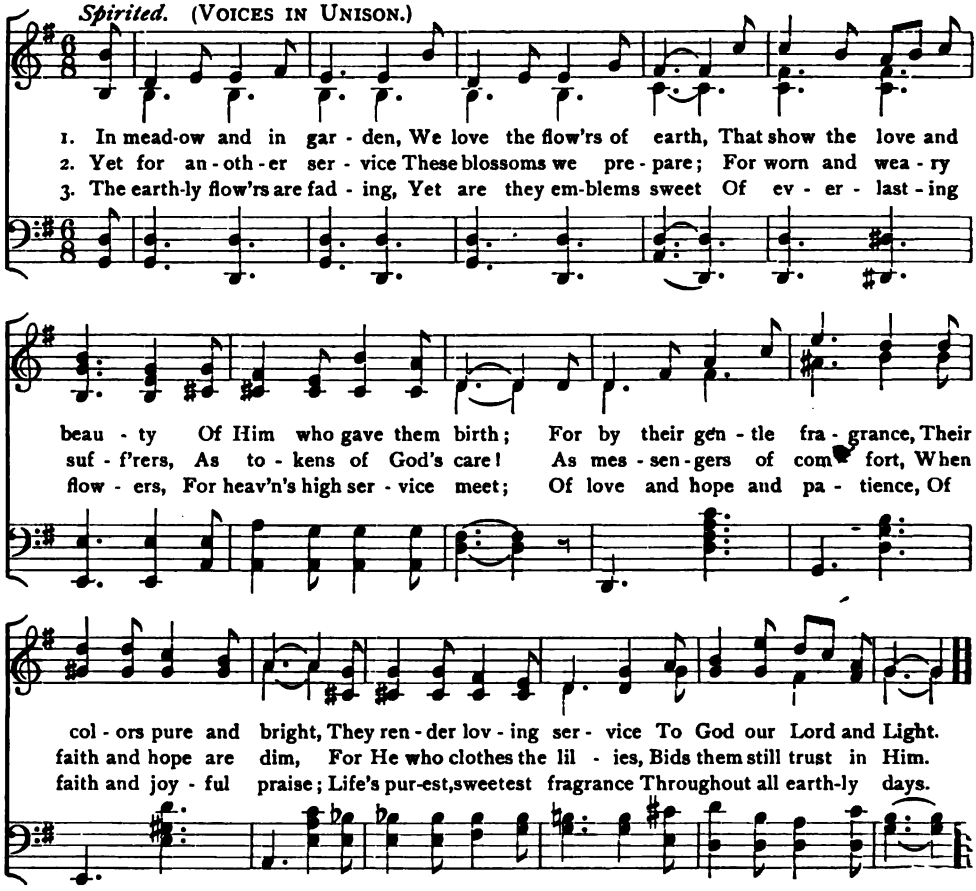
No. 102. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

J. H. NEWMAN A. L. PEACE



No. 103. IN MEADOW AND IN GARDEN

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER



No. 104.

(MUSIC OF No. 103.)

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
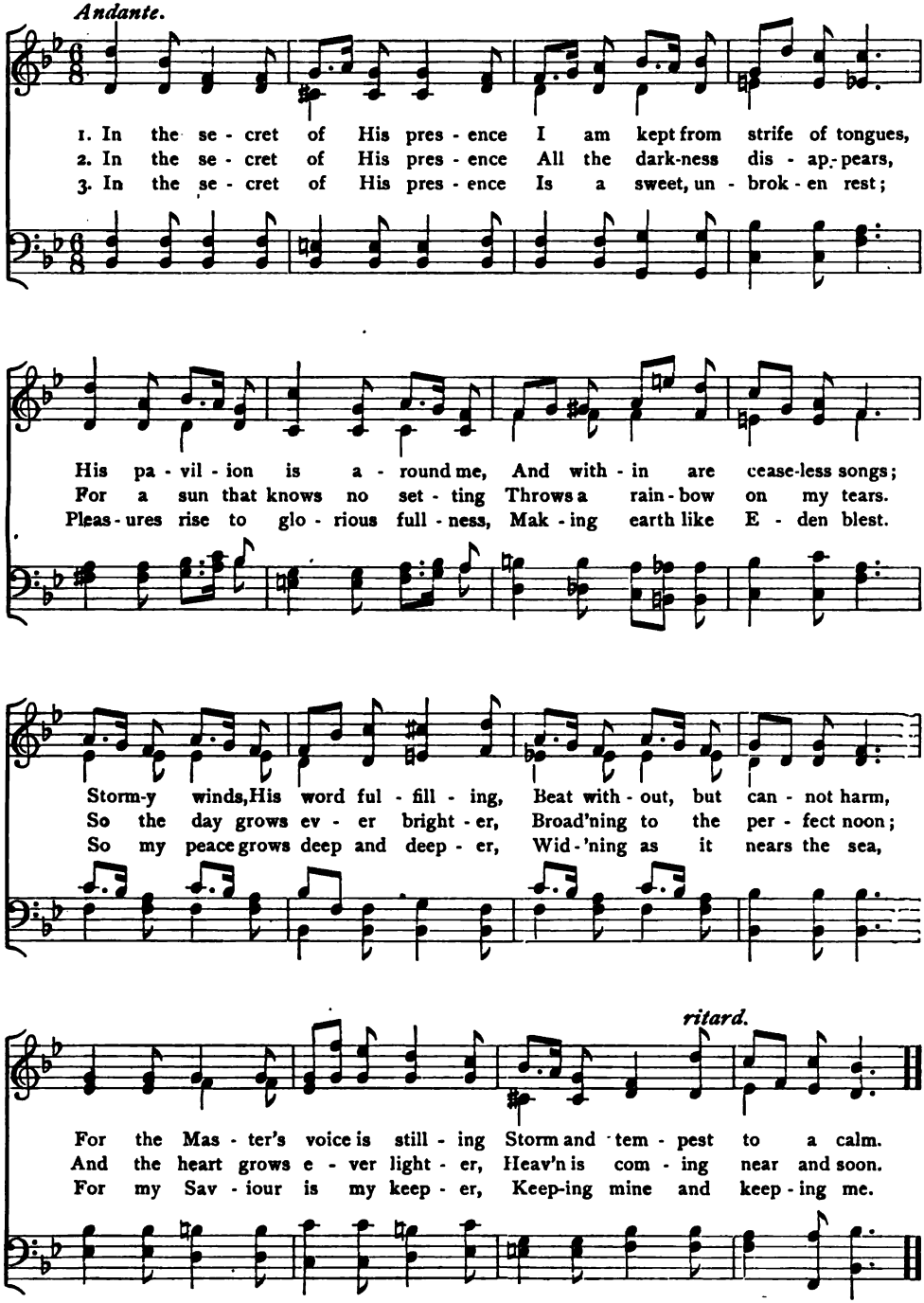
2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

No. 105. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE
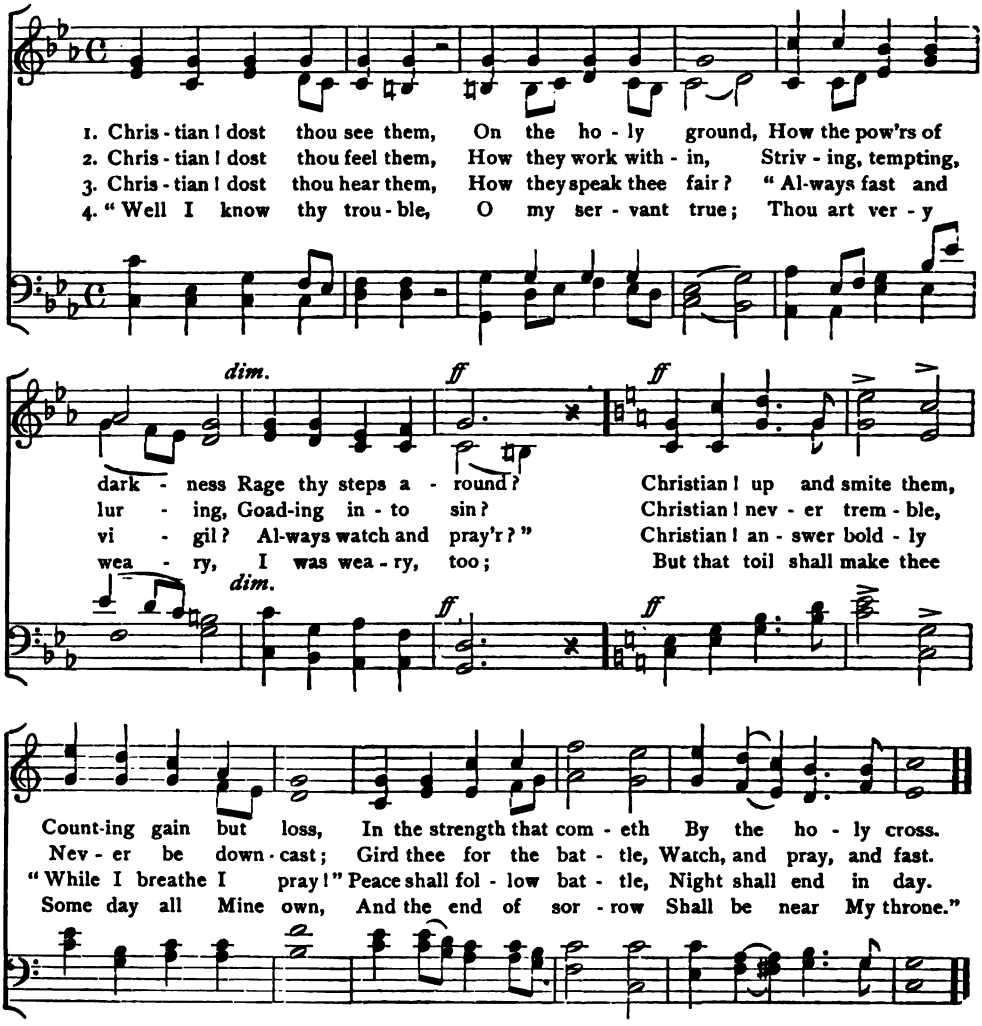
HENRY BURTON GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Andante.



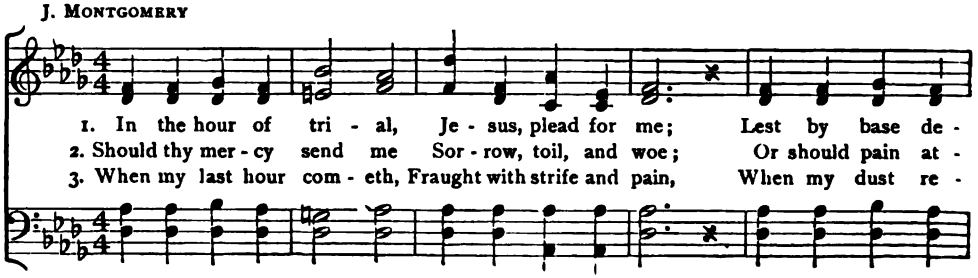
No. 106. CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM
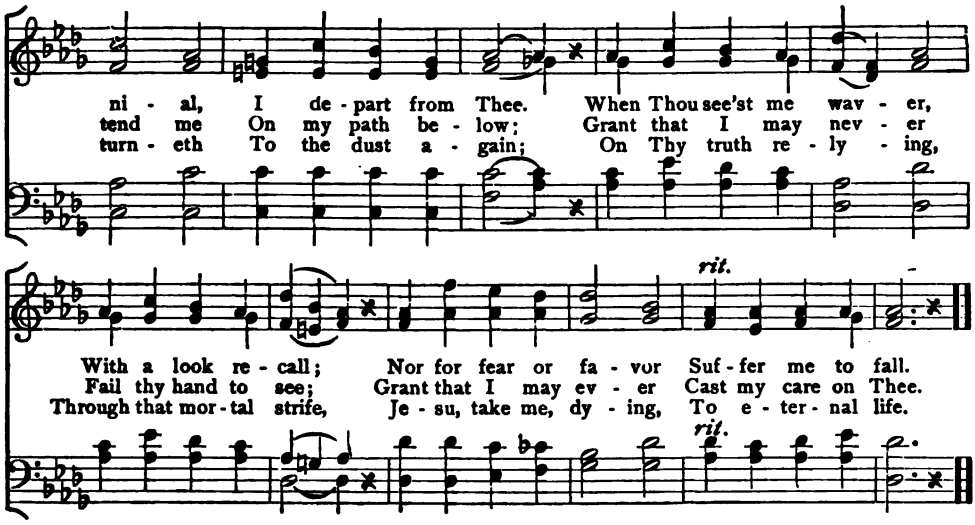
ST. ANDREW OF CRETE — J. B. DYKES



No. 107. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

J. MONTGOMERY

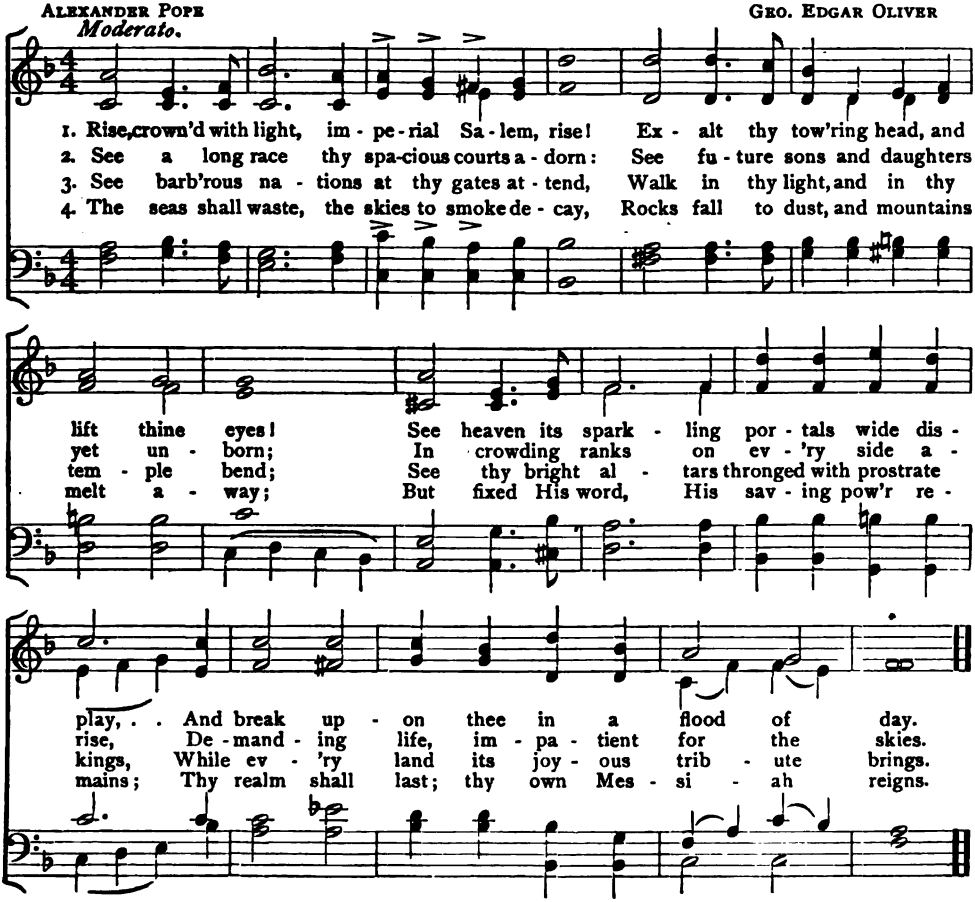




No. 108. RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT

ALEXANDER POPE — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Moderato.



No. 109. CHORUS OF PILGRIMS

(TANNHAEUSER)

R. WAGNER
Arr. by C. L. SAFFORD

Andante maestoso.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly en -

fold thee. Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee now Since I to

mf
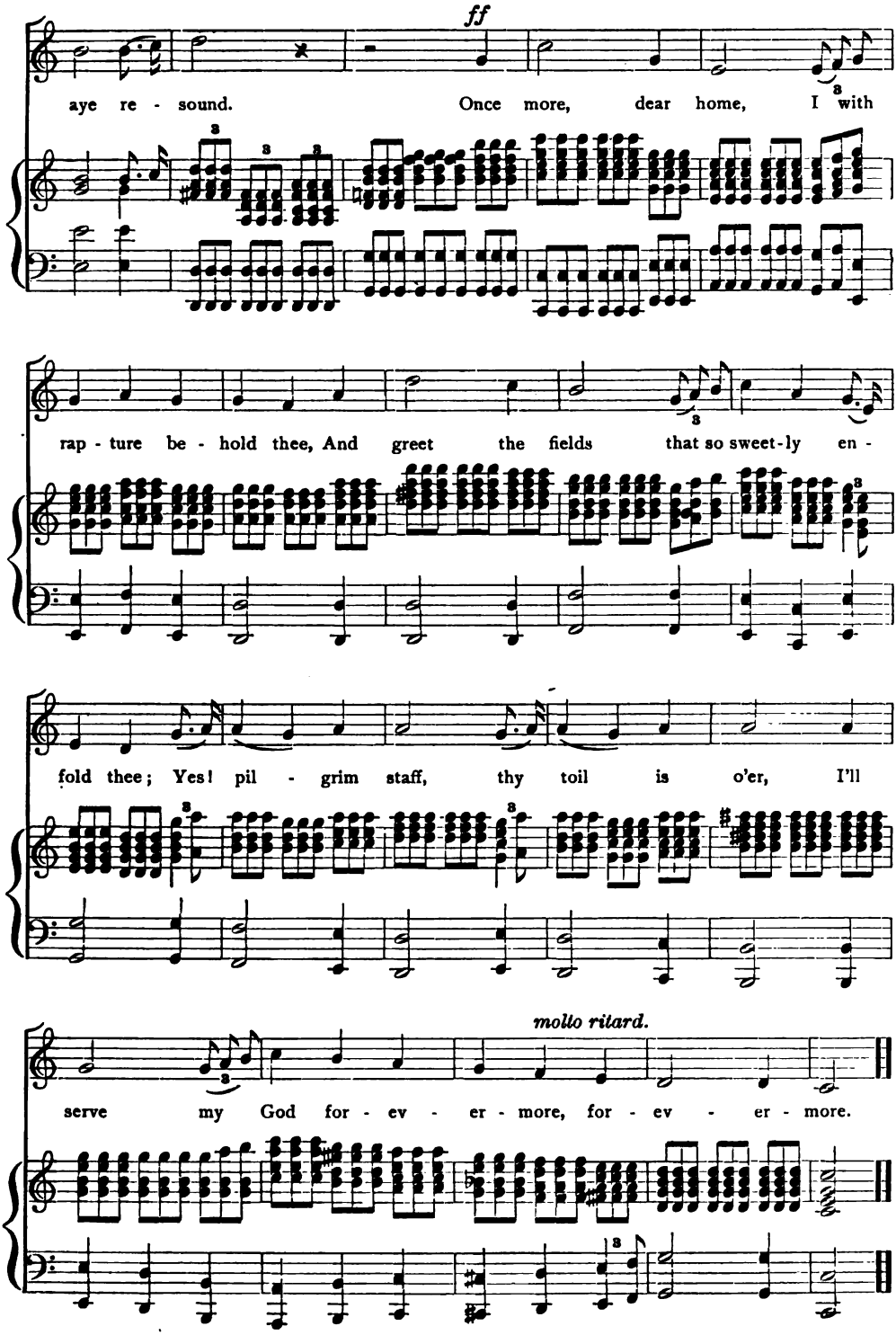
God have ful - fill'd my vow. By pen - ance sore I have a - toned, And

God's pure law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with

cres.

bless - ing crown'd, To God my song shall aye re - sound, To God my song shall

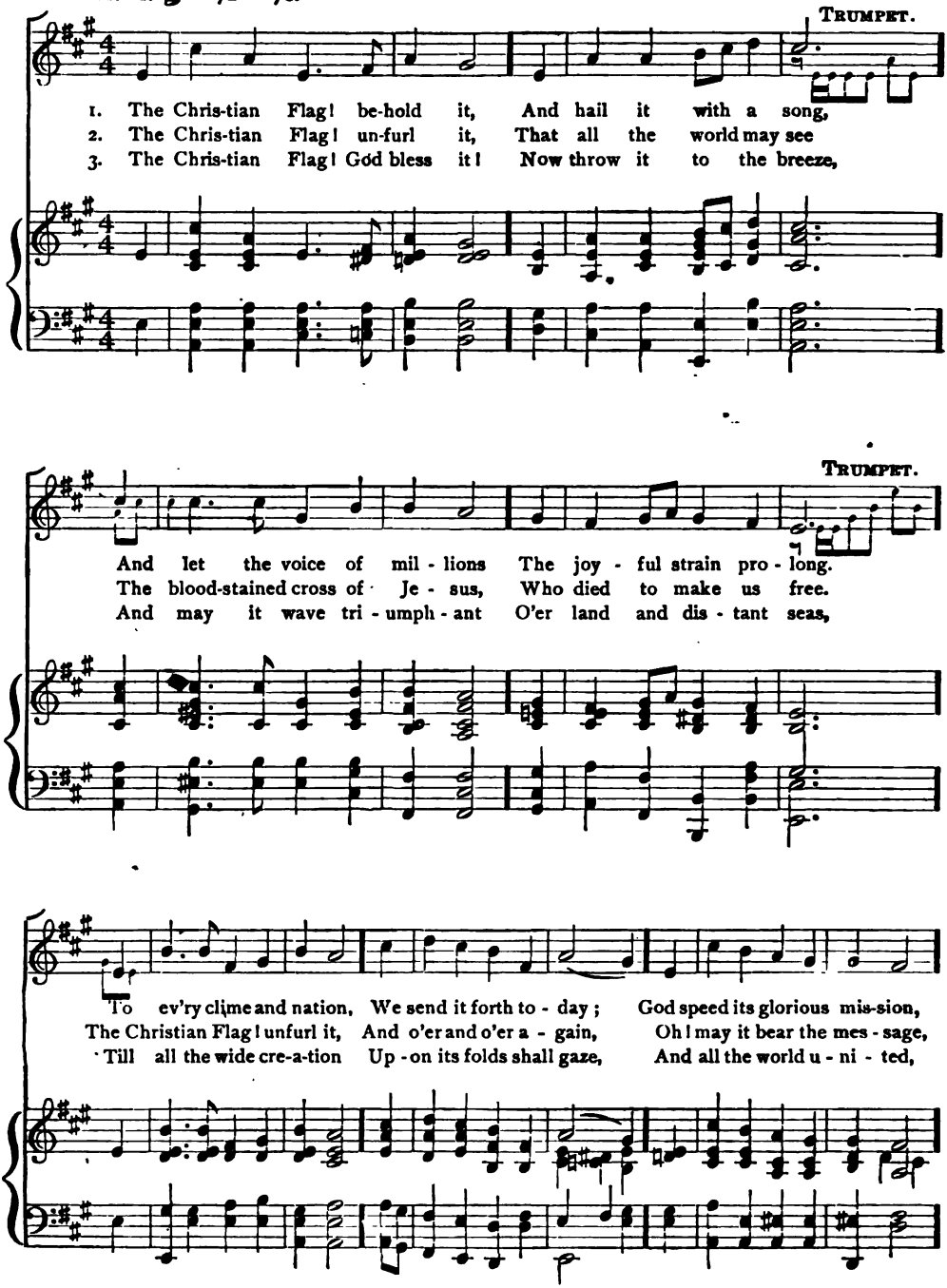
cres.


ff
aye re - sound. Once more, dear home, I with
rap - ture be - hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en -
fold thee; Yes! pil - grim staff, thy toil is o'er, I'll
mollo ritard.
serve my God for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

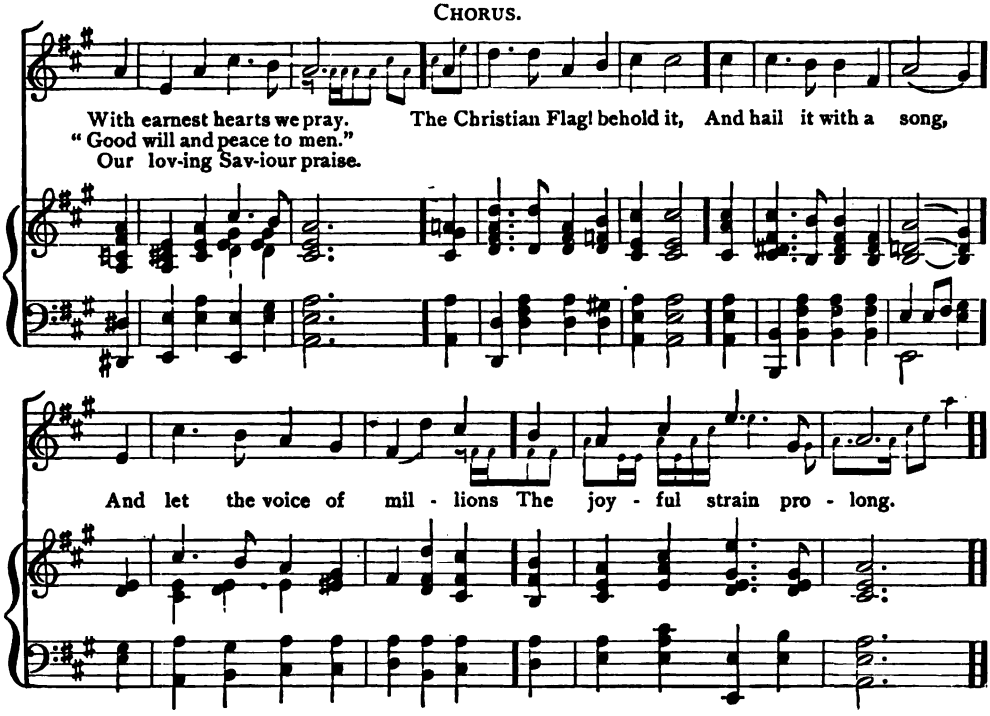
No. 110. THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

FANNY J. CROSBY R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

M. M. ♩ = 72 = 76.

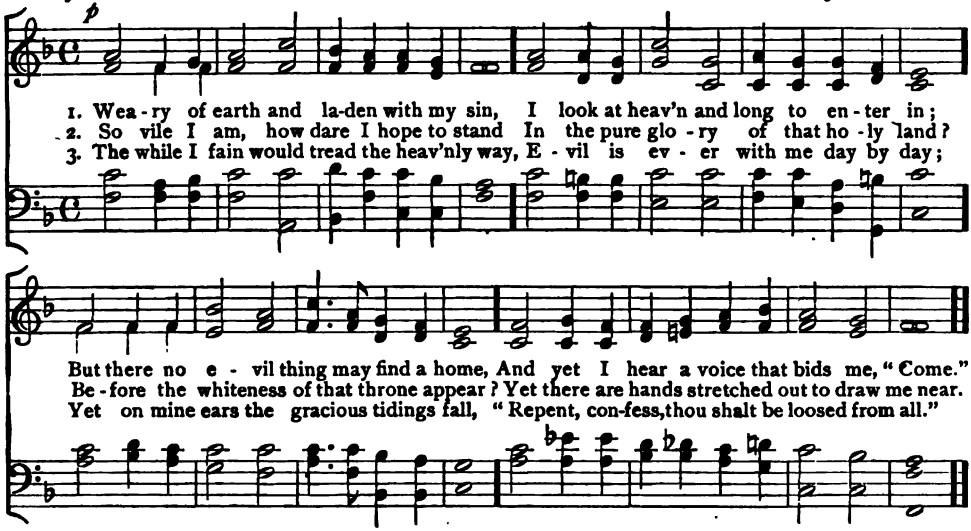


CHORUS.



No. 111. WEARY OF EARTH AND LADEN WITH MY SIN

S. J. STONE J. LANGRAN
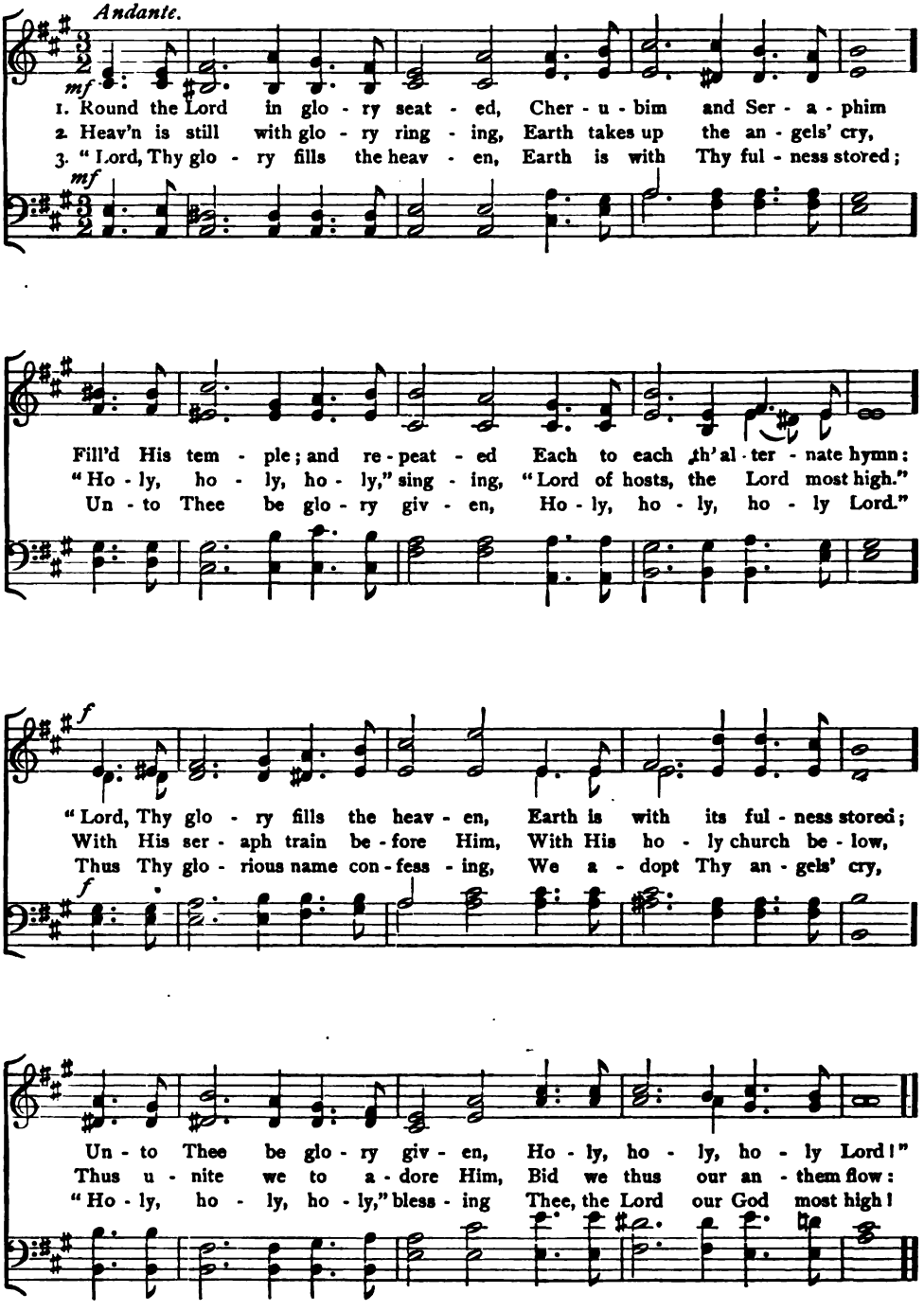


4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near;
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

No. 112. ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED

RICHARD MANT GEO. EDGAR OLIVER
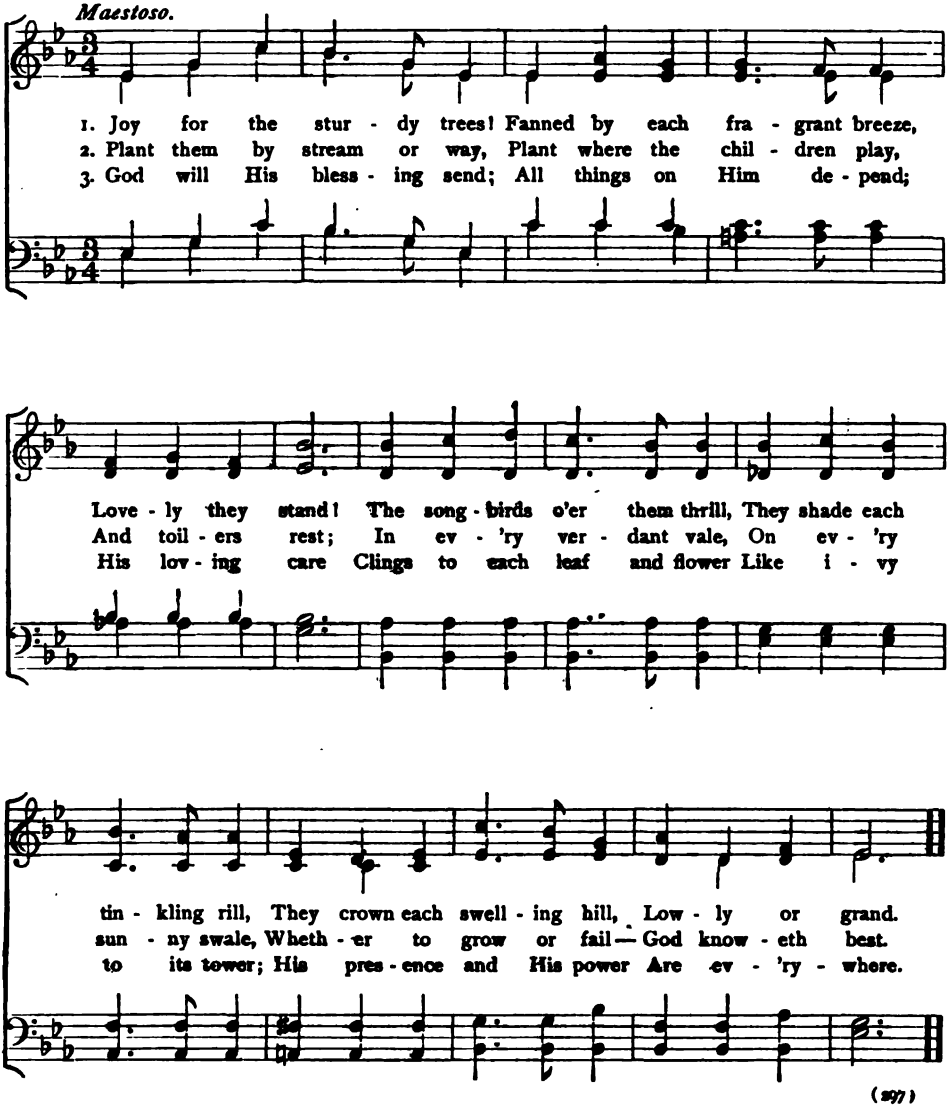


Part V

SUPPLEMENTARY

No. 1. ARBOR DAY SONG

S. F. SMITH — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER
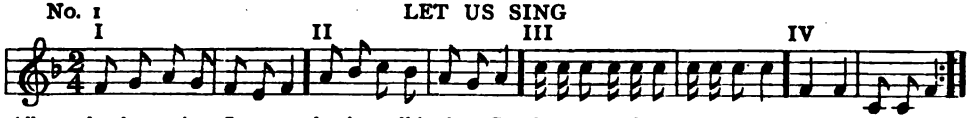
Maestoso.



No. 2. ROUNDS

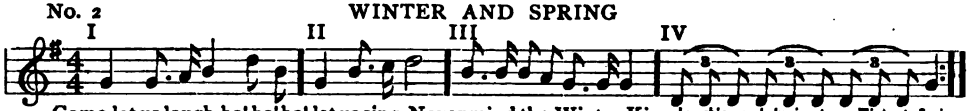
Arr. by Geo. Edgar Oliver

No. 1 LET US SING
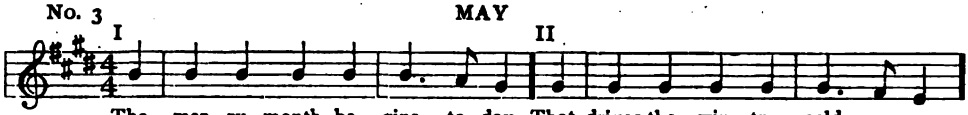


All together let us sing; Let us make the welkin ring: Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen, ding, sing, sing, ladies, sing.

No. 2 WINTER AND SPRING

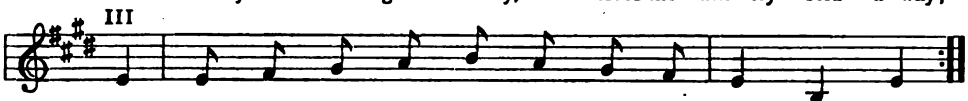


Come, let us laugh, ha! ha! ha! let us sing; Never mind the Winter King; Laughing and singing turns Winter to Spring.

No. 3 MAY
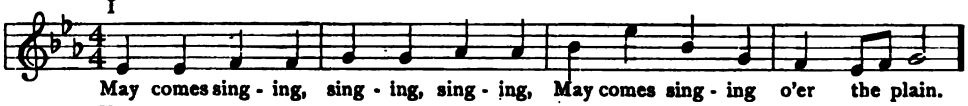


The mer - ry month be - gins to - day, That drives the win - try cold a - way;

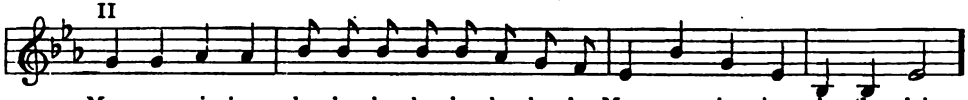


The mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry month of May.
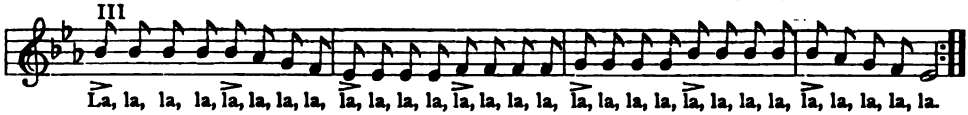
No. 4 MAY COMES SINGING



May comes sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, May comes sing - ing o'er the plain.
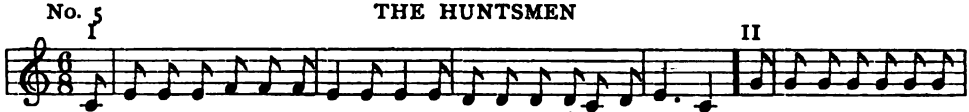


May comes singing, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; May comes sing - ing o'er the plain,
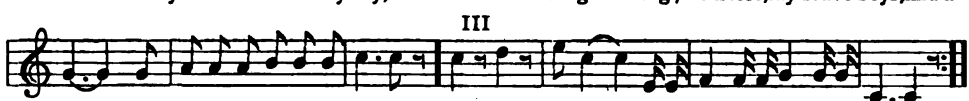


La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 5 THE HUNTSMEN

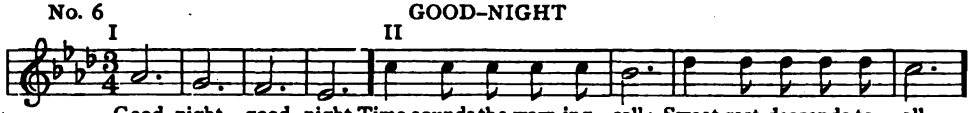


A southerly wind and a cloudy sky, Proclaim it a Hunting morning; To horse, my brave boys, and a-

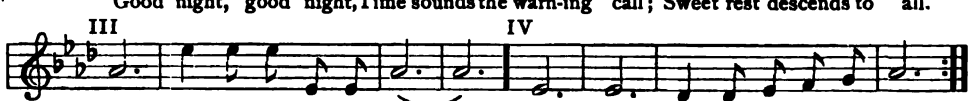


way; Bright Phœbus the hill is adorning; Hark! hark! for-ward, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra.

No. 6 GOOD-NIGHT



Good night, good night, Time sounds the warn-ing call; Sweet rest descends to all.



Time, time sounds the warning call. . . Good night! Sweet rest descends to all.

MAY 2 0 1926

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